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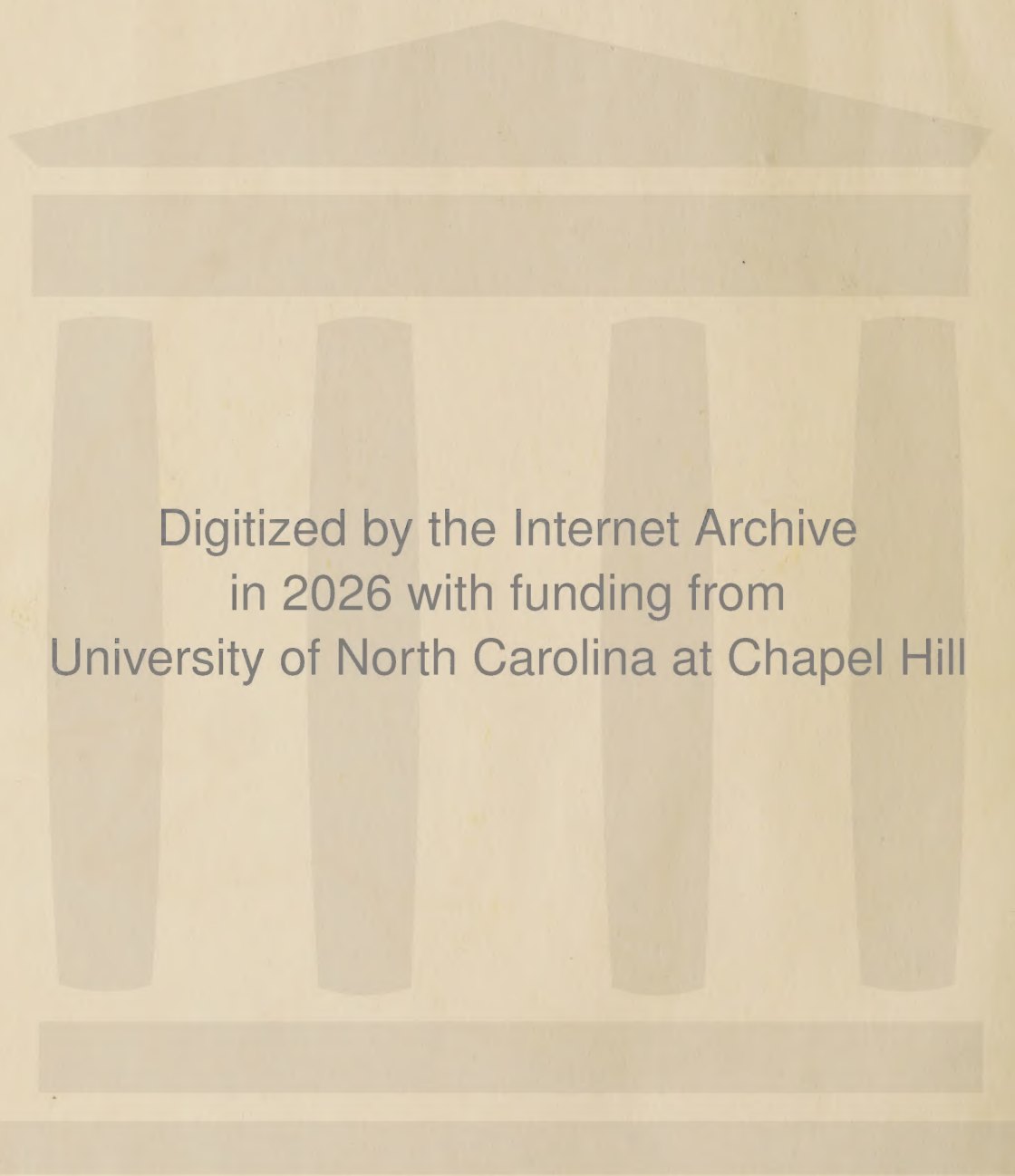
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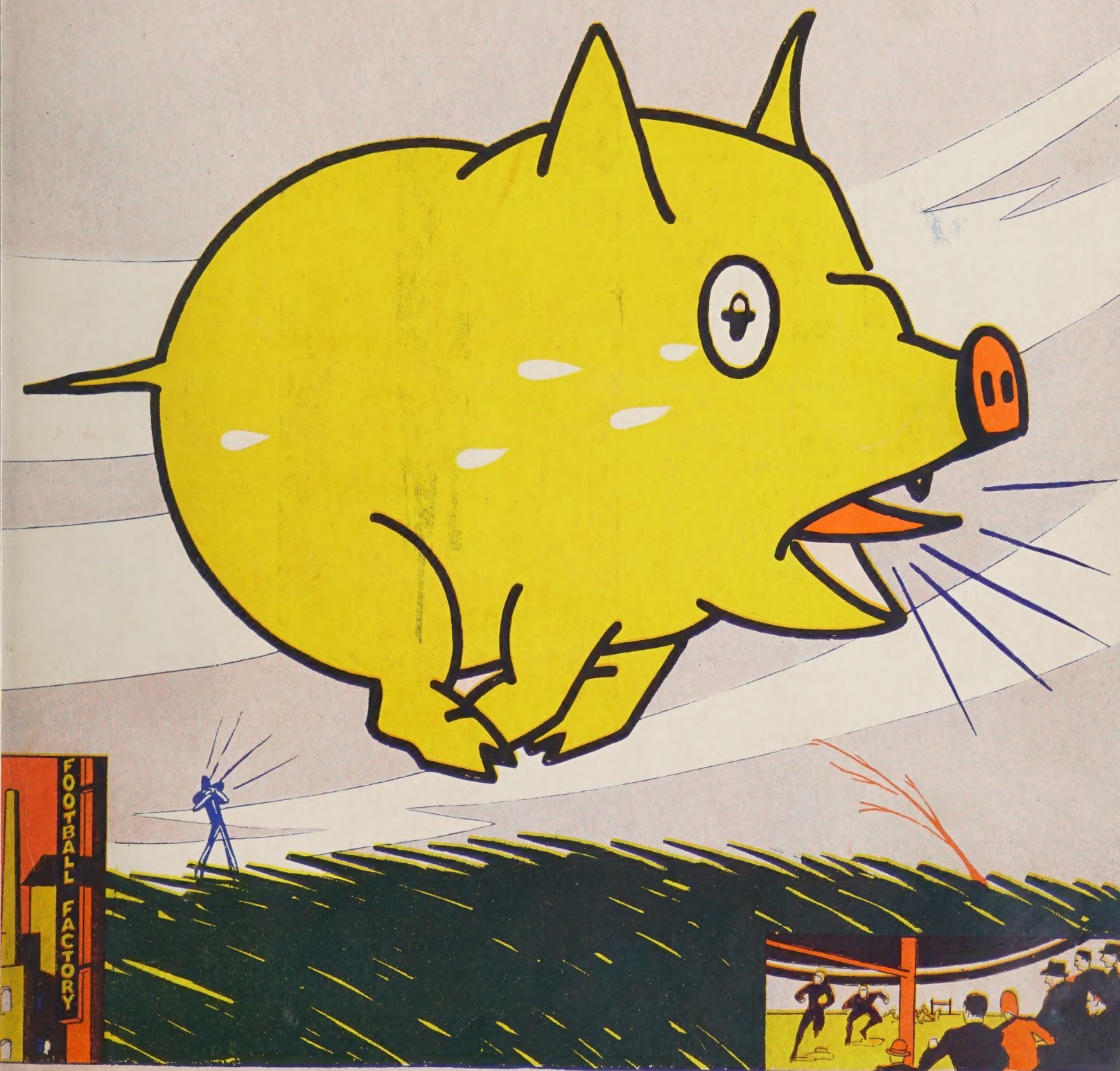
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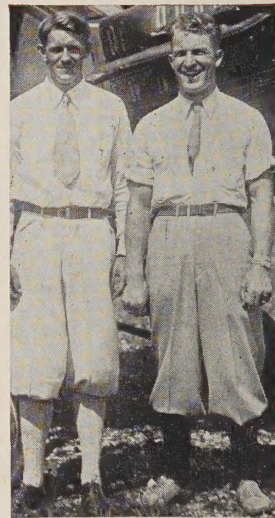
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THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME VII

NUMBER 1

CY EDSON *Editor-in-chief*

H. N. PATTERSON *Business Manager*

GIL PEARSON *Art Editor*

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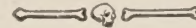
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Once upon a time a man got up early one Sunday morning to let the iceman in, and not being able to find his bath robe he slipped on his wife's kimono. When he opened the door he was greeted by a nice big kiss by the iceman. And the only way he could figure it out was that the iceman's wife had a kimono just like the one he had on.

—P. I. Skipper.



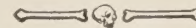
Old Gentleman (indignantly): "Look at that girl—wearing knickers—and her hair cut just like a man's. Why it's a disgrace!"

"Sir—that's my daughter!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I didn't realize you were her father."

"Father, 'hell, I'm her mother."

—Octopus.



"Ann Hathaway" gently chortled Bill Shakespeare as he snuck up the stairs in his stocking feet.

—Exchange.

"Ah," said he as he picked up the egg from the piano stool, "the lay of the last minstrel."

—Punch Bowl.



Two deaf old folks met at reunion and were talking over old times. Said the old lady to the old man:

"Do you remember how we used to play together when we were young, and how I used to spank you when you didn't behave?"

"Heh? Oh, yes; you would hardly recognize the old place now, would you?"

—Puppet.



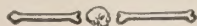
"Whose picture is that?"

"Oh, that's a picture of me when I was a baby."

"Oh, you were a nice bald-headed baby."

"Hey, you're looking at that picture upside down."

—Pup.



"That's a hot number," said the steer as the glowing branding iron was pressed against his tender flank.

—Pup.

BAYARD WOOTTEN

GEO. C. MOULTON

WOOTTEN-MOULTON

Photographers for Yackety-Yack

Over Student Supply Store

New Bern

Chapel Hill

Fort Bragg

155909



"Sandy, what would you do if your friend MacIntosh offered you a Life Saver?"

"Hoot mon, it would take my breath away."

"What shall I do? I'm engaged to a man who says he simply can't bear children."

"Well, you can't expect too much from a husband."
—*The Owl.*



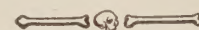
"Are you a traveling salesman?"

"Yes."

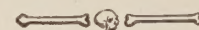
"And are you as bad as the rest of them?"

"Yes."

"Why do you sit there so stupidly and just answer yes to all my questions?"
—*Jester.*



Anxious Daddy: "Quick, nurse, will it shave or paint?"
—*Awgwan.*



There are only two kinds of co-eds; those who expect things and those who suspect things.

—*Golden Bull.*

Domestic Soul: "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

Warm One: "Yes, but when one has sex appeal, why bother to make that detour?"

—*Tawney Cat.*



THE THREE CO-EDS

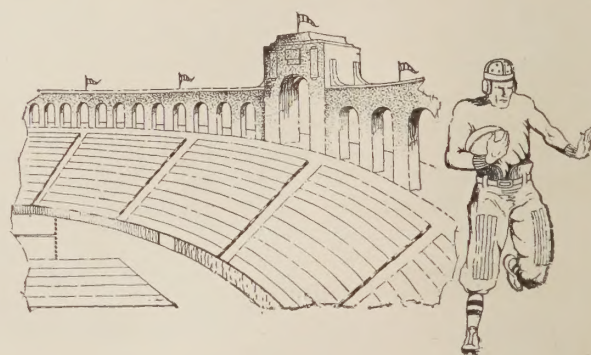
Once upon a time there were three Co-eds, a great big Co-ed, a medium sized Co-ed, and a little Co-ed, who went for a walk in the woods. When they came back they were very tired and wished to go to bed. So they went to their rooms. Suddenly,

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed," said the great big Co-ed in a great big voice.

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed," said the medium sized Co-ed in a medium sized voice.

"Good night, girls," said the little Co-ed in a little bit of a voice.
—*Exchange.*

Can You Pick the All-American?



10 Learbury Suits and Topcoats Given to Winners!

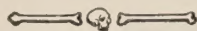
10 Learbury Suits and Topcoats will be awarded to the 10 contestants whose selections for this year's All-American Football Team are closest to the one chosen by College Humor. Selections must be made on Learbury entry blanks. Contest closes Midnight Nov. 23rd. Come in now for your free Learbury entry blanks.

Jack Lipman's University Shop
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

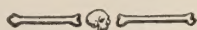
Diner: Where's the menu?
Waiter: Down the hall, three doors to the left,
sir.
—Octopus.



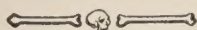
"Was it much of a necking party?"
"Was it! Before the dance the hostess announced: 'Everyone chews his partner.'"
—College Humor.



Tillie the Toiler says that many young men spend their time tinkering with a miss in their motor.
—Exchange.



She: "What's your advice to women on this clothing situation?"
He: "Don't give up the slip."
—Exchange.



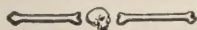
Wrestling Coach: Have you had any experience?
Candidate: Well, not exactly, but my mother was a contortionist, my father a chiropractor, and I was born in the rumble seat of a Ford.
—Record.



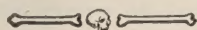
It may not be proper etiquette to use opera glasses at a musical comedy, but it shows good form.
—Lyre.



The girl from the North asked the little Southerner what sort of a tree was before them.
"That's a fig tree," he replied.
"Oh!" she said, "I thought that the leaves were larger than that."
—Mink.



"There's a new song that starts, 'Yessir, that's my baby—.' What is the name of it?"
"Yea, that is a keen song. Name's 'I'm to Blame.'"
—Gargoyle.



Dumb Dora is so dumb she thinks "No kidding" is a slogan for birth control.
—Gargoyle.



The Chesterfield Brothers were standing on a street corner when the A. and P. sisters came along. The brothers said, "We're mild, but we satisfy." The sisters replied, "Well, we have the goods, but we won't deliver."
—Pup.

College Humor's MONTHLY BULLETIN

WITH the new college year, College Humor greets its audience and pulls back the velvet curtains on a stage alive with beauty, gayety, movement and humor.

Its principals are the wittiest satirists and most modern dramatists of the season: Walter Winchell, Eric Hatch, Charleson Gray, James Aswell, George Brooks, Lynn and Lois Montross, Don Herold, Arthur T. Munyan, F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, Morley Callaghan and Westbrook Pegler.

Short, sophisticated sketches will alternate with such romances as **ONE LOVELY MORON** by Lucian Cary, the exciting adventures of a beautiful girl and a young professor who packed a gun; **COLOSSUS** by Holworthy Hall, a new triangular situation of a professional football player in love with three co-eds; and **NAVY WIVES** by Whitman Chambers, in which post-Annapolis officers and their idle brides meet tragedy and love at a tropical submarine base.

Listen to the music; watch youth whirl across the stage on diamond heels, skirts flashing; laugh with the comedians and smile at your generation, satirized and burlesqued. Here we have blended sentiment and romance with scepticism and mad clowning.

Announcement to All

College, prep and high school students MAJESTIC --- COLLEGE HUMOR ESSAY CONTEST

Win one of Grigsby-Grunow's gorgeous prizes—five Majestic Electric Radios—for your fraternity or sorority houses.

The best five hundred word essays on "Why We Bought a Majestic Radio" or "Why Our Next Radio Will Be a Majestic" will receive these five radios.

First Prize—New Majestic Combination Radio and Electric Phonograph.

Contest closes November tenth. Address all essays to The Contest Editor, Grigsby-Grunow Company, 5801 Dickens Ave., Chicago, Ill.



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when the world lets go and joy begins—smooth, flowing power—a strangely fascinating something—a human love of speed at your command—a flash of sunlight on a crimson wing—the blue sky overhead—the green world far below—a fleeting phantom, two pals, the wind's own children—a sense of going somewhere—a feeling that you're on your way. That's real flying—in a Cirrus-powered Great Lakes Sport Trainer.

Of course it's rugged.
Of course it's fast. Of

course it's safe, maneuverable, steady, economical. It is the product of an engineering department, second to none in the industry—the product of standardized manufacturing in a complete and modern aircraft plant—of careful inspection, thorough testing.

It is a ship that gives to every student the "feel" of flying from the very instant that he takes the stick. Responsive, obedient—yet so perfectly balanced that it puts you instantly at ease.

Write for illustrated booklet and complete information.

Some day soon, two factory pilots, making a special Collegiate Flight in a Great Lakes Sport Trainer, will land like a piece of thistledown near your campus—give you an opportunity to examine the ship—and take a trial flight if you wish. Watch for them—this will be good.

GREAT LAKES
C O R P O R A T I O N



AIRCRAFT
C L E V E L A N D

Manufactured under U. S. Department of Commerce Approved Type Certificate Number 167

YE noble men of pigskin glory;
Crippled, battered and dripping with gory,
Oh men of valor steadfast and strong;
In the ranks of the mighty you belong!!
To you—

Oh sons—

Of Carolina,

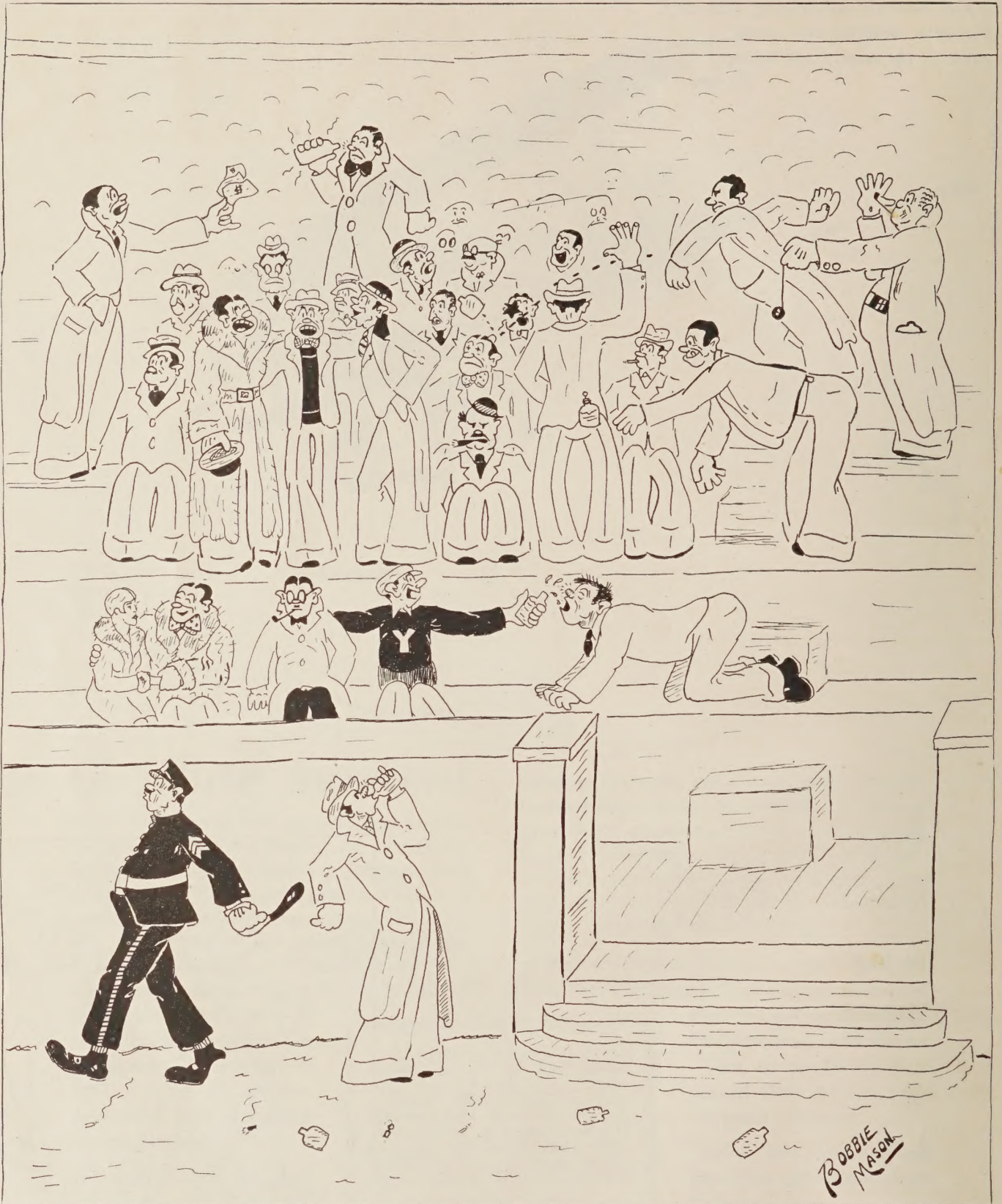
We humbly—

Dedicate—

This number.



The Spirit of '29



FOOTBALL—AMERICA'S FAVORITE SPORT



The Carolina BUCCANEER

University of North Carolina —

VOLUME VII

NUMBER 1

THE RISE OF WILLIE SPLITT

(The Origin of an All-American Football Player)

WILLIE SPLITT was born in the gentle surroundings of a rock quarry. It was an eventful day in the Splitt family when the eighty-pound youngster arrived. "He certainly is a knock-out," observed the doctor as he retrieved his bridge-work from under the bed where the new Willie had so playfully kicked them.

His mother noticed at an early date that Willie was fond of stones; he would sit for hours quietly munching them, now and then interrupting himself to take a long cool drink of sulfuric acid. "I just know he'll have the rocks some day," said his mother as she removed a sledge hammer from the hands of her darling just after he had demolished the dining-room table. His only real playmate was a mule which a nearby farmer loaned to the Splitt family for the express purpose of entertaining Willie. "He just gets the biggest kick out of something like that," remarked a neighbor as she saw Willie chewing on a horse shoe.

At the tender age of twenty-two Willie went to school, but failed miserably after completing the fourth grade. He had maimed no less than six school principals and broken three teachers' arms because they just would not let him sharpen his pencils with a chisel. (Willie was so playful.) For several years he tried his hand as an ice-man, street-cleaner, and miner, but alas, he could not play a saxophone or shoot a seventy-two. (Don't stop here, folks, go ahead and read the rest about Willie.)

One day Willie came home radiantly happy. "Mammy," he cried as he smacked his mommer on the nose and kicked her in the shin.

A tear glistened in the old lady's eye as she hit him on the kisser with a casserole. "What is it, Sonny Boy?" she asked as she watched him slowly pick his teeth with a fork.

"Mama, I've at last got a white collar job, and I'm going to clean up."

"But, Willie," she replied, "I thought you did not like street-cleaning."

"It's not that—I'M GOING TO COLLEGE!"

"Oh, Willie, I'm so proud of you," she said (at the same time chewing on his cauliflower ear). "But, I am afraid that you will go wrong at college—it is such a hard-boiled place."

"You are Damn right; I won't do nothing bad though," said Willie, as he bounced a wad of tobacco up against the piano so forcibly that the instrument sagged slightly.

"Well, Willie, you pack your Sunday suit and I'll go shop-lifting and get you some new shirts."

Willie had arrived at college. Things were not so rosy there as at home. He found himself frightfully cramped in his five-room apartment and the pitiful seventy-five dollars a week which he received from the college was barely sufficient. Worst of all he was forced to take spelling (alas, his worst subject in grammar school). "Those first few days at col-

lege were hell," said Willie as he patted the president of the college on the back. (He had just got permission to drop spelling until the next quarter.)

"Oh, you'll like Cramberry," replied the old gentleman, "but remember if you put your feet on the dinner table again this week I will be forced to write your mommer."

"Oh, I'll be good," promised Willie as he slipped a box of cigars off the president's desk.

The first football game of the season was over and already the president of Cramberry had arranged so that Willie could take a post graduate course in spelling and thus remain at college seven years instead of the usual four. "And the best part



WILLIE SPLITT OR NOT?

is that you have the same text book every year."

"Well, president," said Willie, "can I use the same book that I have now because it has one hundred and fifty pages torn out?"

"Oh, yes," replied the old man, "just as long as you have a few pages to keep you busy for the next seven years it will be quite all right."

Father: My son is the best punter they have at Carolina.

Old Lady: That's nothing to be proud of. I've heard all my life that it was the very lowest form of wit.



The star halfback was describing his hot date to one of the freshmen: "Buddy, I had everything coming my way from the **kick-off** on throughout the entire **struggle**. I **tackled** her rather high and she wanted to **penalize** me for **holding**. Then I tried a few **end runs**, but could not make much progress. Then I crashed through her reserve for several nice **gains** (*kisses*). Her **defense** was utterly shattered. The **backfield** still held out against me. I attempted to throw her for a **loss** but at this point in the **struggle** the **opposition** stiffened and I had a hard time **scoring**. Gee, kid, it's simple if you know how."



Lui: "You have a beautiful form."

Elle: "I've been told that before."

Lui: "Yes, I suppose others feels about it the same as I do."



"That's hot stuff," said the geologist as he fell into the volcano.



Speaking of famous athletes: "I'm always on the team," said the horsefly.



Marriage is a public announcement of private intentions.



Chenewick

I wanted to make a scholar of my son,
So to college I decided him to send,
When he got there, his brain was bare
So they returned to me—an "END."

I hear Charlie is not eligible to play this game.

Yes, and the university is looking around for two more professors.



Referee: Time out.

Player: Tom out? Well that's too bad.



What do girls wear when they wear their clothes out?

They wear them back in again if they can find them.

WHO KILLED OSWALD
HEMMINGPOOF?

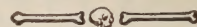
Look on Page Eighteen

"But how about the money?" asked Willie as he put his feet on the dining-room table.

"Well, I guess we will have to give you the one hundred and fifty a week if you insist, but remember that does not include your spelling teacher's hospital bills which occur every time you miss a word.

Do the college boys drink at the football games?

Why certainly. That's what the games are for.



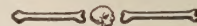
Ever ridden horseback?

No.

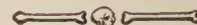
Ever ridden a jackass?

No.

Well, get on to yourself then.



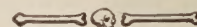
Surely, surely, you have heard the story of the two old maids that took a short tramp in the woods. No? Well, the tramp died.



The players have gone on a strike.

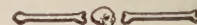
What for?

Higher wages.

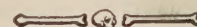


Football men are intelligent.

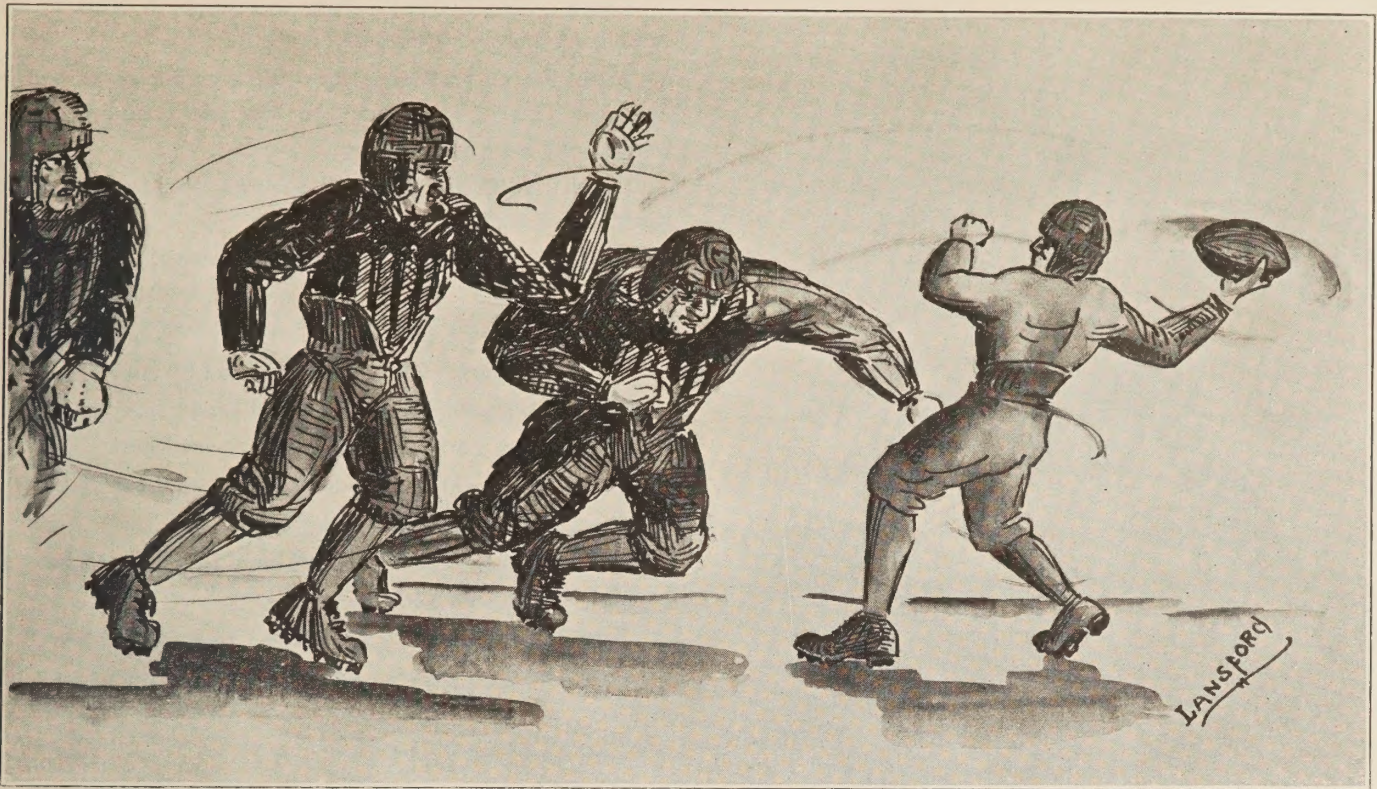
False. If they were they wouldn't play.



The coach was sure of having a good team this year because he made all the boys go to church.



No, and again no, the university does not pay me anything.



THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

How It Has Been Made Possible To

Enjoy Football at Home

This is station B-U-L-L announcing. We

are at the Gadzooks Stadium and a foot-

ball game is in full swing here. It may be

of interest to know, gentle listeners, that

Mrs. Fickle is present at the game. She is

attired in a calico coat and a gingham hat

and is occupying a box seat. And, oh yes,

Mortimer Ortimer, the renowned and dis-

tinguished novelist is here also. He is re-

clining lazily in a raccoon coat. The stu-

dents have on the most stunning clothes

conceivable, and many girls are scattered

throughout the stadium. The girls look

very sweet arrayed in their many-colored

dressess. The sponsor for Gadzooks Col-

lege is wearing a blue hat, red dress, yellow

stockings and green shoes; a very picture

of beauty and fashion. Incidentally, one

of the teams made a touchdown and won

the game. Station B-U-L-L is now signing

off.

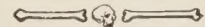


HARRY DIDN'T SHOW UP FOR PRACTICE TODAY.

WHAT WAS THE MATTER?

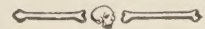
THE COACH ANNOUNCED SKULL PRACTICE AND HARRY COULDN'T FIND A SKULL.

Coach (yelling to team which has failed to gain in three quarters): "Hey you guys why don't you sing the BREAKAWAY?"



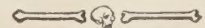
Now, boys, said the coach, be gentlemen when you are on the field.

What, and lose the game!



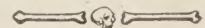
Who's the frail looking individual down there on the field?

Shut up! He's the coach.



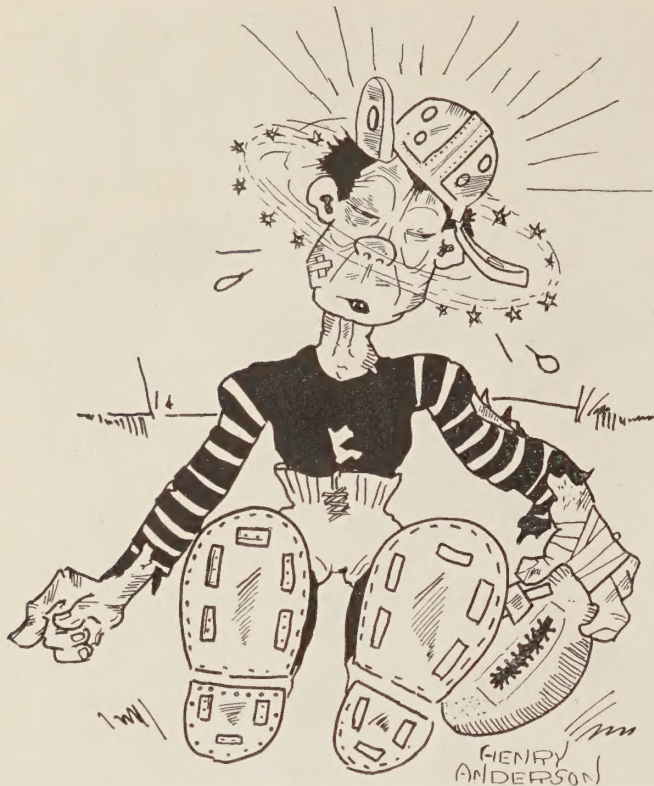
He is a football player of no little means.

You're right, the school pays him a goodly sum.



Won't Tubbs be up for home-coming day?

No. He can't make reservations at any of the hotels.



IN THE FOOTBALL DAYS

'T WAS JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER

(Playlet in Four Acts)

Act I

Scene I (*Interior of the fieldhouse just before the big game.*)

Coach: As you know, fellows. . .

First Player: For Gawdsakes who swiped my shoe?

Coach: As you know, fellows, this is the championship game and . . .

Second Player: Leggo these pants, they're mine!!

Third Player: De hell dem are your pants, dere mine, gimme!!!

Coach: Let us have quiet fellows. Now as I was saying, since this is the championship game it will be necessary for everyone of you to . . .

First Player: Whoever snitched my shoe is a lowdown cuss.

Second Player: I know damn well these are my pants, because the seat is ripped out of them.

Third Player: And I know damn well they are mine because the right leg is torn out.

Fourth Player: Ou—ch! That's my toe you ground into the concrete.

Coach (*Slightly peeved*): Will you guys pipe down! The next bird that interrupts will stay out of the game.First, Second, Third and Fourth Players (*In unison*): But Coach—

Coach: SHUT UP!!! Now to resume, in order to win this game each and every man will have to . . .

Fifth Player (*Running into the dressing room and out of breath*): Coach, I'm sorry I'm late but I had to take little Oswald out for a walk.

Coach: Well, you are too late now. You're ruled out of the game. You can't play.

Fifth Player (*sobbing pitifully*): Please, Coachy dear, let me play.

Coach: NO!!!

All the Players: Oh, Coach, how could you!

Coach (*consulting a sun dial*): Fellows, it's just about time for the game to start and I want to say one word . . .

First Player: My dear, dear shoe, where can it be?

(*A whistle is heard in the offing.*)

Coach: Come on, fellows, it's time to play, and bear always in mind what I told you.

First Player: But, coach, I can't play barefooted.

(*Curtain slowly rattles earthward as the players go forth to battle.*)

Acts I & II

(Note: These acts have been omitted)

Act IV

(Note: This act is the same as Act I)

The End

THE SOPH FULLBACK THAT GOT IT
IN THE NECK

"POME"

Winter has come
Studies swamp us
Green, new faces
Adorn the campus. . . .

Faces untidy
Craving water
Don't shoot mister
I'll marry your daughter. . . .

Shoot if you must
This old cabbage head
Remove your paw
"You cad," she said. . . .

Ice cream, soda water,
Ginger ale, pop.
I'll go nuts
If this poem don't stop. . . .
Period. . . .



THE CENTER SHOULD LIVE LONGER
THAN THE OTHER PLAYERS.
AND WHY SO?
BECAUSE HE IS SO CLOSELY
GUARDED.

HEARD AT THE GAME

Aw, come on, give me just one more drink.
Naw, can't do it, you've had enough already.
I know, but I'm down today and I need something to brace
me up.
Didn't I tell you no, and I mean it.
Say I guess I know how much I can stand, and one more
won't hurt me.
But it might. Do you want to pass out and have to be car-
ried away?
Give me another drink or I'll bust you in the jaw.
All right, but if the coach finds out that I've given you this
water he'll fire me.

When Old South is tall and silent,
And we hear no note from the bell,
Someone's asleep on the job,
They ain't done right by our knell.

You Auto Know:
The inflated tire us.
Better a dent in the fender than one in
the skull.
We are more shocked now by stripped
gears than by stripped dears.
Carbon and speed cops slow up a car.
Expenses start running up when we
make the down payment.
Too many cooks spoil the broth but only
one back seat driver can spoil the whole
trip.



CAPTAIN (TO GUARD): DIDN'T YOU
HEAR ME TELL YOU TO TAKE THAT
END OUT?

GUARD: SURE, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE
EVERYTHING I HEAR.

TURN TO PAGE EIGHTEEN



THE FIRST FOOTBALL BANQUET—HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED!!

The Assassination of Agnus McDuff

1

Now Percy Algernon Agnus McDuff,
Was a football player
Who strutted his stuff.
The coaches all pointed to Agnus with pride,
For he was hell on wheels when he hit his stride.

2

Two years passed and great Agnus McDuff,
With his side stepping, passing and the rest of his stuff.
Played the last game, could have saved the day,
But he got the ball and ran the wrong way.

An All-Talkie of the Whoozis-Whamzis Game

(A Pathay News Release. Seize All;
Nose All)

Gimme a seat in the middle section about half way up. . . . Say, who da hell you tink you're shovin'. . . . Oh, Roger, there's Betty and Chauncey down there. Let's sit with them. . . . Now, I'll stake you two to one that Whoozis won't score on us in the first quarter. . . . Let's kill this before the game and then we'll have that other quart to drink between halves. . . . Yea, Bill Jones is the best player that Whamzis has. He's number 39. . . . This kinda reminds me of the Hooeyford-Jogtown game when . . . Why, hello, Sam! I ain't seen you since graduation way back in '06. . . . Kindly, desist from pounding on my hat. . . . Whoopee!!!! Hurray for dea ole Whoozis. Whoopee!! . . . Ish you damn hic shure you're rootin' for oursh shide? hic . . . Fight! Fight! Fight! . . . Down in front! . . . All together now, fellows, three rousing cheers for Captain Prune. . . . Take that hamfisted dude out of the game. . . . Pipe down, you!!! . . . Who in 'ell's gonna make me? . . . Fight! Fight! Fight! . . . Cheese it, de cops. . . . Tell Jim to lay off the bottle. He's hittin' it too heavy. . . . You like it? Well, I got it down at Ginsberg's store for only \$2.98. . . . Hell, no, you ain't gonna change dat bet now. Dat bet stands as it is. . . . Peanuts, popcorn, candy and cold drinks. . . . Daddy, I wanna lollypop. . . . And, Daddy, I gotta (buzz, buzz). . . . All right, Anthony, come with me. . . . Yea, I knew damn well we would win the game. . . . Well, s'long. I'll see you next year. . . . Whoopee!! Hurray! Rah! Rah!

Did Sally Pattica the Belle of
Carolina Kill Oswald
Hemmingpoof?

For Full Details Turn to Page 18

Practical and Effective Plays For the Gridiron

(Tested and Approved by the Good Housekeeping Institute)

The first play we will take up will be the famous Horse Play used by Coach Dillpickle in the notorious Calford via Henryford game. To make this play successful it is necessary for the right mudguard of the team to whinny like an equine when the ball is snapped. The members of the opposing team, being quite horsey will naturally answer to the call of the wild.



Figure 1

They will start braying and stampeding around like a flock of untamed stallions. During the turmoil and commotion the Drawback of the home team, disguised as a peanut, can very easily slip through the lines and scamper off for a touchdown.

The second play we will discuss will be second in order of importance. It is called the Second play and was used by Coach Sec Und when Secondburg played Secondville on the second day of the second month of the second football season. This play is second to none. Every second counts in this play. With two seconds to play Coach Sec Und sent in his second

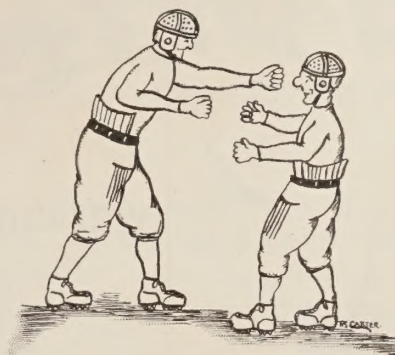


Figure 2

team. On a second thought this is unwise but old Sec Und knew what he was about. The second string fullback of Secondburg picked a fight with the second man to the right of right end of the Secondville team. All the members of the Secondville team came forth and offered to second for their teammate. While the seconds were being selected and with one second to go the second string halfback of Secondburg stole away and made the second touchdown for Secondville which gave them their second victory of their second season in football.

The next and last play to be explained is the Pancake Play used by Coach Fuller Boloney when Notre played Dame. Coach Boloney of Notre noticed that the Dam(e) players had a lean and hungry look. "So much the better," chuckled Boloney, munchin a marshmallow. At the crucial moment in the game the center for Notre took a match from his overcoat pocket and soon had a hot fire going under the gridiron. The quarterback for Notre had very thoughtfully brought along some batter and in short order the boys were cooking griddle cakes on the gridiron. The gridiron sizzled merrily and soon the delicious odor of griddle cakes filled the atmosphere. The Dam(e) players laid aside

their lean and hungry looks and came over and joined in the feast. In the meantime the Left Guard (the only one that was left) skipped gracefully down the field and made the winning touchdown.



Figure 3

Sweet Thing: Who is that man over there?

Goat: Why he is the head coach.

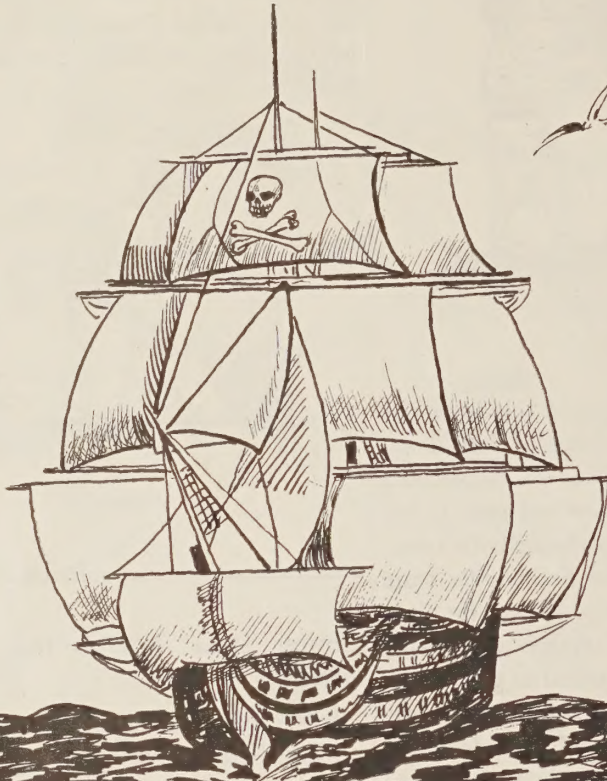
Sweet Thing: Oh, I see. He looks after their heads.

**WHO KILLED
OSWALD
HEMMINGPOOF?**

Turn to Page

Eighteen

For Full Particulars



The Carolina Buccaneer

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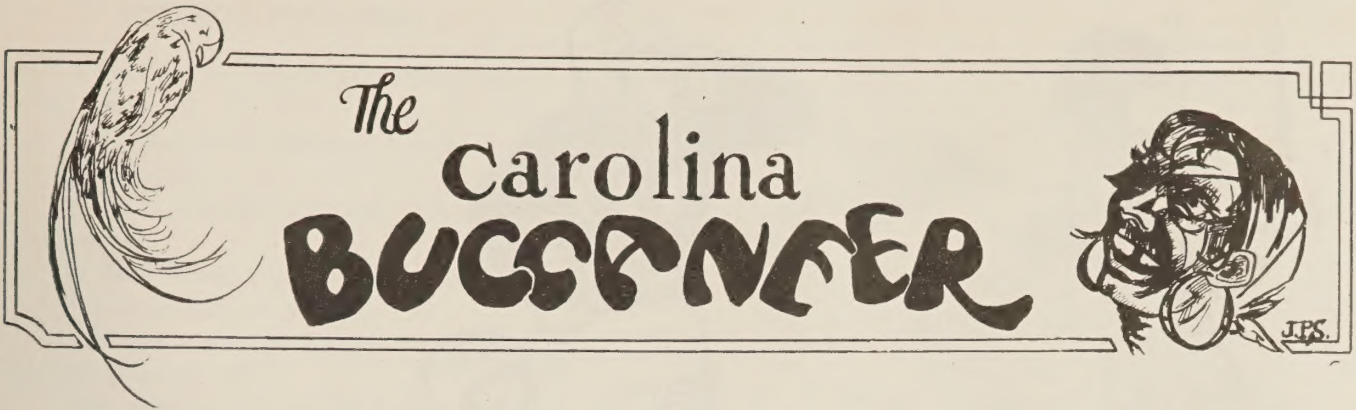
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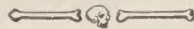
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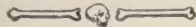
JAMES R.
SAWYER



The good ship BUCCANEER, with a goodly crew of pirates, again lifts its anchor and ventures forth on the high sea of joke-dom to sail for another nine months. Believe it or not, but this year will mark many a change in the BUCCANEER. We propose to give the campus a high type of humor, that is, we intend to perch up in the crow's nest when we write our jokes instead of sitting below decks. Every year the BUCCANEER has been severely criticized and reprimanded for its uncouth and weak literature, and we are determined that for at least this year the ship will not run amuck. We realize what a difficult task lies before us, for from experience we have learned that it takes every type of humor conceivable to satisfy the entire student body. We sincerely hope that everyone will appreciate our feeble efforts to make the BUCCANEER acceptable this year. All we can ask of the student body is support and a little co-operation, for we believe the staff is capable of turning out a good publication.



Football although a recent innovation was really created out of the centuries. For instance, Adam and Eve were penalized; Cain socked Abel for the first goal. The Spanish Inquisition donated the gridiron while Isaac Newton tackled problems. St. Peter guarded the first gate. It took the college boy to introduce the quart flask and the befuddled co-ed. All we need now is a special section to contain all proud fathers who are continually yelling "Charlie's got the ball," and sobbing mothers who are always shrieking, "I just know Charlie will be killed." This section should also contain those sweet young things who are always asking who that "grand" looking man is over in the other stand.



Looking back for a moment over the state of affairs that existed on the BUCCANEER staff last year we wish to call your attention to the fact that the copy for the BUCCANEER was written almost exclusively by about five writers. When any person other than these five individuals would turn in a contribution the Editor would topple over in a dead faint from the shock. Thrice during the collegiate year the Editor was subjected to these fainting spells. And in practically all three of these cases the contributions came from a Freshman who was trying to make the staff.

We now begin this new year with only four men on the staff who can be depended upon to stanch the seemingly unquenchable demand for copy, two sophs, one junior and one senior. There are plenty of opportunities for any freshman or sophomore who can write and wants to make the staff. We need copy and we need men to fill staff positions. Although it is almost too much to hope for, we also would take great pleasure in receiving contributions from upperclassmen. However, if this should happen, be careful to use tact and diplomacy in presenting the copy. Don't forget the Editor's weak heart. All contributions are received in the BUCCANEER OFFICE in the basement of the Alumni Building. The copy deadline for the next issue is November 1.





THE ONLY SIGNALS THAT WILL STOP THEM

YE ANCIENT AND FAR-FAMED GAME OF FOOTBALL

(Editor's Note: This old and weather-beaten manuscript was uncovered in a huge pile of rubbish in my room-mates' shoe. How it got there and when it got there; nobody knows. Yet it contains some very valuable historical facts about the best of sports—football.)

Footballe was firste played arounde the time of Caesar. Those of you who have read hisse Gallic Wars (andde whom, may I askke, hasse notte read that fascinating booke) will remember that in hisse openingge sentencce he states thatte alle Gaul isse divided into three parttes. Itte is plain that Caesar meantte that inne Gaul there were three classes of peopple, viz; olde gradds, collitch menne who didn't playye footballe and finallye, those who did.

The only trouble wasse that those menne who did playye footballe didn't because since the pigge

wasse unknowne at that time they didn't have anything to playye with. All I can sayye is that Collitch must have beene a hell of a place in those dayyes.

A professor at Hawvud disgusted with suche conditons (footballe players and no Footballes) decided to invent the pigge. He did so andde soon the pigskinne appeared on the gridiron (1391 A.D.). The followyng yeare Nero played footballe whyle Rome burned. Some authorities claim that he played the fiddle but as eats were unheard of then it must have beene footballe.

With the invention of the pigge, footballe progressed by leaps, grunts and bounds. At first, they used a live pigge but whenne the little cuss gotte away it wasse so hardde to catch him that thisse wasse not idealee. Matters came to a crisis whenne Rome wasse playingge Egypt. Cleopatra, the wily enchantress, who hadde bet heavily on Rome suggested to Mare Antonye that he slip a greased

pigge into the game whenne Egypt hadde the balle inne their possession. As a result Egypt could notte retain possession on the balle andde hadde to forfeit the game.

However it wasse notte until after the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment that footballe came into its owne. The Olde gradds, who hadde to have a place where they coulde gette pie-eyed without losing their reputations, flocked to the footballe games. Andde that, dear readers, is the historie of footballe andde the reason whyye Dukke hadde to build a stadium seating 10,000 more olde gradds than ours.

Signed:

Ima Knutt



While you read this Henry Ford made ten thousand dollars (\$10,000).

PITIFUL PICTURES—

A professor of Mathematics being short changed.

A football coach engaged in a game of tittle-de-winks.

A great engineer stranded in a balky Ford.

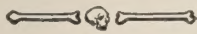
A truck driver cringing before his wife. Lindberg using an elevator.

Someone choosing Luckies in an Old Gold blindfold test.

The editor of the BUCCANEER trying to think of something funny.

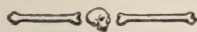


*The halfback acted like clockwork;
The quarter had called for a pass.
The guards and tackles did blockwork
That was out of the steam roller class.
The center was perfect in action—
The full threw the pass of the day.
But what drove the fans to distraction.
Was the end of the perfect play.*

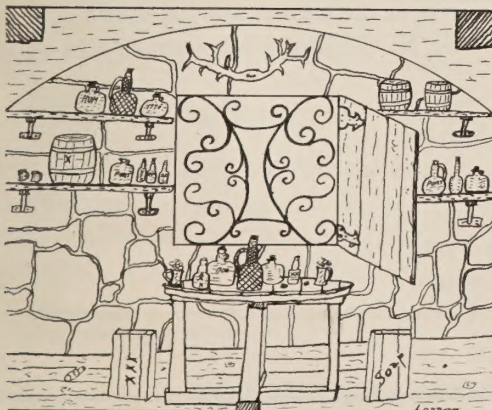


What's the panic down at the field house?

The drum-major's got a charley-horse and they're trying to fix him up so the game can start.



Yes, said the trainer, to the football candidates, every man out here has got to practice girth control for the rest of the season.



A DAMN GOOD PRE-LAW COURSE



First Football Player: Do you know how to make a monkey wrench?

Second Nut: Feed him Swain Hall hash.

Come on, coach, don't take me out, I think I can make it.

I don't know so much about that. You haven't been doing so well and you look a little nervous.

I'm not nervous, just a little bit excited. I'm sure I can make a good comeback.

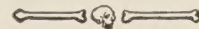
I had better take you out. There's too much at stake to take such a chance at a time like this.

Please, coach, you don't realize how much this means to me now. I know I have been playing rotten, but now I'm going to do better.

Well, if you stay in and lose, that's the end of you.

I'll take the chance, coach.

All right, keep it at two no-trump. Your lead, Bill.



**SING A SONG FOR CENTER McQUACK.
HE GAVE THE BALL TO THE WRONG
HALFBACK.**

**Do You Want to Earn or Rather
Win \$10 in Pure Gold?**

**Turn to Page Eighteen and
Learn How.**

Announcing

*In the November Issue of the BUCCANEER will appear
the first installment of*

The Carolina Murder Case

or

Who Killed Oswald Hemmingpoof?

This hair-raising, breath-taking novel will be run in three thrilling installments (November, December and January issues). If you want to read a mystery story that is packed full of excitement and teeming with HORROR then don't miss a single word of the "CAROLINA MURDER CASE."

Here are a few of the outstanding characters:

Oswald Hemmingpoof—A senior at Carolina, president of the Podunk County Club, and the unwilling corpse of our story.

Phillup Pance—The great Defective that solved the Canary Bird-cage Case.

Mr. Pottedham—The District Attorney.

Sheriff Corntassle—The local police force.

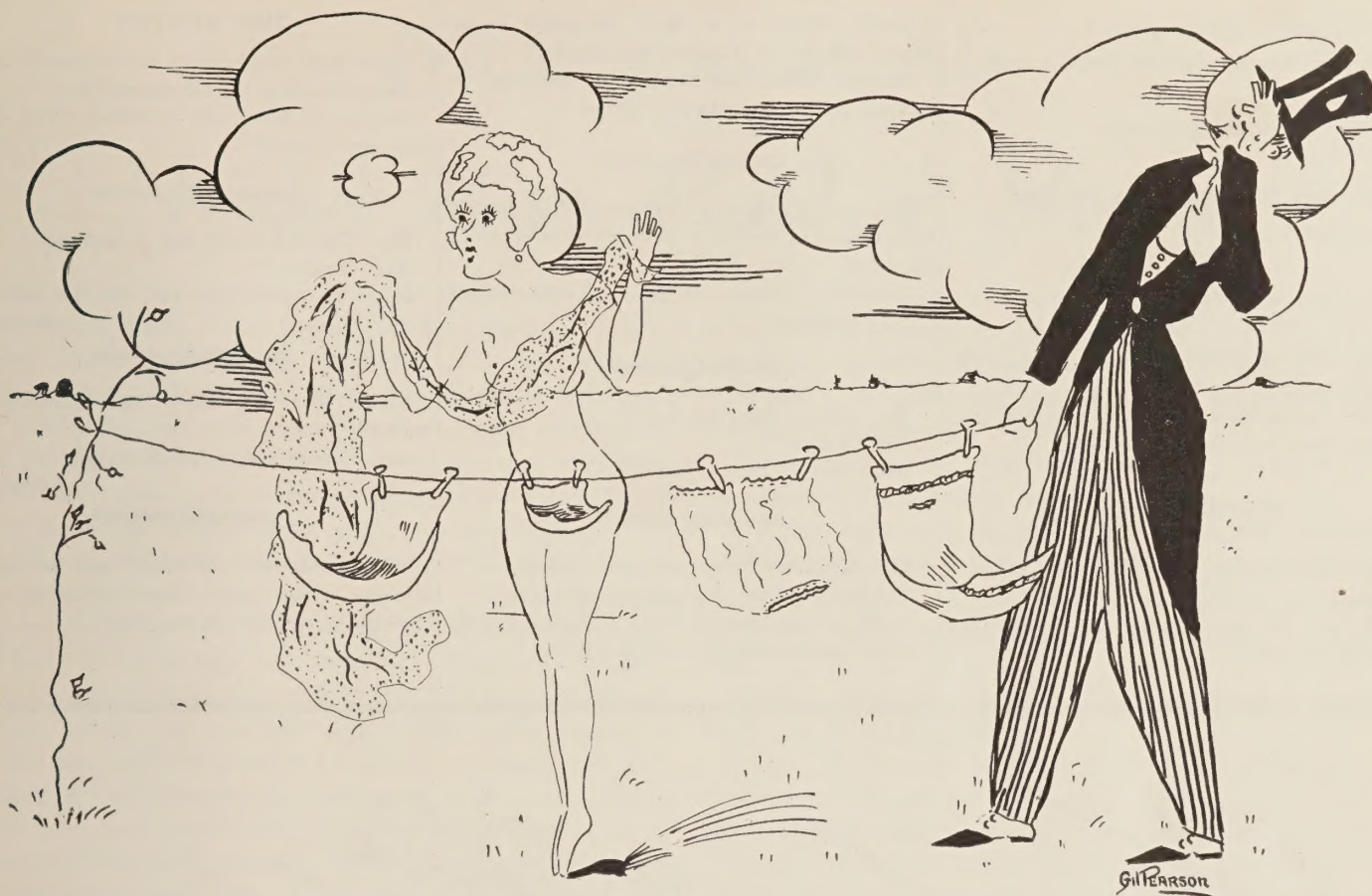
Sally Pattica—The WOMAN in the case.

Percy Verance—The Room-mate of our hero.

And many other interesting characters.

In this story the crime is so perfect and the murderer so elusive that the BUC-CANEER STAFF is offering a prize of \$10.00 in gold to the reader that can solve this mystery. Of course, all solutions must be in our hands before the last installment appears or they will not be considered. Write out your solution to the murder and address it to THE BUCCANEER BOX 831, CHAPEL HILL, N. C. All the solutions turned in will be published in the Buccaneer.

The Editor

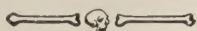


Hold That Line

GIL PEARSON

I am mortified at the way the young girls dress today.

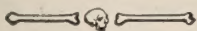
Yes, but it makes things more simplified.



Who is that freshman over there?

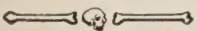
A young man from Boston.

Oh, I see, another bean.

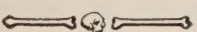


Look, they're carrying that player off the field. Do you suppose he's hurt?

No, stupid, he's just too lazy to walk.



How is it humanly possible for the quarter back to remember all of those complicated signals and then to say that America was discovered in 1516.



No, Claribel, the head linesman does not lead the line.

FOOTBALL (A FEW FACTS ABOUT THE GAME)

Did you know that 128,000 boys played football last year and that 128,000 parents swore that their sons would never touch a football again. 128,000 boys will play again this year.

Did you know that 463,000 guys got punched on the nose because they said that they would punch somebody in the nose.

Did you know that 567,000 flasks were carried to last year's games, and that after the games some several of these flasks were empty.

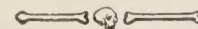
Did you know that some seventy-four thousand pigs were deprived of their bladders last year.

Did you know that 156 college presidents wished football had never been invented.

Did you know that football was here to stay unless some other way was found to get twenty-two people to fight without calling it a "free-for-all."

"Ne-Hi satisfies all," said the advertisement.

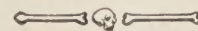
"It's not enough for me," said the worldly man.



That fraternity rates better than any on the campus.

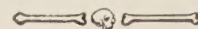
Why?

Because the football captain belongs to it.

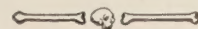


Did you ever see a football player look so despondent?

No one has asked him to endorse a cigarette yet.

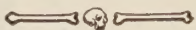


"You completely slay me!" said Goliath to David.

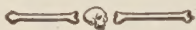


He's only the son of a watch-maker, but he certainly knows how to make time.

She's in love with the punter.
I suppose he can give her quite a kick.

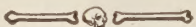


When does this bus get to Durham?
Eventually.



"What kind of a dress did she wear to the party last night?"

"I don't know, but I think it was checked."
"Wow! Must have been a real party."



"How come, Esther, that you were born in Wisconsin?"

"Well, you see sir, I wanted to be near my mother at the time."

Anne: "How is it that Harwood never takes you to the theatre any more?"

Howe: "Well, you see, one evening it rained, and we sat in the parlor."



Mother: (coming in at 2:00 a.m.) "You needn't have waited up for me. I have my own latchkey, daughter."

Daughter: "I know, mother, but someone had to let Grannie in."



"My girl's a Chevrolet girl."
"How's that?"
"Goes farther on a gallon."

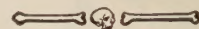


The naked hills lie wanton in the breeze,
The fields are bare, the groves unfrocked,
Nude are quivering the limbs of shameless trees,
What wonder that the corn is shocked.

THE HUNTER

"You have no heart," he exclaimed, as she turned away after the ten-minute kiss.

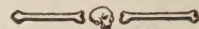
"Oh, yes I have," she answered, "You simply have not found it."
—Pelican



He: "The old Tabby Cat is immoral."

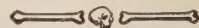
She: "Really?"

He: "Yes; it is rumored that he leads nine lives."
—Kitty-Kat.



Male: "Do you believe trial marriage will work?"

She: "Yes, if you try often enough."
—Aggievator.



"I say, old fruit, old bean," said the Englishman on eating codfish cakes for the first time, "something has died in my biscuit."
—Ghost.



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

No Brains at All

OR

Neither Man, Maid, or Monkey

THE scene is laid—if such a thing can happen—in the dear old sunny South where banjos ring and mammys sing of Carolina moons and “you-alls,” whatever those are. It is the day of the big game. On account of the sun which has “gone west” as the old boys used to say the rain it seems has literally sat in the lap of North Carolina. It is rumored that even when the old State stands up to receive the prodigal sun again that ol’ devil rain will go around to the other side under an assumed name. But as the fellow who ate in Swain Hall said, “This is neither fish but foul.” I suppose I might as well give the characters in this play a break, so meet Ulric better known as George, my friend. Ulric is a large boy—big head—shoulders—biceps—huge around the waist—and—well, in fact, he’s immense. I could have said buttox, but somebody from Boston might happen to read this and stop its extensive circulation up there. The next character, my kind people, is Ulric’s girl. Tessie—you know—the girl from back home that is just starting her eighth year in high school. That had to burn the grade school before she could leave the second class. Nice but dumb. Makes doughnuts and faux pas with equally surprising success. However Tessie and Ulric are like two peas in a pod—if I know what you mean. The third character is the coach—a nice man he is, (*Ed. Note*—the *author* is noted for his diplomacy.) The game is on edge so are most of the spectators. The crowd has just finished singing “I’d Die for Dear Old Whosis”—and some of them are shot already. The game goes on in spite of the song just sung.

Coach: My God! whose arm is that on the fifty-yard line?

Ulric: (who is a helpful lad) What fifty-yard line?

Coach: Ulric, my friend, go get a towel and put it on the arm.

Ulric: We can’t sir we’ve put enough on the arm as it is, but if we wait maybe somebody will lose a chest and we could place it in that.

Coach: (Who is resigned to anything by now) Yes I suppose so but I wish we could get a can.

Ulric: We can?

Coach: Yes that would do but a large one would suit the purpose better. (Coach gripping the arm of Ulric at the same time biting his left ear) Look! another arm and leg on the fifty-yard line. We’ve got to get them off.

Ulric: If I could make a suggestion sir?

Coach: Well?

Ulric: Pretty well sir tho’ I’ve been bothered lately with funny chills running up and down my spine. How are you sir?

Coach: I know—I know—I told you what to do for that and it’s not my fault if your bashful—but how about this suggestion?

Ulric: Why sir I was thinking you had better wait and see what sections some of the other players had to offer, and, if we were lucky, we might get enough to make a new man.

Coach: Yes that’s true but what if we get two of this and three of that—you know what I mean.

Ulric: Well sir we could take a chance. If we got a tenor, we could use him for cheer leader.

(At this juncture in the game there is a neatly arranged pile of limbs, skulls, etc. on the fifty-yard line. At the signal from the coach several of the boys on the bench go out, gather up the parts that are not too slippery and deposit them at the coach’s feet.)

Coach: What do you make of this Ulric? Where should we begin—at the head or foot?

Ulric: Well coach we could start in the middle and work both ways. I’LL tell you coach—let me get my girl Tessie. She’s good at puzzles and I see she has fallen asleep in the stands.

Coach: All right, tho if she’s your girl she’ll hardly know what’s what. (And for the first time in years a crimson blush comes into the cheeks of the dear old coach.)

(Tessie is called to the bench and at once becomes popular by asking why they have eleven men on each side—what has the funny little ball got to do with it—why the “awful mens” are so rough with each other and what’s the name of the game anyhow. She is finally told her mission after the coach dismisses her questions by saying, that he didn’t know, he was a stranger here himself.)

Tessie: Let’s see this goes here and that goes there.

Coach: Oh no! that doesn’t go there.

Ulric: Maybe that goes here.

Coach: Ulric I’m surprised. You ought to know better than that.

Tessie: Oh look! I’m almost finished. I just need a head and some brains.

Coach: Little girl that’s the truest thing you ever said, but here’s an extra head.

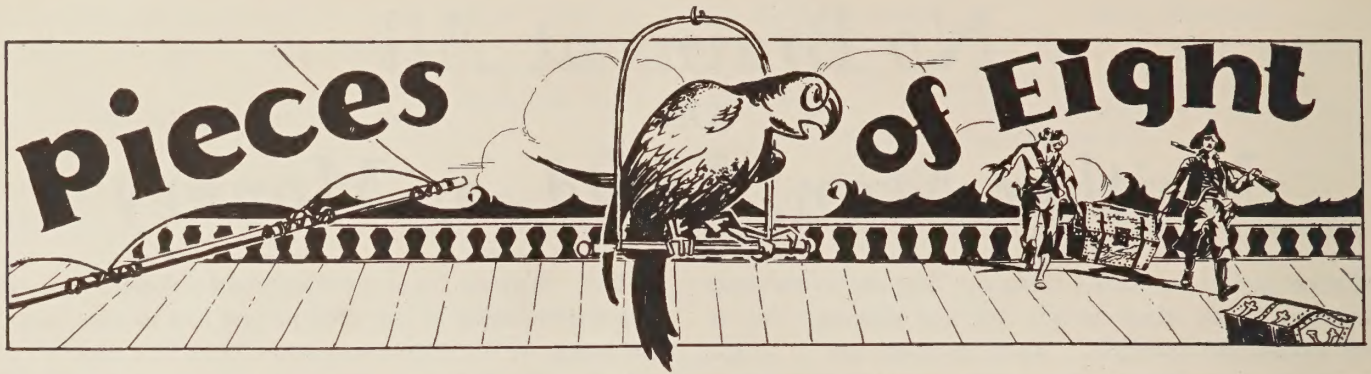
Tessie: There! now its all complete.

Coach: Tessie my dear, did you ever study biology—no—all right then you did the best you could under the circumstances.

Ulric: Coach this man has no brains or—er—well you know. Besides he’s deaf and dumb.

Coach: Well then we can’t use him. Give him thirty points and ship him back to Duke. He’ll be in good company.

(As the curtain falls Tessie, Ulric, and the Coach are seen playing leap frog, and, to the observing eye, Tessie is taking quite a beating. But as the old sailor said, “Me lads, you kin lay to that.”)



Stage Business

Playwright: "Here's my latest play, sir."

Producer: "But there's only two sheets here."

Playwright: "Oh, that's enough! It's a bedroom farce!"

—America's Humor.



Customer (in drug store): I want a little pink tablet."

Druggist: "What's your trouble?"

Customer: "I want to write a letter."

—Orange Peel.



"Poor Jake, the coffin maker, got too ambitious."

"Too ambitious?"

"Yep! He's all wrapped up in his work now."

—Widow.



Housewife: "Don't bring me any more of that horrid milk. It is positively blue."

Milkman: "It ain't our fault, lady. It's these long, dull evenings as makes the cows depressed."

—Missouri Outlaw.



Two Hebrew gentlemen were ship-wrecked and were living on a small raft. Two days passed and they were nearly frantic. However, Ikey, who had been scanning the horizon, now gave a happy cry.

"I see a sail."

"Wot's der use," murmured Jakey, "ve ain't got no samples."

—Iowa Frivol.



Cop: "What's your name?"

"Saul Wright."

Cop: "Say, don't try to get fresh."

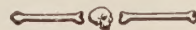
—Colorado Dodo.



A CORKIN' GOOD TIME

STRUGGLE

Darkness enveloped the little room where the youth stood. A solitary light reflected his image in a long mirror. The young man seemed to be waging a losing fight against a superior force. His fingers pulled at a cord around his neck. His features were distorted, twisted almost beyond recognition by the intensity of his efforts. Slowly and surely the noose tightened around his neck. Huge beads of perspiration stood out on the forehead of the unfortunate youth. As certain and remorseless as death itself, the noose continued to tighten; great veins swelled in his throat; he seemed about to choke; the youth made one last heroic effort, freed himself, and stepped back. At last his slip-easy cravat was tied.



Teacher—"And do any of you know why they didn't play poker on the Ark?"

Johnnie—"Sure, the elephant was sitting on the deck."

—Siren.

A LETTER IN BLUE

Before my eyes

A letter lies

I open it with great surprise.

I peek into

Its cover blue

Attempt to read its contents through

A perfumed note

Is all you wrote

Your love still seems a thing remote

You speak of how

You love me now

To love forever is your vow.

Before my eyes

A letter lies

And lies and lies . . . and lies!

—Pointer.



MONDAY NIGHT BLUES

"Mine is no idle tale," said the freshman as he leaned over for another whack.

—Black and Blue Jay.



She: "You know, I like variety—it's the spice of life."

He: "Look me over, kid, my name is Heinz."

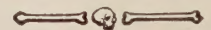
—Orange Peel.



Knight: Fair Queen, can I be of any service to you?

Queen: No thanks, the king is home.

—Voo Doo.



"Poppa! What makes people walk in their sleep?"

"Twin beds, my son!"

—Yellow Jacket.

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"I just knocked my math final cold—"
 "Really—"
 "Yea, below zero."

—*Brown Jug.*

**Why Get Boiled Without Cause**

Keeper: Have you any last request to make?
 Prisoner: I'd like to be hanged with a new rope.
 Keeper: But the old rope is—
 Prisoner: I know it. But the last prisoner you hanged had a boil on his neck, and I'm taking no chances.

—*Yale Record.*

**Buckets of Blood from Bloodhounds**

Little Johnny got out to the policeman who was busily directing traffic—tugging on his coat to gain attention asked:
 "Mister Policeman, please when you have puppies give me one, as my mother is very anxious for a Police dog."

—*Drexer.*

**Pun-k**

"Where's Nelly from?"
 "Dunno, I Nebraska."

—*Pointer.*

**Keyed Up**

Voice from the eleventh floor: 'Smatter down there. Have you no key?
 Noisy one on the pavement: Gotta key all right, but wouldja jussasoon thrown down a few keyholes?

—*Beanpot.*

**Memories of a Street Car Ride**

"Passengers are requested not to put their feet on motorman while the car is in motion."
 "Passengers are requested not to stick head or arms out of seats."
 "Passengers are requested not to put seats out of window while motorman is in motion."
 "500 dollars fine for spitting on the motorman of this car."
 "Keep head and arms off floor while motorman is spitting."

—*Tiger.*

**Hokus-Pokus**

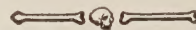
Sceptic: I think we have a rotten team this year.
 Patriot: What! How do you account for the seven touch-downs they made in yesterda's game?
 Sceptic: It was probably done with mirrors or something.

—*Humor.*

Ow!

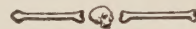
Englishman: What's that bloomin' noise I 'ear outside this time of night?
 American: Why, that's an owl.
 Englishman: Of course it is, but 'o's 'owling?

—*Aggievator.*

**Character**

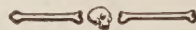
The football player who went to work at five o'clock every morning all summer long as an ice man is back in college now where he finds it next to impossible to make an eight o'clock class.

—*Life*

**Bell-Blooeey**

"Saved by the bell," sighed the heavyweight, as he walked out of class.

—*Peel.*

**X-Ray**

Irate Father—I can see right through that chorus girl's intrigue.
 Lovesick Son—I know, dad, but they all dress that way nowadays.

—*Tit-Bits.*

**Where Have You Bin?**

Sweet Young Thing: Did my father order some coal this morning?
 Coalman: This load of coal is for a Mr. Zell.
 S. Y. T.: That's fine, I'm Gladys Zell.
 Coalman: So am I.

—*Malteaser.*

**Advertisement**

Having been exposed to two semesters of Conversational French while an inmate of the College of Business Administration, I approached the waiter with boldness, and although they laughed when I spoke to him in French, he returned with excellent Scotch.

—*Beanpot.*

**Surprise**

"Hadn't you better go and tell your father?" said the motorist to the farmer's boy who stood looking at the load of hay upset in the lane by a collision.
 "He knows," replied the boy.
 "Knows? How can he know?"
 "He's under the hay."

—*Drexer.*

.. off the tee it's **DISTANCE!**



.. in a cigarette it's **TASTE!**

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Well Named

Kind Old Gentleman: What do you call those two kittens, Johnny?

Small Boy: I call 'em Tom and Harry.

K. O. G.: Why don't you name them Cook and Peary after the great explorers?

S. B.: Aw, gwan, mister; these ain't polecats.

—Bison.



Different

"We are now passing the most famous brewery in Berlin explained the guide.

"We are not," replied the American tourist, as he hopped off the bus.

—Octopus.



Yes, Butt—

Rector: Is that your cigarette stub?

Small Son: Go ahead, Dad, you saw it first.

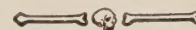
—Gargoyle.

Foreign Relations

"We spent our time amidst the ancient ruins of Greece."

"Yea? And it sure makes you appreciate the American girls, doesn't it?"

—Bison.

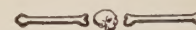


Tea for Two

First—"Is your girl very dumb?"

Second—"Is she? Why yesterday I asked her if she liked Keats and she said no, that they were too much trouble.

—Wasp.



Strap It

"Does my gown look as though it were falling off my shoulder?"

"Naw, let's dance."

"I'm sorry, but I must go and rearrange it. It's supposed to look that way."

—Pitt Panther.



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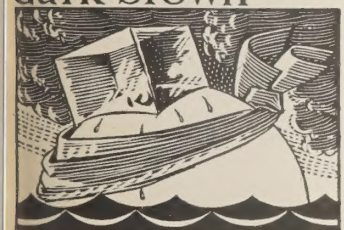
mornings

bright



mornings

dark brown



mornings

play



mornings

slow



mornings



mornings

hot



mornings

cold



mornings

fast



mornings

pay day



mornings

work



mornings

THERE'S the February morning when the hot-water faucet runs cold—and the dark brown morning after the party when your face is taut and sensitive from lack of sleep—and the hurry-up morning when you have to make an 8 o'clock—all kinds of mornings, all kinds of shaving conditions, but only one kind of Gillette Blade—the one constant factor in your daily shave.

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Right

He: Have you ever kissed a man before?

She (falteringly): Y-yes.

He (excitedly): Tell me his name, so I can thrash him.

She: But-but-he might be too many for you.

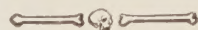
—Bison.



Fudge

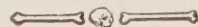
Most of the cow belles are to be found in the sororities.

—Frvol.



"I don't mind washing the dishes for you," wailed the henpecked husband. "I don't object to sweeping, dusting, or mopping the floors, but I ain't gonna run no ribbons through my night-gown just to fool the baby."

—Whirlwind.



Economical Student: Do you take anything off for cash?

Saleslady: Sir!

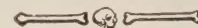
—Wet Hen.

A recent customer came up to the stocking counter.

"Well, made," said the salesman, "I hope the stockings came up to your expectations?"

"Sir!"

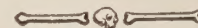
—Ghost.



"I hear the Sultan is introducing the Honor System in the harem."

"Yes, he caught the doctor cheating on his examinations."

—Virginia Reel.

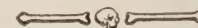


A hunter was showing off his collection of trophies to a group of visitors. He was rapturously explaining how he acquired the various exhibits.

"See that elephant," he said, "I shot it in my pajamas."

"My Gawd," murmured the flapper, "how did it get there?"

—Jack o'Lantern.



Doctor: What you need is a little sun.

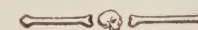
Warm Young Thing: Oh—Doctor!

—Amherst Lord Jeff.

Abe: Teacher, may I leave the room?

Teacher: No, you stay here like a good boy and fill up the ink-wells.

—Idaho Blue Bucket.



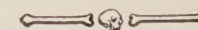
The girl I left behind me

I think of night and day,

For if she ever found me

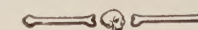
There'd sure be hell to pay.

—Whirlwind.



"A little bit goes a long way," screamed the bird as it wheeled high above the city.

—Octopus.



A pretty girl who gets a kiss
And goes and tells her mother,
Does a very foolish thing,
And don't deserve another.

—Whirlwind.



How Printing Helps Your Business

PRINTING is like money: The more you put it into service the greater its value enhances. The great manufacturing corporations as well as the minor ones know that progress would cease should they eliminate PRINTING from their daily endeavor to achieve. They readily realize the significance of advertising in relation to selling their products. Without the use of PRINTING who would know their products, their use, value, specification and price? They use printed forms of every description; for factory, for transacting business and to sell their goods. It's the only way to facilitate business routine. Business requires PRINTING and it could not exist and prosper without its use — "IT'S THE MOTHER OF PROGRESS." ¶ There are thousands and thousands of ways in which we can manufacture printing to your advantage; doubtless you are proving its importance every day, and we should like to explain in detail ways that would prove its worth to you. ¶ Thirty years of study, experience and profitable applications of printing to business made us grow — and we are still growing. CHRISTIAN'S PRINTING service signifies more than better printing and reasonable charges. The remarkable record of reorders from our customers for forms planned and printed by us is proof of our ability to satisfy the most exacting clientele. "The harder the job the better we like it."

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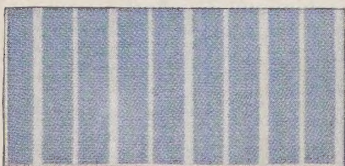
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THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

OF THE
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EXPERIENCE

Joseph—"How did ya get your face scratched?"
Edward—"Jumping."
Joe—"What!"
Ed—"Yes, Jumping at conclusions on the date I had last night." —*Sniper.*



"Johnny, your lessons aren't done today. Where did you go last night?"
"To the movies with a girl."
"Get out of this class for a week."
"Where did you go last night, Tommy?"
"Out parking with a girl."
"Go home and stay there two weeks."
"Where are you going, Oscar?"
"Teacher, my school days are over." —*Widow.*

"Conductor! Help me off the train!"
"Sure."

"You see, I'm stout, and I have to get off the train backwards; the porter thinks I'm getting on and gives me a shove on again. I'm five stations past my destination now." —*Brown Jug.*



ADD ANOTHER

A little boy was selling newspapers, yelling as he sold—"Great swindle—sixty victims."

An old grouch stopped to buy one, and after looking over the headlines—"I don't see anything about it in the paper."

"Great swindle," shouted the youth even more loudly, "sixty-one victims." —*Drexlerd.*

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PUNCHES

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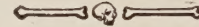
First Stewed! "Watsh out Joe, you al-mosh drove up on the shidewalk!"

Second Stewed! "Hot damn! An'I thought you were driving! Pass me those Life Savers, or that cop'll give ush a night's lodging."

Attorney—"And where did you see him milking the cow?"

College Boy—"A little past the center, sir."

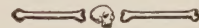
—Longhorn Ranger.



Indignant Farmer—"Say, look here, you ain't getting as much milk from the cows as you used to."

Hired Man—"Nope, sorter lost my pull."

—Denison Flamingo.



Judge—"Gentlemen of the jury, have you come to a decision?"

Foreman—"We have, your honor. The jury are all of the same mind—temporarily insane."

—Red Cat.

A missionary wrote home—"The natives here are starving and are badly in need of food—send more missionaries."

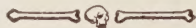
—Voo Doo.



Harvard—"We're going to give the bride a shower."

Penn—"Count me in. I'll bring the soap."

—Punch Bowl.



"My teeth are false to others but they're always true to me."

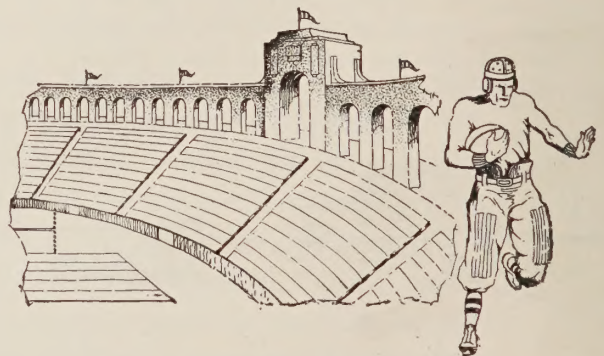
—Wet Hen.



There was a young lady from Mars
Who loved to go riding in cars.
'Til she met a lad,
Who is now a dad—
She loved to go riding in cars.

—Royal Gaboon.

Can You Pick the All-American?



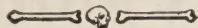
10 Learbury Suits and Topcoats Given to Winners!

10 Learbury Suits and Topcoats will be awarded to the 10 contestants whose selections for this year's All-American Football Team are closest to the one chosen by College Humor. Selections must be made on Learbury entry blanks. Contest closes Midnight Nov. 23rd. Come in now for your free Learbury entry blanks.

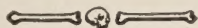
Jack Lipman's University Shop
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

Irate Pa—"What do you mean bringing my daughter in at this hour?"

Young Fello—"Well' I gotta be at work by seven."
—*Sniper.*

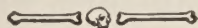


No wonder the little duckling
Wears on its face a frown,
For it has just discovered
Its first pair of pants are down.
—*Rensselaer Pup.*



"He seems all het up over something."
"Well, what say we put him out?" she inquired.

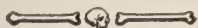
The boy's hand moved, there was a soft click
and the lamp went out.
—*Rammer-Jammer.*



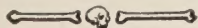
"What are you doin'?"
"Measuring you for a coffin."
"But I'm not dead."
"Shut up! Do you want to make a fool outa the doctor?"
—*Lehigh Burr.*



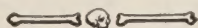
"Where was the wedding last night?"
"So you were fooled too, the man with the gun was only going duck hunting."
—*Sniper.*



Doctor (inquiring after boy who had swallowed a half dollar)—"How is the boy today?"
Anxious Mother—"No change yet."
—*The Satyr.*



Headline in newspaper: "Gas Overcomes Girl While Taking Bath."
Miss Cecelia Jones owes her life to the watchfulness of the elevator boy and the janitor of the hotel where she was stopping.
—*Brown Jug.*



"You're wanted on the telephone."
"Tell 'em I'm taking a bath."
"I did, but they said they didn't beileve it."
"Then I'd better answer it; ;it must be somebody who knows me pretty well!"
—*Washington State Cougar's Paw.*

College Humor's MONTHLY BULLETIN



Pigskin!

CRISP autumn Saturdays . . . the smell of burning leaves . . . huge yellow chrysanthemums . . . the mad, glad rush at the stadium gates . . . the hysterical blare of the bands just before the kick-off . . . the colorful pageant of college football is on!

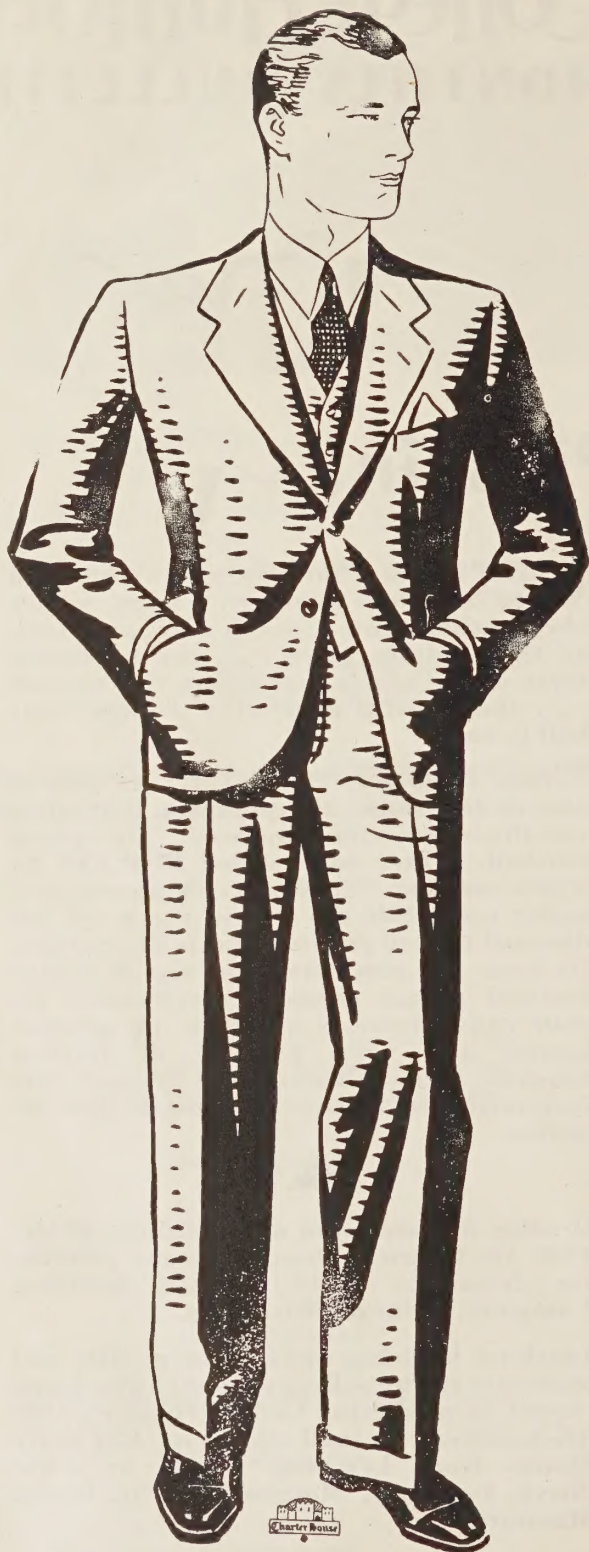
College Humor is the ticket that admits you to the show, the program that gives you the information you need. The epic of football, a first novel called PIGSKIN by a new novelist, Charles W. Ferguson, gets under way while the eyes of the world are directed toward gridiron giants like Sphinx, its hero. A complete schedule of college football games compactly tabulated for your convenience is a feature of autumn issues, and word pictures of famous coaches, such as Rockne and Zuppke, give interesting highlights on unique personalities.



Bradley will send you a photograph of the 1928 All-American football team suitable for framing. Write Bradley Knitting Company, Delavan, Wisconsin.

Learbury is giving away a dozen suits and overcoats to the college students who come closest to predicting College Humor's 1929 All-American football selection. Get entry blanks from Learbury Dealer or write direct, Learbury, Morgan Hall, St. Louis, Missouri.

Get your 500 word Majestic essays in immediately and win one of those five beautiful radios for yourself or your house. See a Majestic dealer or address Grigsby-Grunow Company, Chicago, Illinois.



Charter House

CLOTHES

PERFECTION IN COLLEGIAN
GARMENTS

STUDENTS, AND YOUNG GENTLE-
MEN IN BUSINESS, WHO HONOUR
THE STLYE TRADITIONS WHICH
HAVE EXISTED AT OXFORD AND
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WELCOME THE OPPORTUNITY TO
SEE AND SECURE GARMENTS
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NORTH CAROLINA

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LANSFORD



O, AVIATRIX

O, aviatrix, **si petite**,
With dainty hands and dainty feet,
You need no **artificial** wings
To soar on high and all them things.

That you are marvelous is **plane**,
An earthly queen that's fit to reign.
I get all **lit** when I am tight
But you get **high** and don't ignite!



The Carolina BUCCANEER

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME VII

NOVEMBER, 1929

NUMBER II

Lupe De Loop or Bound to Rise

"Four more shots and the pies are mine," cried our hero, as he emptied his water pistol, loaded with Nitric acid, into the faces of his fond parents, brothers, and sisters. With a cry of delight he snatched the two apple pies from the pantry shelf, at the same time forcing the furious family back.

"Don't wait for me at dinner," he cried, as he jumped out of the tenth story window, landing on the back of Mike, the police force of our hero's native village.

"Sorry, old sock," politely remarked our idol, as he brushed the remains of Mike into the gutter, picked up the coveted pies, and calmly walked down the "main drag."

After six years in Reform School, our modest youth told the Warden where he got off, and explained that he was convinced that his education was complete and that he was prepared to face the world and his mother. "Besides," he claimed, "they must have forgotten the pies and probably baked some new ones." Lupe being a favorite of the Warden, there was a little hesitancy about this sad parting, but Lupe settled matters by hitting the Warden over the head with his rock crusher (one of his laboratory tools) and merrily waved farewell to his Alma Mater.

No use, Lupe would not be convinced that the only thing, and best thing, for him was to attend a higher institution of learning. He was not to be tempted by the offer of a scholarship at the State Penitentiary, and later a fellowship at the Graduate School of Music, Sing-Sing! No more school for Lupe. He was going into business.

Home to mother he joyfully skipped, his

heart singing a pleasant tune. Carefully he rehearsed his lines so as to break the news gently to his mother.

"Mother, I've decided to become a successful man, I'm gonna rise in the world!"

"Lupie! exclaimed our hero's lisping mother, "Tho you're going into buthineth! I'm tho glad you're going to rithe. Are you going into the yeatht buthineth?"

"Not the yeast business, ma—I'm going into the air business."

"Oh, you mean the hot air buthineth—but you can't thell magathines, you're not earning your way through college!"

"No, no," cried our exasperated idol, "I'm going up in the air myself in an airplane."

"Oh, I thee, but where will you get thith airplane?"

"I'll make one," cried our determined strong-heart, as he dashed out into the barn and started his search for empty boxes.

"The world should make some sacrifices for science," explained our demigod, as he deprived the neighbors of their electric fans, baby carriage wheels, sofa cushions, and electric wiring. (This was very easily accomplished as there was at that time a free movie . . . missing this was Lupe's great sacrifice.)

Two hours and six empty egg-crates later the courtyard of the tenement mansion was adorned with the results of Lupe's inventive mind and the "contributions" of a host of neighbors. . . .

Lupe attributed the failure of his craft to rise to an oversight on his part to procure a powerful starting fuel, so he immediately went in search of something which would

help his craft to rise. This allowed ample time for the assembling passers-by to inspect this invention of inventions, some even venturing to tinker with the alarm clock engine, blow the automobile horn, and read the barometer, which was to warn our ace of any approaching hostile craft.

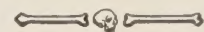
Finally our hero managed to push his way through the crowd, simply by hitting those blocking his passage over the head with his trusty black jack and walking over their unconscious forms.

With the necessary formalities of having his picture snapped in all different poses completed, our genius placed his newly acquired starting fuel under his plane in the large "tank," and nimbly hopped into his seat.

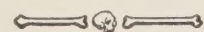
Lighting a match nonchalantly, our hero waved a farewell to his audience.

"I'm bound to rise," he cried, as with a flourish of the hand he touched off the dynamite fuse.

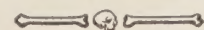
He rose. . . .



The little boy had quite a cold
The weather it was hot
I said is that sweat on your lip
He said, no sir, it's not.



"This one'll be on the house," barked Fido to Pom-pom as the two dogs were playing in the yard.



"This'll be a good joke on me buddies," thought the street cleaner as he jumped from the twelfth story window.



ALTITUDE

Anne Morrow: Now Charles don't go any higher.

Charles A. Lindbergh: But, Anne, really—

Anne: You heard me the first time. I don't want to go any higher, it's dangerous.

Charlie the Great: But Anne, I tell you I know what I'm about. I have been higher than this before and nothing came of it.

Anne: It scares me to go so high, why anything can happen.

Charles: Don't worry, I can make it safely.

Anne: Charles Lindbergh, when I married you, you said you would be careful in every way. And before I can turn around you are trying something that's so dangerous I dread to think of it.

Lindy: I don't care what you say I'm going on up. Why, now, we are comparatively low.

Anne: But think of what happened to you the last time you insisted on going up and up.

Lindy: That was purely accidental. We had hard luck that time, today I feel lucky. You know people call me lucky Lindy.

Anne: But your luck can't last forever.

Lindy: I tell you that I am confident I can make it.

Anne: There's no such thing as arguing with you. Go ahead, but remember I advised against it and I have no support for you.

Lindy: Very well, I bid five no trumps.

That airplane looks like a bird.

Yes, but I'm not afraid to stand under it.

Co-ed: What are the charges for a plane ride, please?

Pilot: A cent a pound, ma'am.

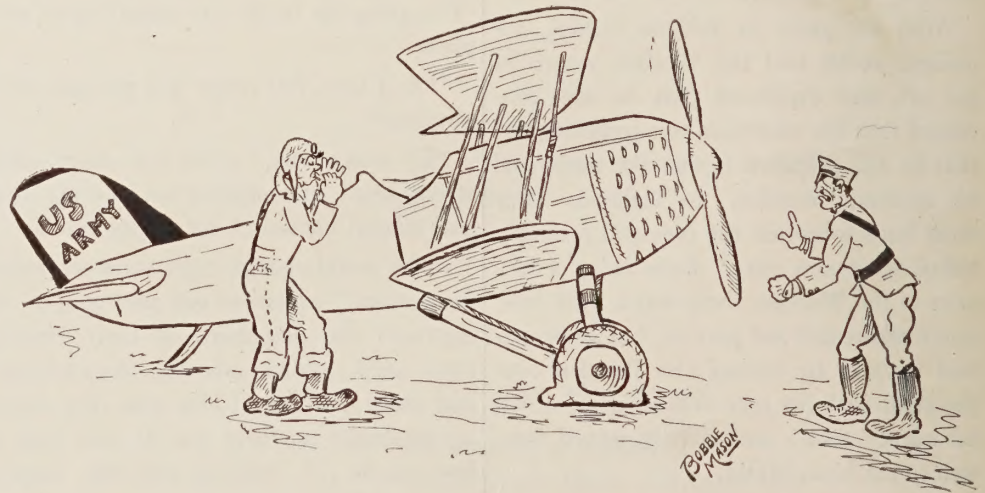
Co-ed: Does that mean without clothes?

Pilot! Well I ain't used to doing it, ma'am, but that way I reckon there won't be no charge.



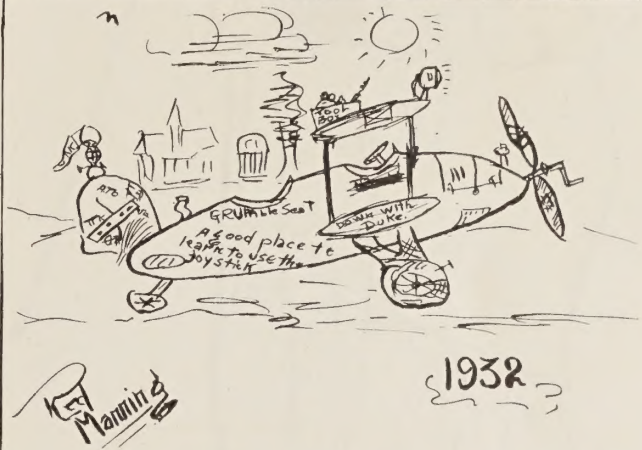
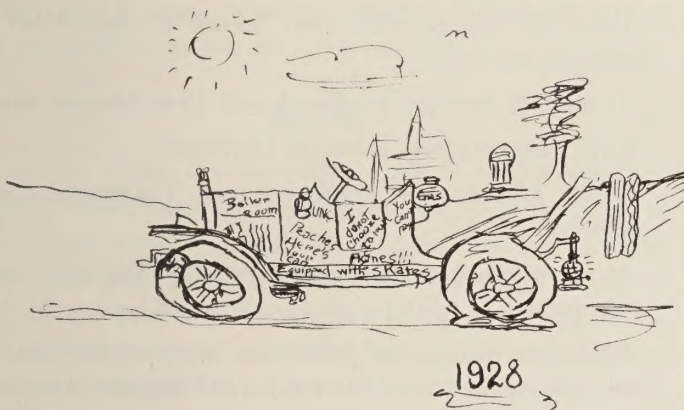
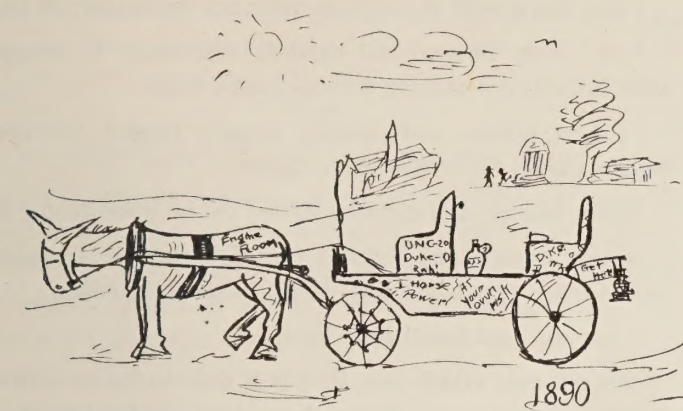
He (at cafe): Say, I left my money at home. Could I touch you for five dollars till tomorrow?

Bright One: You don't have to be so shy. We can pet for a few minutes, but don't you dare offer me any money.



Big Gun: What's the idea in coming down just as you were about to set a new endurance record?

Cannon Fodder: Well, the damn tire went flat and I had to come down.



THE EVOLUTION OF COLLEGIATE TRANSPORTATION

WRIGHT DOPE ON AVIATION

Back in '00 (oh, oh—off to a bad start) the Wright brothers decided they'd rather be Wright than president, and agreed not to run that year. In fact they said they would rather fly than run for any damn office in the country. Now these two birds' names were Wilbur and Orville. Orville was the younger of the two, and believe me he had one Orville time. But to get back to the story, these two boys lived in Dayton, Ohio, and while still at a tender age, Wilbur was caught doing some heavy Dayton. This was in one of his lighter moments, however. Both boys, as has been said, dreamt of flying through the skies like birds, and once in one of these dreams, Wilbur jumped out of the second story bedroom window. He came very near

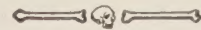
sprouting a pair of wings from this incident. Happily (or possibly unhappily) for civilization, he pulled through.

Well, they glided around Dayton for a couple of more years and decided they'd leave the hold homestead for the Sunny South. Naturally, like two boys in their condition would, they came down to old North Carolina and landed at Kitty Hawk of "Hawk the Sound" fame. Here at last was the ideal place to construct an air-ship—lots of room and nobody around.

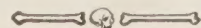
Now if anybody will sit through the last act of this story, and incidentally one of the last acts of the two boys, we'll tell you about the air-ship they built. (What 'ere ship? Well, you must have worked for the Playmakers.) It was the first heavier-than-airplane that worked, and those Wright brothers went up in the air over it, all right. Wilbur got so high, as a matter of fact, that

it was several days before he came down to earth again.

Finally, to make a long story tart, they took a-broad with them (just as a traveling companion) their new contraption, and were acclaimed everywhere by Kings, Queens, Deuces, and Treys. How the Wright brothers went wrong is another story.



We want to go back to the good old days when you didn't have to pay two dollars a minute to take a flying leap to hell.



She: You're going a little bit too far.

He: Pardon me. I guess I was just a little absent minded.

She: Heir-minded would be a much more correct way to put it, don't you think?



Fraternity Frank: What a purty bird that is!

Sorority Sue: Yeah, it's a gull.

Frat Frank: I don't care if its a gull or a boy; its purty.

Self-Recommendation

Madame (to colored girl applying for cook): Are you single?

Colored girl: Yes'em, and I ain't got no children either.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Facts taken from the leading American newspapers in 1929:

1,682 men, women, and children announced to newspapers their intention of making a transoceanic flight.

14 men, women, and children actually begged, borrowed, or bought planes for transoceanic flights.

5 men, women, and children started out on transoceanic flights.

4 men, women, and children turned back after attaining distances from their home port varying from 2-15 miles.

1 has not been heard from since.

219,489 men asked their friends if they had ever noticed the striking resemblance between themselves and Lindbergh.

1,894,678 women asked their friends if they didn't think Lindbergh was cute.

72 tabloids reported Lindbergh and Anne Morrow separated.

6,782 banquets were given for Lindbergh.

14,892 Chambers of Commerce gave Lindbergh a vote of confidence.

18,580 newspapers misspelled Lindbergh, and were corrected by an average of 1,746 people to each paper.

Lindbergh inaugurated 5,082 new airways, was lost 10,695 times, and married Anne Morrow on 125 separate occasions.



American: I'll see you next summer, you know I'm going to fly across the Atlantic.

European: Yes, you must drop in.



Modern Warning

Gee, my love, you've got a wing
Whose dimples make me want to sing;
I like your style, your speed's worth while,
Your fuselage is—well, the thing.

I'd fly with you most anywhere,
You've got control, so I don't care;
But though you're cute, I'll parachute
If you *will* keep me in the air.

WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF AIR ACCIDENTS

(NOTE: The BUCCANEER has been asked to analyze problems which arise in an aeroplane and give the proper solutions.)

Fire

If the plane should happen to catch fire (fire should be kept away from planes as much as possible because they will catch it) the best thing to do is to note whether the flame is blue or green; if the flame is blue and green then look up the colors in handbook which should always be kept in cockpit. Satisfying oneself that the fire is burning with a blue and green flame the next question is whether to use sand or water. If you have water then use it, but then use sand if you have no water. Always use the one you have with you. If the fire continues the best thing to do is to go home, and a parachute should always be used.

Falling

In case of falling the best thing to do is to ascertain how interesting conversation at the club. To find your velocity you throw a brick, wrench, etc., out of the plane and note whether you get to the ground before the wrench or not. If you beat the wrench to the ground you are going pretty damn fast. After finding your velocity the next thing is to stop falling. This is loads of fun; you start by asking the pilot, "How do I stop falling?" If he is a good sport he will look around at you, laugh, and then ask you the same question. Thus the game continues until much your velocity is. Be sure and do this because it will make one of you has found a way to stop falling. Sometimes you may reach the ground before you guess the right way, but this is half the fun and is enjoyed even more if you hit the ground while in the middle of asking the question.

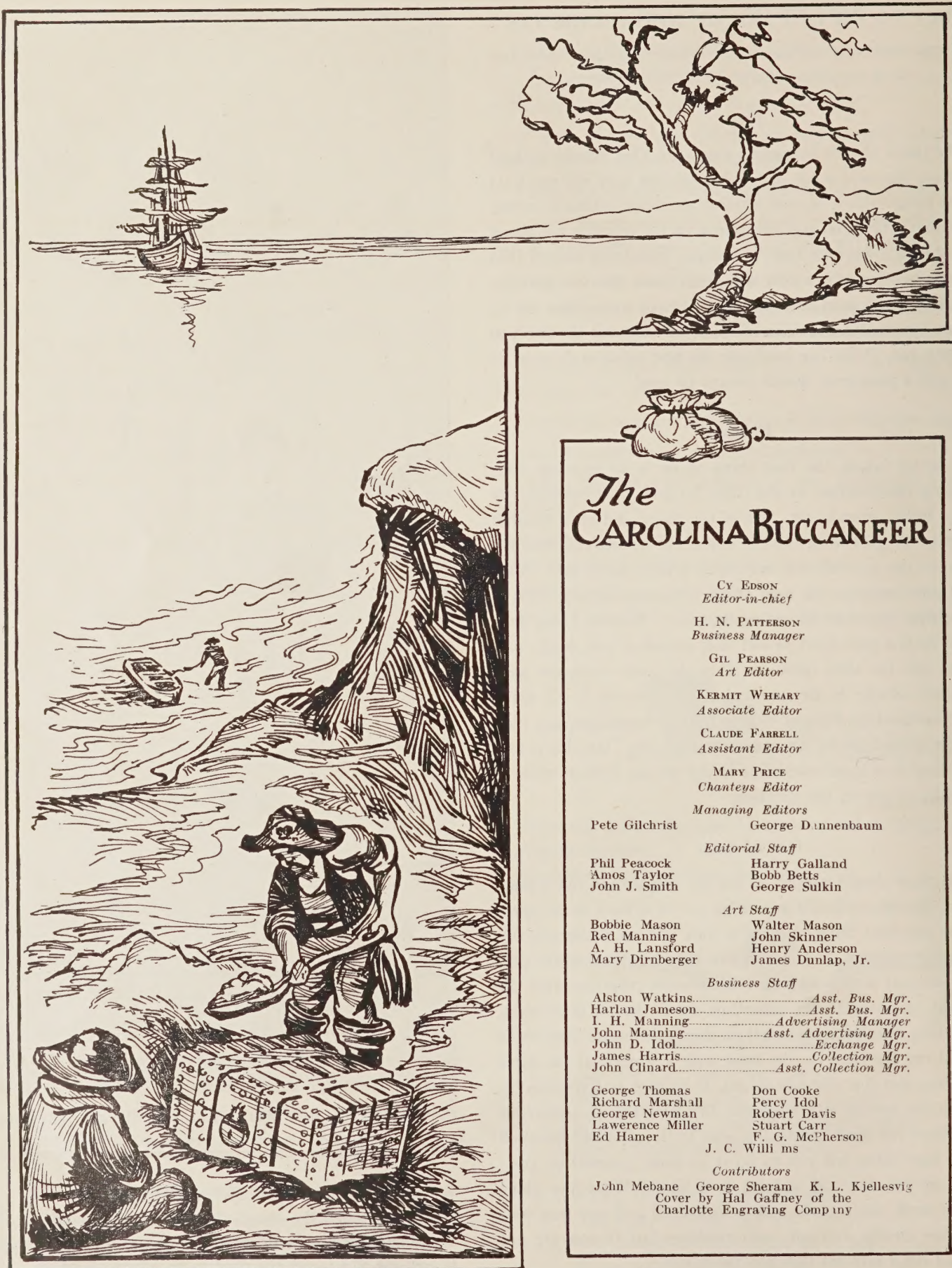
Out of Gas

If the plane should happen to run out of gas then run it back in again. Should you find it impossible to run it back in gas again then the next best thing to do is to look and see if there is any water in the radiator. If you find you have plenty of water then refresh yourself with a long cool drink while reflecting over the out-of-gas problem. In the meantime see if the oil is oil-right. After having enlightened yourself on this little matter then reach over and tap the pilot on the head with a wrench at the same time telling him that there is no gas. If he pays no attention hit him until the wrench falls to pieces; this is certain to attract his notice. After you have broken the news to the pilot and his skull also the next thing for you to do is to make yourself as comfortable as you can and indulge in a siesta. When the plane comes to earth you may be rudely awakened and you may not. If you are merely overlook such crudities but if you are not awakened it's a safe bet that you never will.



THE ELEVATOR BOY WHO FELL OUT OF AN AIRPLANE

We took off—she slipped up closer.
We flew through the clouds—she caught my hands.
We made a loop—she grabbed me around my waist.
It cost me \$15 to get the pilot to go into a nose dive.




The CAROLINA BUCCANEER

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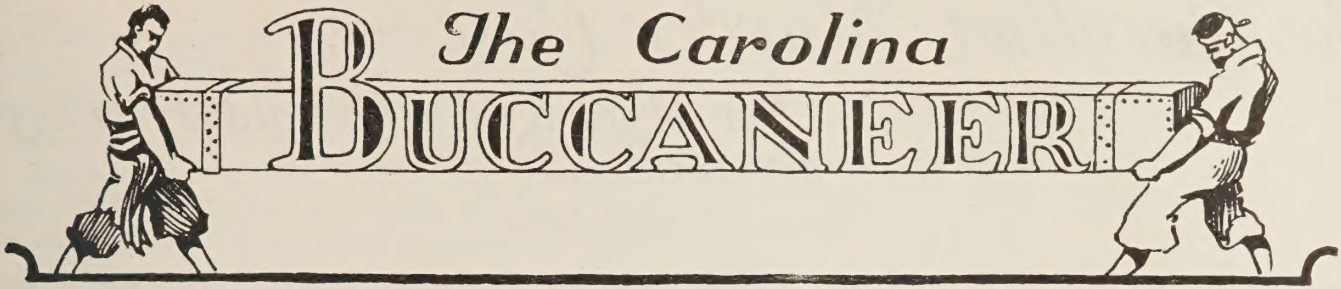
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Cover by Hal Gaffney of the
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THE BUCCANEER has given way to the trend of the times for the moment and has taken to the air in this issue for a brief flight through the ozone. During its seven years sojourn on the campus it has never before undertaken such an adventure, but the witty pirates now foresee that it is necessary to desert the Victorian sources of humor and resort to the more modern and up to date storehouses of wit. Newspapers no longer carry flaming headlines of traffic accidents or gruesome murders for these things are now of minor importance when compared to attempted ocean flights, endurance records, parachute jumps, and Graf Zeppelins. The old jokes of girls walking back from automobile rides fail to receive a snicker from the reader for they have now become too trite. Girls now depend upon the parachute to protect their morals. Since aeroplanes have come into their own, accidents have relatively decreased. This may be attributed to the fact that one-arm driving is utterly impossible since the occupants recline and decline in separate compartments, darn it! The field of aeronautics as yet, is practically unexplored and many rare and untapped mines of humor lie hidden there. It remains for this wealth of virgin wit to be uncovered by the Piratic Jokesmiths and laid bare before the unsuspecting public.



We cannot help your criticism
 We do the best we can,
 If you do not like our jokes,
 Try handing some in.



For seven long years we have roamed the seven seas, and plundered and pillaged every cargo of wit that lay in our watery path. In the course of time we have completely exhausted the spoils of our conquests. We anchor the old galleon and seek higher planes of humor.

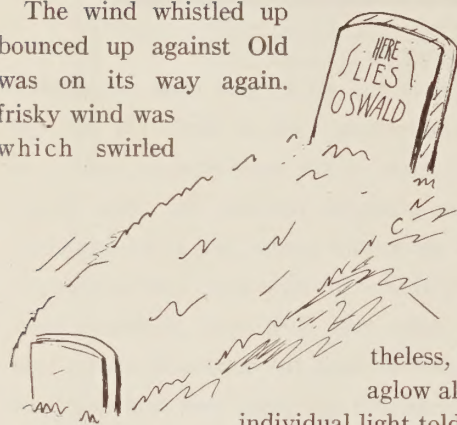
Somewhat reluctantly we climb into the cockpit and hoist our ebony flag on high. When the cry "contact" reaches our ears cold chills play leap frog up and down our spine, for little do we know at what time we might crash to the ground. We soar high above the tree-tops plucking our fun where we find it. Sacking and ravaging these new realms of jokedom is quite a novel experience to us and if there is a mishap, we sincerely hope that our parachutes can be depended upon to save us from landing with a thud.

The Carolina Murder Case— or Who Killed Oswald Hemingpoof

By PETE GILCHRIST

Illustrated by BOBBIE MASON

The wind whistled up
bounced up against Old
East was on its way again.
frisky wind was
which swirled

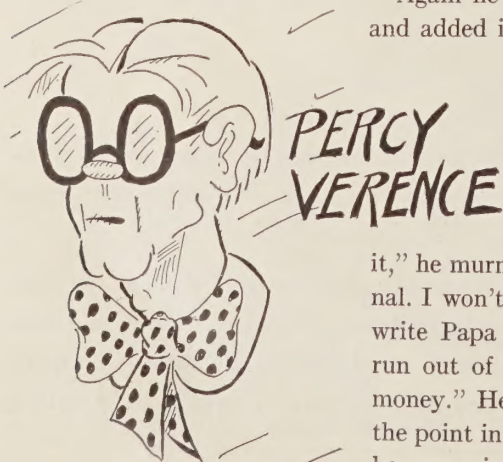


Nevertheless, innumerable lights were
aglow all over the campus. Each
individual light told a story and perhaps no
two would have told the same thing. Who knows, maybe one
student was sitting in his room studying. However absurd as this
may seem, some boys actually do that.

On this very same night, Percy Verance, white, frail, blond
with immense horn-rimmed glasses was sitting at his desk in 113
Old East with a picture of a beautiful girl in front of him. The
crumpled sheets of paper which littered the floor about him
bespoke the numerous efforts to get off "a good one." Heedless
of the wind and rain outside he sat there immovable as a cat on
a hot stove. First he picked his teeth with the pen and then he
slowly dipped each finger of his left hand into the bottle of ink,
but this did not seem to recall any bright thoughts. Again he
started a new sheet slowly whispering the words as he placed
them on the paper.

"Dearest Sugar Pig, I think you are wonderful, and as I sit
here and pen you———" "Aw hell!!" he grunted, "that
sounds as if I was talking about caging an animal."

Again he crumpled the sheet
and added it to the pile on the
floor. The room
was now knee-deep
with crumpled
paper. Suddenly
Percy started in
his chair. "I've got
it," he murmured, "I'll be origi-
nal. I won't write that girl; I'll
write Papa for money. I never
run out of ideas on asking for
money." He had just gotten to
the point in his new letter where
he was informing the home



Cameron Avenue
East, rebounded and
Accompanying this
a drizzling rain
along under the im-
pulse of its compan-
ion. It was eleven P.
M. Anybody with a
watch could readily
detect that. Never-

folks that he had passed six quizzes and had been to church and
was about to broach the fact of financial despondency when there
was a loud knock on the door. "Come in," sighed Percy as he
shoved the letter into the drawer of the table.

The knock was repeated, but this time the person or persons
did not wait. The tried to break the door down. "Just a
moment," yelled Percy as he dug his way through the crumpled
paper to the door. He opened the door and a stranger stood
framed in the casement.

"Where's Oswald?" asked the intruder as his eyes searched the
room from the single swinging mazda to the paper littered floor.

"I don't know," murmured Percy, "but that is a thought, I
have not seen Oswald in two weeks. Had you not mentioned it I
would not have missed my roommate."

"Well, I know," shouted the intruder, "he's DEAD!!!"

"WHAT, DEAD!!" shrieked Percy, for-
getting at the time to murmur.

"Yes, he's dead. He's been dead for two
week. He was found lying on his stomach
beside the old well." "Oh, I saw him there,"
whispered Percy, "but I thought he was being
initiated into a sophomore order and had for-
gotten to get up after he had Sahared. By the
way, how was he killed?"

"He was brutally murdered. First he was
hit on the head with a sponge then someone bit
his ear, and to climax the terrible deed they
slapped his wrist until it was absolutely blue."

At these words Percy almost swooned and
had to support himself against the wall of the room. "Oh, Os-
wald," he moaned, "Oswald Hemmingpoof my bosom companion,
is dead. To think that only the other day we were together. How
happy, how jovial, how merry we were then—that is we were
until he snitched my copy of the BUCCANEER. As Percy mentioned
the BUCCANEER a tear slipped to the floor with an audible splash
that sounded like four cents worth of gum being thrown into a can.

"But who could have killed him," asked Percy, "have no
clues been found?"

"Not a single clue has been found except a picture of a beau-
tiful girl, a bag of laundry, Dr. Eliot's Nine-foot set of books
and a grand piano."

"Maybe it was Dr. Eliot," suggested Percy.

"No, he's dead," offered the stranger.

"Well, maybe Oswald took a quiz and crawled off to die. I've
seen some that would have killed me if I hadn't spotted them."



CHAPTER II

A week has sped by on silvery wings of gold since Oswald Hemmingpoof, the exalted president of the Podunk County Club, was found murdered. The whole campus was bathed in excitement, towels being furnished by the laundry. The burning question that faced millions was: WHO KILLED OSWALD HEMMINGPOOF. People went to bed with it; it kept them awake at nights; they asked each other at class, at the table, at gym, at dances and even the football game was stopped while the captain of the visitors came over and asked Ray Farris who killed Oswald Hemming poof. The Di and Phi Senates debated the question. The Di argued that Oswald was not well when he was killed. The Phi argued that he must have been because he was found next to it. People could be seen everywhere gathered in small groups asking, always asking, who killed Oswald Hemmingpoof?

The President of the University walked back and forth across the carpet until soon there was no carpet. And thus he went from room to room seeking newer and more durable carpets. His eyes were grey from lack of sleep. Why had Oswald been murdered right in the middle of the football season, he asked himself? Why couldn't he have waited until the winter quarter which is the duller part of the year. Things have certainly been spoiled, thought the president as he looked sadly over the faces of the faculty assembled before him.

"Mr. Vegetable, how do you think that Oswald was killed," asked the President.

Mr. Vegetable rose slowly to his feet and spoke, "Well, according to the law of atomic gyrations and hydrogen concentrations I really believe the alpha ray loses velocity during the tenth second after reaching infinity." He suddenly checked himself as the head of the math department fell off the chair in a sound sleep.

"Yes, I really think so myself," said the president as he handed Mr. Vegetable his hat. After the faculty had been awakened and told the direction to their respective homes, (for the University has its quota of absent-minded professors) the President sighed deeply and whispered, "Who killed Oswald Hemmingpoof?"

CHAPTER III

Phillup Pance, the renowned detective sat in his apartment in New York. There is little doubt that it was in New York since there was a copy of the *Times* lying on his bed. Mr. Pance was tall and slim. His face was encumbered with a dark mustache that possessed two drooping points. He wore a bathrobe at all times and an odd-shaped hat adorned his cranium. In his hands he always carried a large magnifying glass and a notebook. As we discover him secluded in his partment he is read a novel. It is the Canary Bird-cage Case. "I wish I had never solved this crime," sighed Phillup, "all I get now is requests from phono-



graph companies asking me to have someone murdered by one of their records."

Just at this moment, Furnace, the detective's valet came in and announced, "A gentleman to see you sir."

Before the detective could reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet or take a shot of dope the stranger had entered the room and had planted himself squarely in front of the detective. (This was rather odd since it was not planting season.)

"Well, what can I do for you," asked the detective.

"Mr. Pance, I believe," answered the stranger as he read six of the detective's letters which he found on the table and looked at the name tape on the back of the detective's shirt.

"Quite right, quite right," chuckled Phillup as he recognized this remarkable bit of detection on the part of the stranger. "And who may you be," continued Phillup as he attempted to see the initials in the hat of the stranger. (This is an old trick.)

"I am Mr. Pottedham, the District Attorney from Chapel Hill," said the no longer stranger with dignity.

"Oh, yes," replied Phillup, "I've read about Chapel Hill in the Who's Who. But what can I do for you?"

Then for the next three hours the District Attorney explained in detail the mysterious demise of Oswald. Then for three hours after Mr. Pottedham had gone the great detective wrinkled his brow over the great mystery and finally after much brain-wracking thought and concentration he arose strode across the room opened a drawer in a table there and drew forth a well worn note-book and made the following notation therein: "Three hours of detective services at 50c an hour equals \$1.98c." (Gentle reader, we are giving you this little insight to let you know that the illustrious Phillup Pance had decided to FIND who killed Oswald Hemmingpoof.)

Three days following this incident of great moment the management of the Carolina Inn was thrilled to death. The reason for their



PHILLUP
PANCE



great joy was that they had just received a wire from some New York person who had reserved a room with bath. Think of it, dear people, this was the only reservation that the Inn had ever had except on Football Saturdays and during Press Convention. The management had ample reason to be excited. Well anyhow, in the due course of human events the stranger arrived. He wore a bathrobe, an odd-shaped hat, rubbersoled shoes and a black mustache. The mysterious stranger never used the elevator for fear of missing footprints on the stairway. (Sssshhhh don't mention a word, but this stranger is none other than the great sleuth—Phillup Pance.)

CHAPTER IV

But during all this time what has been happening to Percy Verance, the roommate of the deceased Oswald. Let us peep into his room. There we find him writing again with the same picture which graced his table the night of that terrible discovery. Is he hesitant in writing now? No. For now his rustic pen rattles back and forth across the pages of his letter with great speed and determination. Why has his writing ability so greatly improved since we last observed him writing? Why is he writing? WHAT IS HE WRITING? It is possible that he knows something about the horrible catastrophe that befell his roommate? Slowly the arms of the law are closing in on him. Little does he suspect as he sits there contentedly writing to his sweetheart that he is about to become enmeshed in one of the most terrible plots of the twentieth century. Little does he realize that already the wheels of the law are slowly grinding inch by inch, foot by foot toward him.

CHAPTER V

Let us, for a moment, look in a room at J Dormitory. What do we see there? We would discover that the door is heavily locked and barred. The owner of the room would be seen bending over a table and fiddling with test tubes and many bottles of peculiarly colored liquids. He is muttering weird words and incantations as he hovers over his work and occasionally he emits a hysterical laugh, but stifles it quickly lest he be heard. The owner of this room is Conn Vent, the mad student, and at this very moment he has in his hand a tube full of Oswald's life blood. The very same blood that only a few short weeks ago flowed so happily through Oswald's veins. What is Conn doing with this blood? How did he get it? Why is he shut up like this? Could Conn Vent be the murderer? Pance alone can answer these questions; but now we must go for time hurries us to another remote section of the campus.

CHAPTER VI

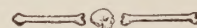
In Spencer Hall Sally Pattica sat on her bed and sadly sobbed some sobs. Soon she arose and went over to the piano and sobbed there for a while. After a couple of hours she had sobbed on everything at the Hall so she went out seeking new places to sob. As she walked up Franklin Street to Patterson's Drug Store she sobbed continually, in fact so much that she was entirely unconscious of her surroundings. As she neared the drug store

she started muttering to herself and soon distinct words could be heard above her heavy sobbing. "Oh why did I do it, why, why —why," she wailed, "why did I kil—." In a flash she became conscious of her whereabouts and looking up she saw, standing in the entrance of the drug store none other than the mysterious stranger who was registered at the Inn. Quickly she ceased her sorrowful sobbing and dashed into the store. No sooner had she disappeared within the store than did the stranger calmly stroke his walrus-like mustache, draw forth his note book and enter therein: "One suspect at 15c each equal 15c." A clever bit of deduction on the part of our eminent sleuth.

"No one is going to get murdered while I'm around," chuckled Phillip Pance, "I've always gotten my man, I reckon I can get my woman."

(Continued in the December number of the BUCCANEER)

Who killed Oswald Hemmingpoof? Was it Conn Vent, the mad student? Was it Sally Pattica, the belle of Carolina, or could it be little Percy Verance? Don't draw your conclusions too soon unless you are an exceptional artist. A lot of things can happen in two more installments. Oswald Hemmingpoof got a dirty deal, no one can deny. Who cimm'tted this atrocious homicide? In other words WHO KILLED OSWALD HEMMINGPOOF? Mail us your solutions.



TO THE LIQUORS

(With apologies to Kipling)

I've taken my hootch as I've found it,
I've drank o' the best an' the worst;
I've used niter and claret,
Alike to settle the thirst.
Some of it's fittin' to christen,
Any ole boat that I've seen;
Some of it tells by its Gawd-awful smell,
'Tis like to be rotten and mean.

I was a young 'un at college,
Shy as a girl to begin;
Roast-an-ear wine is what made me
To fall in the way of sin.
Hateful and raw was my first un'—
Tasted like hell, had an awful damn smell,
And I learned about likker right then.

Gin then lit on to my fancy,
Synthetic and made out o' tar,
With Aniseed oil and the ether
Not like that which was sold o'er the bar.
Drinkin' an' forcin' a gallon,
I started to think it were fair,
Made me right tight and so full of fight
That I learned about likker right there.

So I've taken my hootch as I've found it;
And now that I know there's no best,
It's all in the way of your thinkin',
I'll make my own brew like the rest.
So the end of it's sittin' and brewin'
An' makin' the beer of my own,
So drink with me as other folks do,
To the brew that I make in my home.



A PERFECT TAKE-OFF

Yes sir, that man he are a wise guy.

That so?

Yeah, you know that airfield where they take up people for stunt flights?

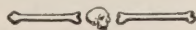
U'huh.

Well, he established a "clothes cleaned while you wait" shop on the field.



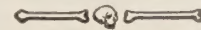
Why is that Scotchman dieting so much?

They're offering airplane rides a cent a pound and he wants to go up cheap.



"So-fa' so good," said the girl as she invited the boy-friend to have a seat on the divan.

Young lady, your sweetheart was killed in an airplane crash. Horrors! Horrors! Now how will little brother get his spending money.

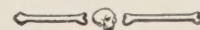


Operator: I'm sorry but you'll have to wait a few minutes, the line is busy.

He: That's all right, lady, I'm an endurance flyer.



I would like to be an airplane inventor.
Yes, I would rather be Wright than be president.



You remember that girl Bill took up in his plane two weeks ago?

Yeah.

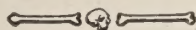
They were married yesterday.

Oh, I see, love at first flight.

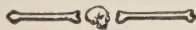


Being AeroNAUGHTYcal

My girl Mary is so dumb she thinks the "Plainsman" by James Fenimore Cooper is the story of an air pilot.



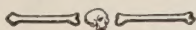
And then there was a man who was tired of tame life—so he became an airplane pilot out in Chicago.



"Contact!" cried the aviator as he fiercely pulled his girl to his side.



It was good to the last drop, said the aviator when he saw the plane crash to the ground.

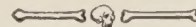


Sweet young thing: My sweetheart is a mail flyer.
The brute: I wouldn't expect him to be a girl flyer.



Who is the little fellow over there?
Oh, he's one of those stunt flyers you hear so much about.

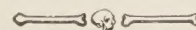
Did that airplane ride make you dizzy?
No, I was born this way.



He bought him a car bright and new,
Stepped on it to see what she'd do,
He came to a curve,
But alas lost his nerve—
The doctors don't think he'll pull through.



My tale is told, said the tongue-tied baby on a cold day.



There is no quieter place than a dormitory on a Sunday night.
Just a bunch of idle roomers, eh?



HANGING OUT WITH THE BOYS



THE STUNT FLIER TAKES A NAP

WOULD YOU LIKE TO FLY?

THEY JEERED AT ME when I said that I was to take up flying, but their laughter turned to amazement when two weeks later the hearse rolled by. You too can learn to be a successful aviator. Spend fifteen minutes a day with us and within six months you will be able to tell a harp from a pitchfork. Not only that, but you will learn how to fly a kite, how to make fly paper and many other essentials that every flyer should know.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BUZZ LIKE A BUZZARD OR HUM LIKE A HUMMING BIRD? Take one course and we assure you that you will never take another one. The first lesson begins on the ground, namely; the take-off. First you take off your coat, then your galoshes, and lastly your pants. The take-off instructions are somewhat different when applied to lady students. The second lesson is getting high. There are seventeen other lessons in the course. You get the first ten lessons absolutely free then if you are still alive you pay for the last seven. Our records show that no pupil has ever had to pay for the last seven lessons. Girls learn how to handle a mail plane. Sign the death certificate below and the course is yours.

BUCKYNEAR AVIATION SCHOOL

Chapel Hill, N. C.

Enclosed find \$0.00001 $\frac{3}{4}$ for one complete course in aviation as described above. Also your little booklet on "How to Get in Aviation" and instructions on how to get out.

Name

Address

FREEDOM

You play around with dimpled knees,
And run up shapely limbs;
Caress the face with every breeze,
As eyes with tears you dim.

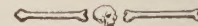
You frolic 'mid a maiden's skirts
And roam amid her tresses.
You lead the men to think girls flirts,
The way you lift their dresses.

You flit around so—nought to do—
Your life lead by each whim.
How can I help but envy you—
Your fast, free life, O Wind!



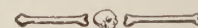
Old man: Does your dog do parlor tricks, too?

Little girl: No, papa will put him out if he does.



Have you ever kissed a girl before?

Where in the hell do you think I have kissed them?



The old maid got an upper berth, looked under her bed and jumped into it.



GIVING HIM THE HEIR



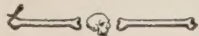
FORCED LANDING

HIGH FLYIN'

The wind roared past my face as I soared merrily upward. This was comfort! Higher and higher I rose, gliding up so easily. Hardly an effort on my part, as I calmly sat in my seat.

Suddenly I was startled by a crack! What could that be? My face blanched as I tried to locate the trouble. It must be serious, for my seat slipped and I lurched to one side. Should I jump? The ground seemed so far away. The only thing to do!

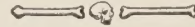
Before I could complete my preparation for a jump I was rudely thrown from my seat. Too late I saw the trouble. For up above me I could plainly see—the rope of the swing had snapped!



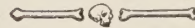
Reason

If a poem I go to write
In the smallest hours of night,
You will know, my dear, it's true
'Twas pickles and cream, my love—not you.

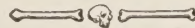
What was all the excitement about down at the field today?
A plane came over from France and they couldn't find a stowaway.



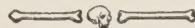
Here he lies,
One Hank O'Gown
He flew to earth,
Upside down.



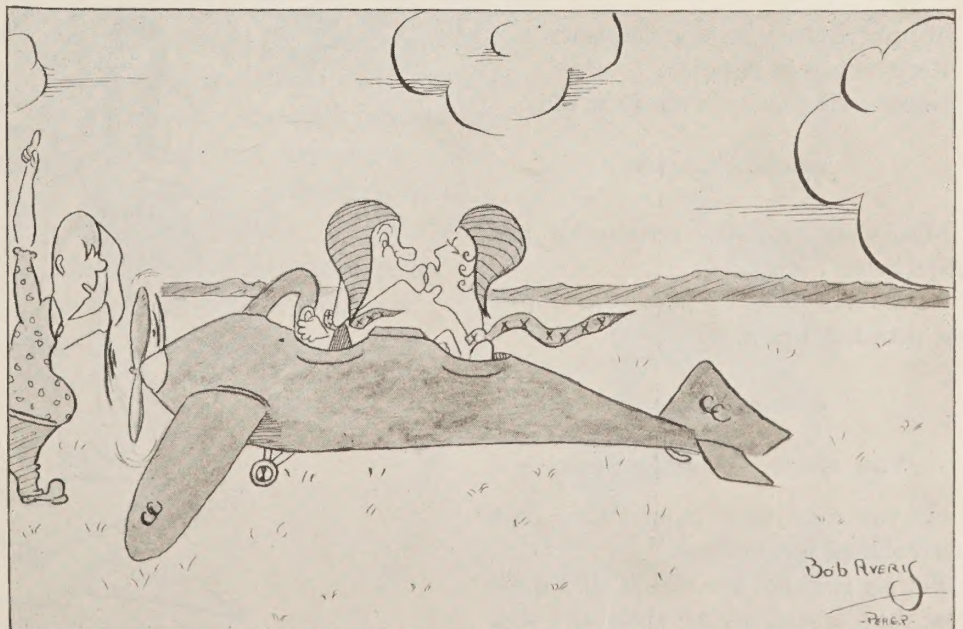
"We'll just let the matter drop," said the air-sick passenger as he leaned over the side of the airplane.



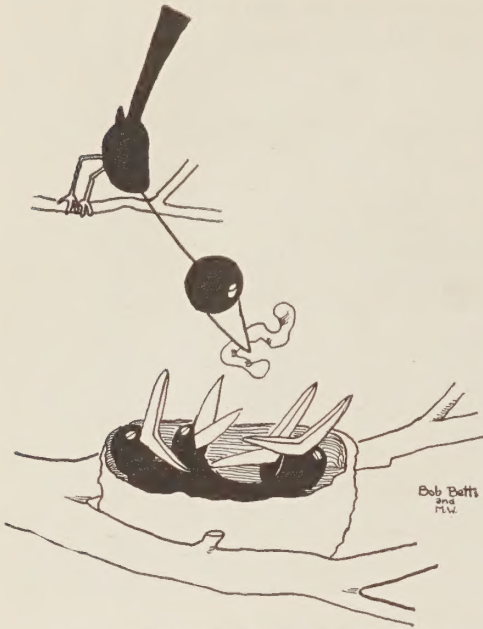
She was only an aviator's daughter and that's why she gave so many boys the air.



Bill's plane was a worn out old crate,
He flew at an awfully fast rate,
He once tried to loop
To the ground he did swoop
'Twas thusly Bill met his fate.

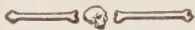


CONTACT!



THE ORIGINAL REFUELING
CONTACT IN MID-AIR

An aviator I would be,
And take my mother-in-law up with me
And drop her into the sea,
That would be the end of she.



How do you like that air port?
That 'ere what?



My girl reminds me of an airplane.
Keep me not in suspense.
Because she goes up in the air so often.



Make a sentence with "aeronautics" and
"parachutes":

Aeronautics I rather have than a nice
new parachutes to wear.



You Garter Change Soon

"If you wore them around your neck
you'd change them oftener."

But my girl's not like that at all. I could
wear them around her for weeks at a time
and she'd never even notice 'em.

Lo' Bill.

Hi' Tom.

Have you taken her out yet?

Yeah, I took her out late yesterday but I can't make much
time with her.

You know I'm having the same trouble. I've had her out three
time now and I can't get a thing out of her.

I don't seem to be able to get her hot, and I've always thought
I knew my stuff.

I just find it impossible to get her started. She's such a pretty
thing, and I still think she'll do tricks if you work her right.
Suppose we take her out together before long. Two of us ought
to be able to handle her.

That's a good idea, and if she won't come across this time why
we'll just send the damn plane back to the factory.



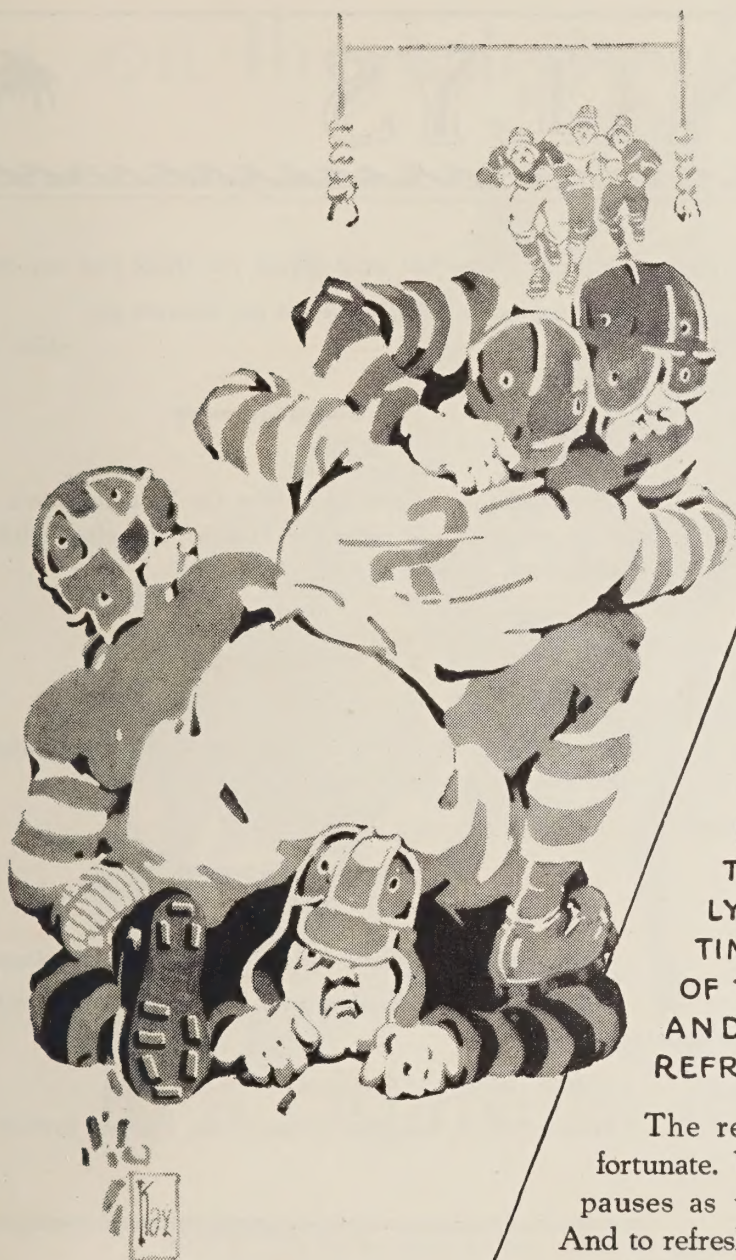
I could never be an aviator.

The answer, please.

Because I'm a woman.



SHED A FEW TEARS FOR THE UNFORTUNATE AVIATOR
WHO WAS LOST IN THE SOUTH SEAS



PAUSE AND REFRESH YOURSELF

THERE ARE PAUSES
AND PAUSES. AND
BUTCH, THE DEMON
TACKLE, WOULD READI-
LY ADMIT THAT SOME-
TIMES IT'S A MATTER
OF TOO MUCH PAUSE
AND NOT ENOUGH
REFRESHMENT.

The rest of us are more
fortunate. We can take our
pauses as we want them.
And to refresh us, Coca-Cola
is ready, ice-cold, around the
corner from anywhere. The
wholesome refreshment of
this pure drink of natural
flavors makes any little min-
ute long enough for a big rest.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

OVER
8
MILLION
A DAY



YOU CAN'T BEAT THE
PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

CHANTEYS

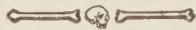
Texas Dick—"And do you want an English saddle or one with a horn on it?"

Buffalo Bill—"Give me the English saddle; we won't be in any traffic."
—*The Pointer.*



Prof Meigs—"Write a theme on your first days at college."

Frosh—"Mine were rather hazy."
—*Rammer-Jammer.*



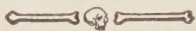
"Do you think I will ever be able to do anything with my voice?"

"It might come in handy in case of fire."
—*Cornell Widow.*



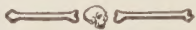
"What makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"

"You have me—maybe it smokes 'Luckies'.".... —*Brown Jug.*



Violet—"Is drinking liquor in fashion on the campus?"

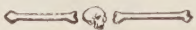
Ray—"No, it's passing out."
—*Blue Bucket.*



Campus Book Agent—"Sir, this encyclopedia will tell you anything you want to know."

Joe College—"Is that so? You turn to the page where it tells who killed Cock Robin and read it off to me."

—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*



"Honey, I'm knee-deep in love with you."

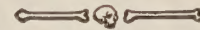
"All right, I'll put you on my wading list."

—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*

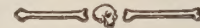
Editor—"Now just what makes you think you can draw?"

Art Aspirant—"Well, I've got my drawers on."

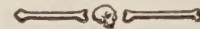
—*Blue Bucket.*



Then there is the one told about the Scotchman who offered \$65 to anyone who'd swim the Atlantic, and after thinking the matter over, decided to add "under water."
—*Siren.*



Drunken Voice—"Hell, ish is a couple of Indians talking. We want reservations for tonight!"
—*Owl.*



Visitor at Girls' School: May I see Miss Barker please?

Matron: We do not allow ordinary visiting, may I ask if you are a relative?

Visitor (boldly): Oh, yes, I'm her brother.

Matron: Well, I'm glad to meet you, I'm her mother.



Imogene, the campus favorite, would have you know that she is chaste.

She chased with SHERI-ALE.

...on the lot it's **ACTION!**



...in a cigarette it's **TASTE!**

"EASY TO SAY, hard to do." Easy to claim everything for a cigarette; not so easy to give the one thing that really counts: *taste*.

Hard to do—but Chesterfield does it. Sparkling flavor, richer fragrance, the satisfying character that *makes* a cigarette—because, in every step, we aim at taste...

"TASTE *above everything*"



MILD... and yet
THEY SATISFY

Chesterfield

FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos, not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED

Flapper—"I'd like to see the captain of the ship."

Rookie—"He's forward, Miss."

Flapper—"I don't care, this is a pleasure trip."
—*Yellow Jacket.*



He—"Pardon me, but your stockings seem rather wrinkled."

She—"You brute! I have no stockings on."
—*Medley.*



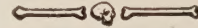
"Have a bun?"

"No thanks, I'm on the water-wagon."
—*Kitty-Kat.*

"What bright eyes you have, grandpa!"

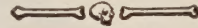
"The better to see you with, my dear."

"What a good thing you've rheumatic hands, grandpa."
—*Reserve Red Cat.*



He (fastening the little girl's dress)—"Didn't your mother hook this?"

She—"No, sir; she bought it."
—*Calif. Pelican.*



"You are hiding something from me," hissed the villian at the ingenue.

"But not enough," commented the Boston censor, after a glance at her costume. —*Lampoon.*

Elderly Lady—"Do you know my daughter, May?"

Youngster—"No, I don't. Thanks for the tip."
—*Exchange.*



He—"Oh! That's my foot; please get off."

The strap-hanger—"Why don't you put your foot where it belongs."

He—"Don't tempt me, madam." —*Judge.*



One and one are two,

But if one and one should marry,

How is it, in a year or so,

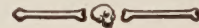
There's two and one to carry?

—*Purple Parrot.*

Taxi Driver—"My, what a clutch!"

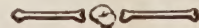
Voice from rear—"Say, you keep your eyes to the front. This is none of your business."

—*Purple Parrot.*



He—"Did you enjoy Europe?"

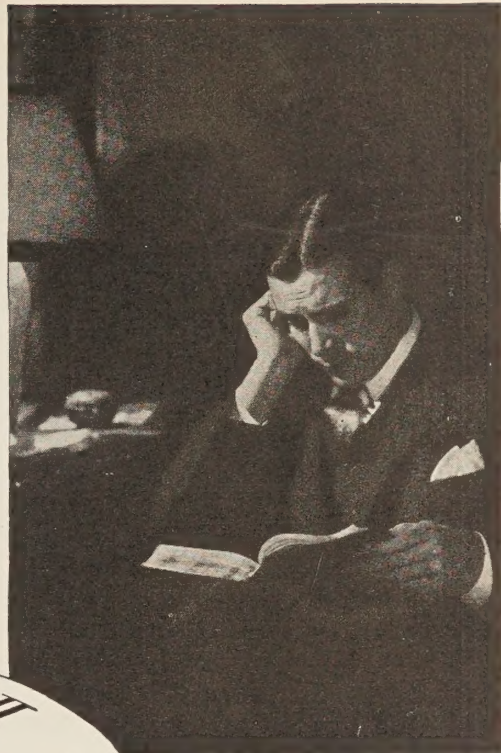
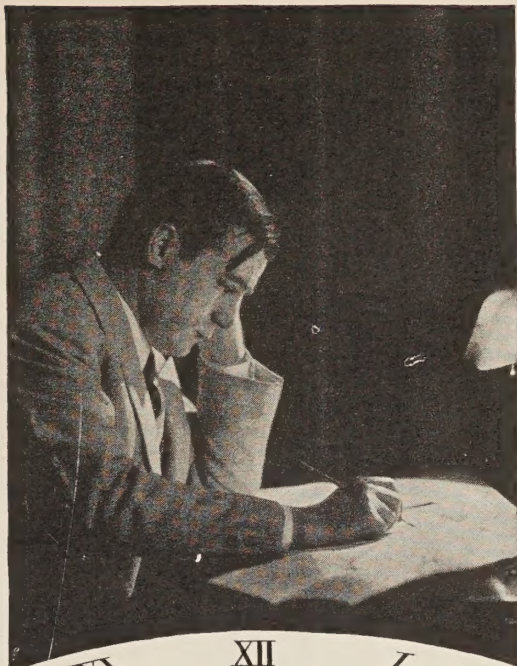
She—"It was lovely, but the trip over was simply divine. If you ever go to Europe don't miss that."
—*Lampoon.*



Englishman—"Oh, I say, old thing, tell me, have you ever been abroad?"

American—"Nope, male since birth."

—*Lampoon.*



Rob yourself of sleep...

but you can't rob the Gillette Blade of its sure, smooth shave

A FACE drawn and tight from lack of sleep, a slapdash lather and a hurry-up shave—it can't ruin the even temper of a Gillette Blade, even though it may wreck your own!

On such mornings, lather extra thoroughly and treat yourself to a fresh Gillette Blade. You're sure then of the smooth, even, comfortable shave which has been honed and stropped into every Gillette Blade by super-human machines adjusted to one ten-thousandth of an inch.

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Eight out of ten American men count on the Gillette Blade to do its job well every morning. It does. Witness the smooth faces of American men today. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

EXCESS BAGGAGE

She (just arrived back from Paris)—“I can’t go to the dance tonight. My trunks haven’t arrived yet.

He—“Gosh, what kind of a dance do you think this is going to be?” —*Orange Owl.*



“Prisoner, if you didn’t steal the \$3,000—where did you get it?”

“Yer honor, I saved it from buying Listerine tooth paste.” —*Sour Owl.*



“So you’re tired.”

“Yes, I’ve been helping mother about the house.”

“What! Is she drunk again?” —*Froth.*

Frank—“I don’t see how you tell those Smith twins apart.”

Hank—“That’s easy. Mabel always blushes when we meet.” —*Princeton Tiger.*



Co-ed (at end of quarter)—“Now that you have kissed me, professor, what do you think?”

Prof.—“You’ll fail. I need you in my class next quarter.” —*Ohio State Sun Dial.*



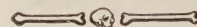
He—“When I talk to you I have to feel for my words.”

She—“Yeah! Well you must think that I have ’em tattooed on me.” —*Sniper.*

Two friends met in mid-air.

“Fancy meeting you here!” said Tom. “I’m falling from my aeroplane.”

“That so?” replied Jack. “I’m rising from my gas stove.” —*Office Cat.*

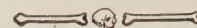


The R. O. T. C. was in camp.

“Who goes there,” called out the rookie guard.

“A Sigma Nu,” came back the answer.

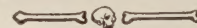
Corporal of the guard—“Drunken man on post number two.” —*Kitty-Kat.*



USE A BATHTUB

“Never break your bread or roll in your soup.”

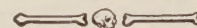
—*Etiquette hint in an English paper.*



The height of foolishness is two old maids playing a game of strip poker with a clothing dummy. —*Ski-U-Mah.*

Mama—“Susie, go wash your face and neck.”

Susie—“Neck who, Mother?” —*Office Cat.*



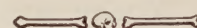
Voice from Passing Auto—“Engine trouble, Bud?”

Voice from Parked Car—“No.”

Voice f. P. A.—“Tire down?”

Voice f. P. C.—“Didn’t have to.”

—*Mugwump.*



Pete—“Some of your wash was jumping around on the line last night.”

Bogg—“That was probably my athletic underwear.” —*Princeton Tiger.*

How the Buccaneer Cured Me of Asthma

THIS LITTLE GIRL DID IT, SO CAN YOU. READ HER VOLUNTARY
UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL BELOW OF HOW *THE BUCCANEER*
COMPLETELY CURED HER OF ALL HER EARTHLY ILLS.

Dere Edditor,

Before reading the BUCCANEER I was an invalid barely able to walk around the house. Now, after reading eight copies of your wonderful magazine, I am a hopeless invalid and have to be carried around in a wheel chair. "Bucky" did the trick. You will find enclosed my check for \$2 please send eight more issues so I can die happy.

Yours in fun,
Mamie.

P. S. I forgot to enclose the check.

M.

AND ANOTHER TESTIMONIAL:

Dear Mister Editor,

After reading eight copies of your magazine I have taken a new grip on life. My ingrowing toenail has retreated, my fallen arches have been rebuilt, my B. O. has completely disappeared, and Xenophaxoraphobia and a bad case of dandruff have acquitted my frame. I will forever be indebted to you for suggesting that I try eight issues. My best friend has just informed me that I have halitosis. You will find my check enclosed for eight more copies.

Putridly yours,
Willie Nilly.

Have you a little *Buccaneer* in your home? Everyone should have at least six copies. Who knows, maybe you will be the next to fall prey to disease. Keep *Buccaneer*, the household friend, always on hand. Never let your supply run out.

SPECIAL BARGAIN !!

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CAROLINA BUCCANEER
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

You will find enclosed check for \$1.50. Please send me the next six issues of the BUCCANEER.

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"TOASTING DID IT"—

Gone is that ancient prejudice against cigarettes—Progress has been made. We removed the prejudice against cigarettes when we removed harmful corrosive ACRIDS (pungent irritants) from the tobaccos. Thus "TOASTING" has destroyed that ancient prejudice against cigarette smoking by men and by women.

"It's toasted"

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The Carolina Buccaneer



T'was
nitie
'Fo' xmas!

XMAS
NUMBER



How Printing Helps Your Business

PRINTING is like money: The more you put it into service the greater its value enhances. The great manufacturing corporations as well as the minor ones know that progress would cease should they eliminate PRINTING from their daily endeavor to achieve. They readily realize the significance of advertising in relation to selling their products. Without the use of PRINTING who would know their products, their use, value, specification and price? They use printed forms of every description; for factory, for transacting business and to sell their goods. It's the only way to facilitate business routine. Business requires PRINTING and it could not exist and prosper without its use — "IT'S THE MOTHER OF PROGRESS." ¶ There are thousands and thousands of ways in which we can manufacture printing to your advantage; doubtless you are proving its importance every day, and we should like to explain in detail ways that would prove its worth to you. ¶ Thirty years of study, experience and profitable applications of printing to business made us grow — and we are still growing. CHRISTIAN'S PRINTING service signifies more than better printing and reasonable charges. The remarkable record of reorders from our customers for forms planned and printed by us is proof of our ability to satisfy the most exacting clientele. "The harder the job the better we like it."

Without obligation we will gladly discuss
with you your printing problems.

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THE
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CY EDSON *Editor-in-chief*
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Tourist—"I say there, sir, how far it is to San Francisco? We're in a hurry, aren't we, Honey?"

Collegiate Gas-Shooter—"You'll make her in about two hours."

T. (impatiently)—"I know, but I asked you how far it is to San Francisco?"

—*Iowa Frivol.*



First Flatfoot—"How do you know this man is the bootlegger?"

Second Flatfoot—"How! I found his fingerprints on the water tap." —*Yale Record.*

He—"I can't seem to make any progress with Mable."

She—"Git hot! Git good and hot! Remember, faint hot never won fair lady."

—*Texas Ranger.*



He—"That certainly was a Scriptural dress Johanna had on last night."

Ditto—"How come Scriptural?"

First—"Oh, sort of low and behold."

—*Kitty Kat.*

FANCY ICES

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Blue Ribbon Ice Cream

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"Made with Pure Cream"

WE MAKE ANY COLOR SCHEMES FOR
FRATERNITY OR SORORITY BANQUETS

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MAIN AT DUKE STREET
DURHAM, N. C.

PUNCHES

SHERBETS



"The old-grads are putting up with us during the Reunion."

"You mean we're putting up with them. They'll be decorating their breaths with everything they can lay hands on."

"They're 'holey a subject for Life Savers."

In Ye Stone Age

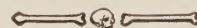
"Yeah, the trouble with the modern dames is they take too much for granite."

—Lord Jeff.



"A decent man never kisses a girl by surprise."
"No, even though he may think he does."

—Virginia Reel.



"Well, I finally got into the movies."

"You really did! And how?"

"Oh, I paid the usual 50 cents."

—Awgwan.

"Holy gee, Pop," said Clarence, "first I saw a lady animal trainer—and then I saw her dancing bear."

—Alabama Rammer-Jammer.



"Young man, do you entertain girls in your apartment?"

"I think so, they seem to enjoy coming, anyway."

—Mad Dog.



Jane—"I want a shorter skirt than the one you showed me."

Clerk—"This is the shortest we have. Have you tried the collar department?"

—Claw.

LEARBURY

All-American
Contest brings
thousands of
replies!



Winners
to be
announced
soon!

The makers of Learbury Clothes ask us to express appreciation for your great interest in Learbury and the All-American Football Team contest.

Come in and see The New Learbury Models.

Jack Lipman's University Shop
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

"You're fat."

"In the best places they say one is stout."

"Well, in the best places you're fat."

—*Brown Jug.*



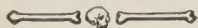
Social Worker—"What's your name, my good man?"

The Convict—"999."

S. W.—"Oh, but that's not your real name."

T. C.—"No, that's only me pen name."

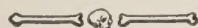
—*State Lion.*



Parliamentary?

"Well, I think I'll put the motion before the house," said the chorus girl, as she danced out on the stage.

—*Ghost.*



Fourth Clubman—"So you've sworn off drinking?"

Eighth Clubman—"Yes, I'm doing it for the wife and kidneys!"

—*Judge.*



I understand Jack is in love with a girl on the East side.

No, he loves her all over.

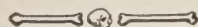
—*Royal Gaboon.*



Y. W. C. A. Joke

"For goodness sake," sighed the young modern as she wearily trudged home from an auto ride.

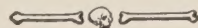
—*Siren.*



Mother—"Now be careful tonight. You know that things are never made easy for bad girls."

Daughter—"Well, Mother, I guess that shows that you don't know your men."

—*Belle Hop.*

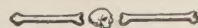


"I'm Venus de Milo."

"Whatddyamean?"

"Hands off."

—*Wampus.*



Mud in Your Rye

"Make a toast to the Hay Fever Club."

"Here's looking at-choo!"

—*Ranger.*

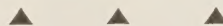
College Humor's MONTHLY BULLETIN



Click!

THE show is on. The December issue takes a bow. A fast stepping, wise cracking performance, with your own Joe College or Carl Campus as master of ceremonies.

A last minute news reel, with its college spotlights, a splendid picture of the University of Nebraska, smart styles. . . . The feature begins. **COLOSSUS**, by Holworthy Hall, illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg, a glamorous novel of college life, featuring a man and three girls; sophisticated things by Eric Hatch and Katharine Brush follow. . . . Short subjects covering modernistic furnishings for fraternity and sorority houses, and all the varied interests of today's college crowd.



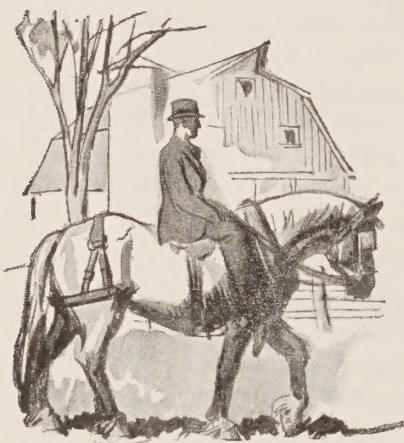
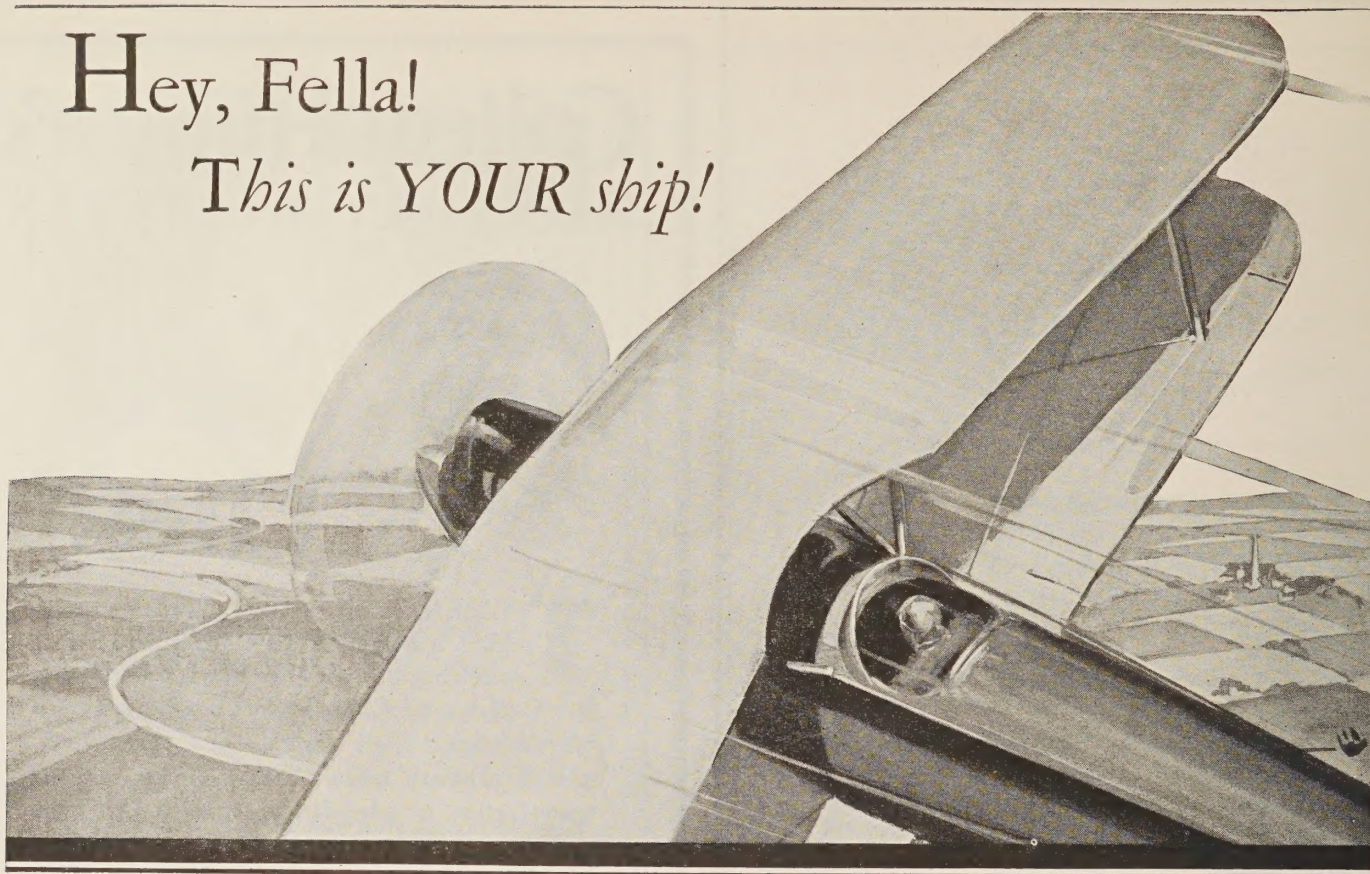
College Humor's Outboard Races will be inaugurated next spring. Is your college interested in staging one of these colorful regattas and water carnivals? Complete details will appear in our January issue. Perhaps you have heard that College Humor is presenting a number of Gruen Paladin watches to individuals achieving marked success in the college field. Coach Bob Zuppke of Illinois, whose teams have won two consecutive football championships, was the first to be honored.

And, by the way, College Humor has a new sports editor—Les Gage, formerly director of publicity of the University of Wisconsin, and one of her foremost athletes.



Hey, Fella!

This is YOUR ship!



YOU wouldn't learn to ride in the barnyard! Whatever the big, broadbacked dray horse teaches you about horsemanship will stand you in mighty poor stead when you climb on the back of a spirited polo pony, or slide your leg over a prancing hunter!

WHEN YOU LEARN TO FLY—learn in a spirited ship. Learn in a thoroughbred that responds to the slightest touch of the joy stick—that roars along at lightning speed, and throttles down to a slow, smooth, three-point landing!

The flying school that teaches you how in a Great Lakes Trainer is offering the most modern and safest flying equipment developed. A swankier ship than the Great Lakes Trainer never took the air. Graceful and speedy—it slips along like a swallow going south for the winter. Balanced—with an uncanny, almost human coordination between rudder and ailerons. And sturdy as a hobnailed boot!

There's a world of power in the Great Lakes Trainer's American Cirrus motor—Zip—Speed—Life—Why, man—it's *built* for YOU—for any blooded, spirited chap or leather-coated, helmeted girl who wants to learn *right*!

Maybe you've already started to learn in something else. But be sure to do yourself the justice of finishing your training in a Great Lakes Trainer. Two minutes after you've hollered "Contact!" you'll know why! — — If you're not yet a flier, but would like to be, write for our new illustrated book "Learning to Fly." It's yours for the asking.

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GETTING THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

The Carolina BUCCANEER

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

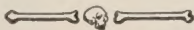
VOLUME VII

DECEMBER, 1929

NUMBER III

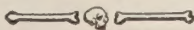
UNDER THE SPREADING MISTLETOE

Under the spreading mistletoe
The village co-ed stands.
Standing near the Christmas tree,
She waits so expectantly,
Under the spreading mistletoe.
The boys fain would take her dare,
For she is sweet, and oh, so fair.
But she receives no blissful plea,
As she waits expectantly,
Under the spreading mistletoe.
And then there came a Sigma Nu
(In this town there were but few)
But as he came he looked around,
And off he went with a bound,
Away from the spreading mistletoe.
For her "Old Man" sat behind the tree,
Holding a shotgun on his knee,
With a vicious look on his face.
So the Sigma Nu left the place,
Leaving the spreading mistletoe.



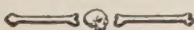
Are you expecting many presents this Christmas?

Yes, the presence of my relatives.



Santa: Have you been good this year?

Little Boy: Yes, and I haven't been good for nothing.



Have you ever been kissed under the mistletoe?

No, I've always been kissed on the lips.

When the language department ceases to be hard-boiled.
When the "bears" on Wall Street become lambs.
When a new gym is built.
When Scotchmen throw away their money.
When the eighteenth amendment is repealed.
When Mayor Walker gets to a meeting on time.
When rumble seats become comfortable.
When a president lives three days in Mexico.
When the Widow Zander marries Uncle Bim.
When we can get a seat on the fifty yard line.
When we can hear a talking picture.
When the BUCCANEER puts out a good number.
We'll believe in Santa Claus.



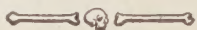


I can't see why I always get handkerchiefs for Christmas.

Why it's as plain as the nose on your face.

Up to that time I was innocent. I gazed at the world with innocent eyes. My joys were simple, but oh, how beautiful. I looked upon the world as a kind society. I looked forward to everything with great joy. But now everything is different. I now know that my former joys were empty and vain. They were the result of a childish brain. My outlook upon life is entirely different. I now know the world as it really is, cold and selfish. The very things that used to give me so much joy now seem so empty and senile.

Oh, to have my betrayer at my mercy, to feel his throat yielding to my frenzied clutch, to cause him all the hell and torment that he has caused me, to avenge myself of my shattered dreams, once so golden and pure. Ah, life has not seemed worth living since this *hell fiend* told me that there was no real Saint Nicholas.



Our idea of a dumb man is the theatrical manager who tried to book that Volstead act that he had heard so much about.

Horse: Say, you remember that pet rooster Sam used to keep in his room?

Feathers: Yeah.

Horse: Well, Sam let the rooster perch on the head of his bed one night. And now I hear that he has killed him.



They say that Adam was the first radio bug for he made a loud speaker out of his spare parts.



She was only a chimney sweep's daughter but she knew the smut.



If you can get Ne-Hi for a nickel what can you get for a dime.

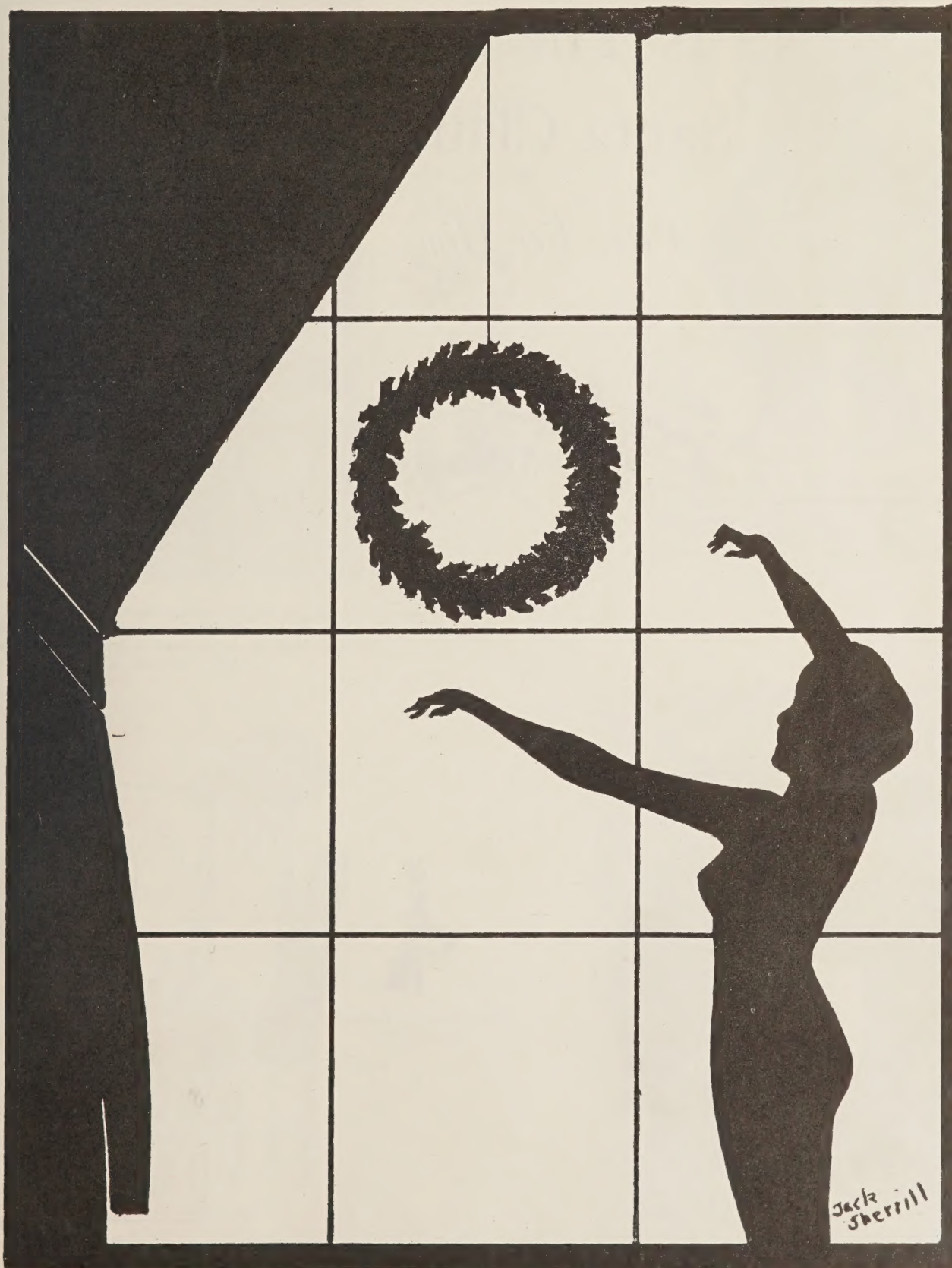


He: I call my girl Camel because she drinks so much.

Him: That's nothing, I call my girl Grape Fruit because she gives me an eye full.



CHRISTMAS EVE AT McDUFF'S



We All Want Santa to Be on Time, But We Can't Blame Him for Getting a Little Behind in Some Houses



Pictured above is Santa himself. To be or not to be that is the question.



Is There a Santa Claus?

We're Fer Him



Above is a snapshot of an Officer in the R. O. T. C. at N. C. State. He is a staunch supporter of Santy and with his trusty blade he is prepared to convince all opposition that there is a true Santa Claus.



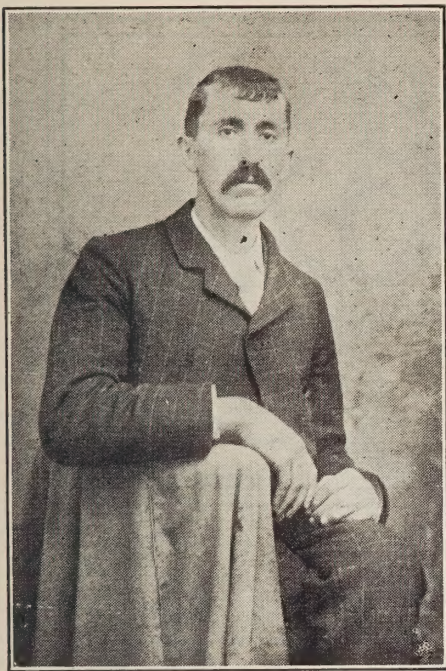
This is a photograph of a couple of fellows down in Steele Dorm who hang up their socks regularly every Christmas. Note the childish innocence on their handsome faces. Can they possibly be wrong in their firm beliefs about St. Nick? This picture was taken while the two lads were waiting for Santa on Xmas eve.



This is Santa's Reindeer
(now extinct)



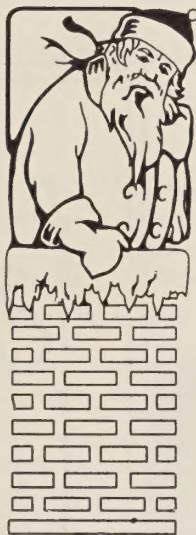
Our Prexy when a mere child, pictured herewith, was a devout believer in jolly old Santy. How can anyone be so cruel and downright mean as to destroy his childhood dreams.



Here is the august President of the Anty-Santy Society. From his posture in this picture one can readily see that he is at any moment prepared to jump up and disillusion anyone who has wild ideas about a Santa Claus, which ain't.

Is There a Santa Claus?

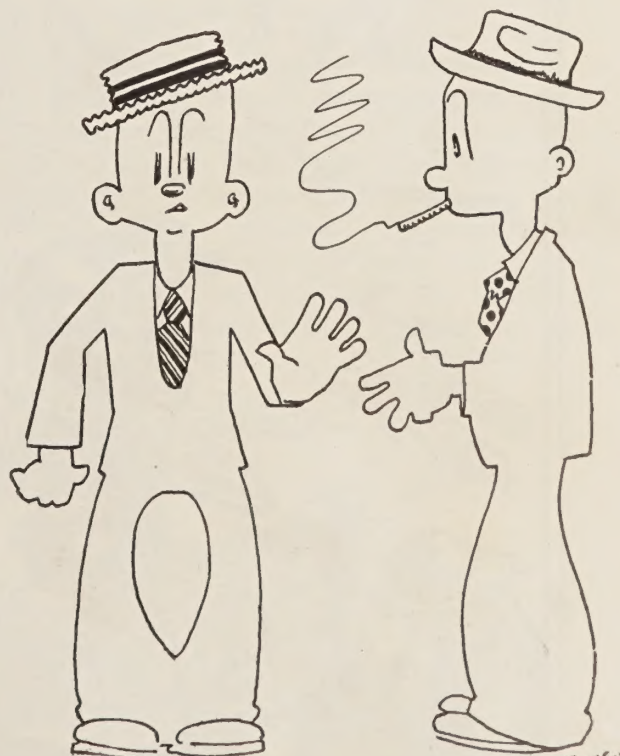
*We're Agin
Him*



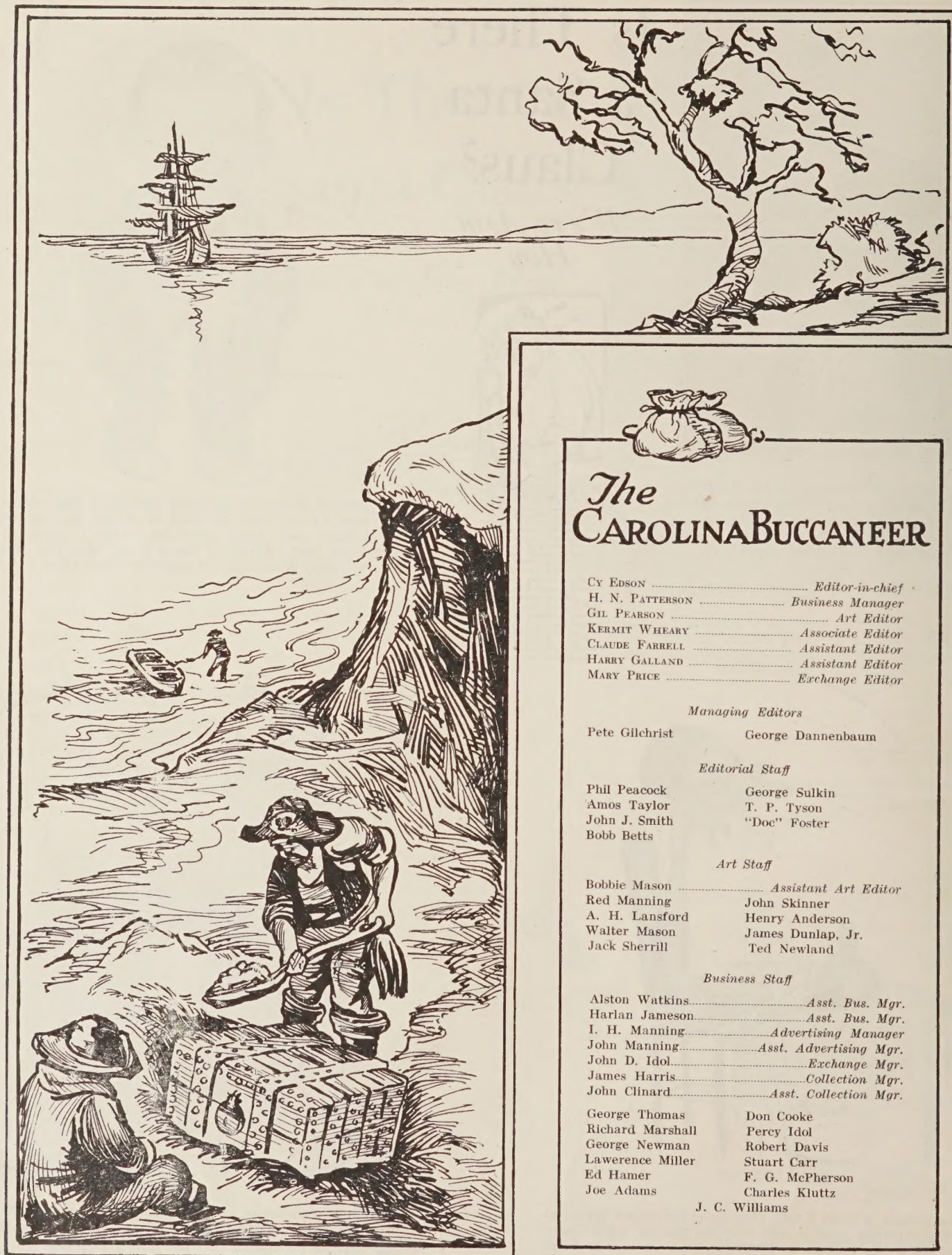
The gentleman above who is rabidly chewing a cigar stub is none other than Looney Lou, the campus skeptic. He says, "There ain't no Santy cause I ain't never got nothin' I ever asked for." When I get that gold plated cheese grater that I've asked for every Xmas then I'll believe in Santa Claus.



This is a likeness of Katie Ko-ed who claims she doesn't believe in Santa Claus because year in and year out she has asked Santy to bring her a man and as yet her hopes have not been realized. Anyone wishing to convince her that there is a Santa will have to hide in her stocking some Xmas morn.



Above is a picture of a Di man and a Phi man heatedly arguing the great question. From the looks of things the Di man is getting the better of the argument which conclusively proves—nothing.



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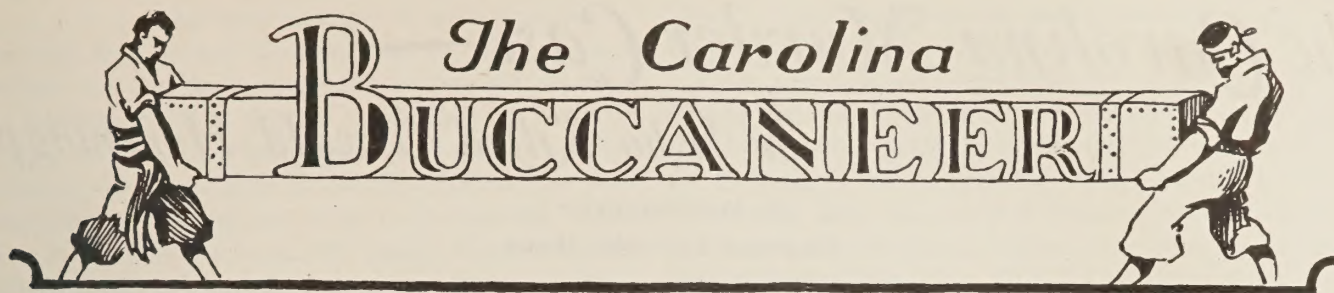
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Captain Kidd Sez—

FOR a long, long time the members of the BUCCANEER staff have realized that the gift-giving situation at Christmas time is one of the most absurd and impractical of all the whims and fancies of mankind. To be utterly frank about the matter its down right childish and purely simple to be caught at such a practice. Imagine how cute two big brutes like Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney must have looked when they swapped neck-ties on Christmas day. Can't you see them now revelling in childish glee as they took their respective pieces of colored silk and hung them around their brutish necks. Such a practice is a disgrace to manhood in general. We take the radical stand that such an idiotic practice as giving and receiving cast-off articles should be abandoned entirely this year and that a more sensible and profitable practice should be substituted in its stead. We even go a step further by submitting a few suggestions which might cover details which will save Karl Kampus no little embarrassment, financially and pecuniarily. So lend ear to these devices that save more money than a carload of Listerine toothpaste.

Never start courting a girl the week before Christmas for it has been found to be a poor investment. It is rather funny how the sophisticated girl of today still believes in Santa Claus. It will be exceedingly risky business to yodel Christmas Carol's, even in a mellifluous voice, in front of strange apartments this year. Water hurled from a window twenty feet from the ground is quite apt to turn to ice before striking a solid surface. (This would be a wonderful opportunity to crack an ice-man's joke but due to lack of space we will refrain from it.) (Cracked ice, by cracky!!) Be extremely careful how you maneuver under the mistletoe for, even though its not leap-year, remember that the shot-gun can still be used in an advantageous manner.

Pocket flasks should always be turned upside down and tested for leakage before taken to Christmas parties. One never can tell when one's ownself will be in that position. And by all means knock loudly and long before entering strange apartments on Christmas Eve to play Santa Claus. Statistics show that some seven thousand Santa Clauses were shot in the field of honor and other places last season for entering wrong chimneys at the wrong time. Never can be too careful when staging the Santy act. And lastly, when some guy insists on getting you a blind date with his best girl's room mate, just bear in mind that some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. 'Tis much better to hustle off and see a man about a "dog." Anyhow after all is said and done, Christmas is a great old time in spite of all the neckties, socks, hankies and numerous other unnecessary items that are unloaded upon each of us—AND IT IS THE SINCERE WISH OF THE EDITOR, THE STAFF, THE PRINTER, AND THE ENGRAVER THAT YOU ALL HAVE A VERY ENJOYABLE CHRISTMAS AND AN EXCEEDINGLY PLEASANT NEW YEAR.



The Carolina Murder Case—

or Who Killed Oswald Hemmingpoof

By PETE GILCHRIST

Illustrated by Bobbie Mason

The Story So Far:

Oswald Hemmingpoof, the President of the Podunk County Club was found brutally murdered beside the Old Well. As a result of the dastardly deed the whole campus was thrown into an uproar. The President of the University realizing that something must be done to solve this crime authorizes District Attorney Pottedham to go to New York and hire the great detective, Phillup Pance, to come and solve the mystery surrounding Oswald's demise. The eminent sleuth after much deliberation decides to handle the case and upon arrival in Chapel Hill overhears Sally Pattica, the belle of Carolina, say something about killing someone. He at once suspects the beautiful Sally. Conn Vent, the mad student, and Percy Verance, Oswald's room mate are other suspects that the famed gumshoe has under his eagle-eye. Now to go on with the story—

Chaper VII

Phillup Pance had worked on the Hemmingpoof case for seven days now and he felt weak when he thought of the murderer still being at large. Even the president of the university wished he had gotten a detective more capable, and Sheriff Corntassle, the local police department, assistant mayor, and white wing for the city was tired of asking the great detective why he did not find the murderer. Someone had even heard Sheriff Corntassle say that Phillup Pance could not trace an elephant in six feet of snow. Nevertheless Phillup Pance kept on the job undaunted by jibes from the local headquarters.

It was on Thanksgiving night following the Virginia-Carolina game that the Why Bit Pi sorority held their annual breakaway at the Carolina Inn. All the campus high-lights were present and most of these were fully lit, but they managed to keep as much as possible out of the way of the German Club officials. Everybody was in high spirits over the latest victory and also because of the Carolina corn which each guest present carried so close to his respective heart or rather hip. Percy Verance was all there and then some, and he was catering to no particular mommer, but was not only giving them all a treat but most of them would know that he had danced with them when they tried to walk in the morning. Sally Pattica, the head of the Why Bit Pi sorority was leading the figure at the half and who should be her lucky partner but Conn Vent, her conductor, who was off his trolley. Sally looked like a rose in her smart tailored whatsit while Conn Vent looked rather striking dressed as Babe Ruth. Last but not least was Phillup Pance dressed as a plumber who had forgotten his tools for you see the dance was one of those masquerade affairs. Phillup Pance, the ever alert, was not dancing but was

down in one corner of the floor with a large magnifying glass in one hand trying to see if the drummer was on his job.

"It beats me," muttered Phillup as the drummer beat him on the head with his stick, mistaking him for the minute as a trap.

Why has Fate gathered together all the suspects of the Hemmingpoof crime at this magnificent social function? Why? Oh why? Do the happy and pleasurable incidents of life have to be tainted and marred by the gruesome and hideous ordeals of our existence? AH! GRIM AND IMMUTABLE ARE THE WORKINGS OF FATE!!! Time, and time alone bear solution to these stupendous questions, but we must continue with the story.

The dance is getting along quite nobly. Only seventy-five



"I'll kill you," screamed Con

wall-flowers drape the balcony. Over in one corner Percy Vrance can be seen pushing some mommer of unknown age. He has pushed this babe up and down the floor no less than eight times and has only four more rounds left to complete his daily dozen. At intermission Percy Vrance had finished his work-out but received a severe shock when he discovered that his partner had no escort at the dance. Thus he was forced to take her with him at intermission—a thing one hates to do especially when the bottom of one's bottle is already awash. Nevertheless he stiffened his upper lip, hitched his suspenders, offered his blushing octogenarian his ape-like arm and they were off down the lobby of the Inn as if they were the happiest of souls.

At the same time that Conn Vent was leading his date across the lobby Phillip Pance was trying to tie a knotted shoe lace while being supported by two bellboys. He had just managed to get the lace tied when he slipped from the arms of his dusky helpers and fell at the unsuspecting feet of Conn Vent. The result was that Conn Vent made a swan dive, half gainer, and back jack which landed him full upon the part of his face called Proboscis in the medical world. Losing his temper and several of his teeth Conn jumped to his feet and took a fast swing at the detective's jaw which missed Mr. Pance only a few kilometers.



t like I killed Os—”

“I’ll kill you,” shrieked Conn, “I’ll kill you just like I killed OS—.” He suddenly checked himself and began again, “Well I’ll kill you like I’ve never killed anyone before.”

Little, very little did Conn realize the importance of the words that he had just uttered. In a fit of temper he had frankly confessed that he had killed Os! Who is Os? But that does not matter, the point is that he admitted killing someone right in front of foremost, first, last, and best detective in the country. Conn was caught. Caught like an elephant in a mouse trap in the steel grip of the law. Poor Conn little did he realize that a tall individual had pulled a worn notebook from his bathrobe pocket and entered the following notation: “Student of University says he killed Os.” Under this note the detective made a sub-note which read: “Look up Oswego, Osmosis, Osculation, and Ostrich as possible solutions.” Suddenly a thought penetrated the detective’s brain, reaching out he caught Conn by the collar and whirled him about.

“Pardon if I intrude,” said the detective, “but I just heard you mention that you killed Os. I have been wondering if you meant OSWALD HEMMINGPOOF.”

Conn Vent’s face blanched, the blood left first his right and then his left cheek. His nose even lost color.

“No, no, no,” he shrieked, “I did not kill OSWALD HEMMINGPOOF. I swear I did not kill him. Come over here in the elevator and I will swear up and down that I did not kill Oswald Hemmingpoof.”

Already a crowd had surrounded the little group and a multitude of questions were being hurled at the inner circle. “Come with me, young fellow,” sternly spoke the detective as he led the mad student away from the milling mob that threatened at any minute to neck him, we mean lynch him. The last that the crowd saw of Conn Vent that night was when a stranger who wore a black mustache and bathrobe was pushing him into the elevator of the Carolina Inn.

Chapter VIII

Up on the twenty-fifth floor of the Carolina Inn a lone light was burning in a far corner of the building. According to the register, this room belonged to Pance Phillip. Thus had the famous sleuth avoided publicity. Heavy tobacco smoke poured from the window of the room, Phillip Pance was giving Conn Vent the third degree and he needed plenty of steam to fire his questions.

“I’m going to cross examine you,” said the detective bluntly. “And you had better answer me correctly or I will make you walk down instead of using the ellie.”

“Fire away, you old buzzard,” was the witty retort of Conn, “but it is of no use because I was cross examined when I was eight years old and I can prove it—look at the scar on my arm.” “Oh, yes; and I was cross examined at mid-term when I got three X’s.”

“Don’t make me cross,” snorted the detective. “It is impossible for me to examine when I am cross—it makes my eyes cross and everything. As he made this last statement his two

(Continued on next page)

glimpers swapped directions and he was forced to turn his back in order to look squarely at Conn. "Now, to start this cross examination, answer each question briefly and to the point, and no stalling. Who is the best detective and why am I? Have you ever necked, if so what? Have you ever eaten pimento sandwiches? Do you like two or three lumps in your tea and why? Have you lost your shirt, if so name three automobiles."

"Oh my garden seed!" wailed Conn, "I am completely crossed. You can stop now. I confess, I KILLED OSWALD HEMMINGPOOF. I RAN OVER HIM WITH A LAWN MOWER."

"You lie, you lie!" yelled the detective, "I did not want you to confess I wanted you to say you did not kill him. Why I'll go stark and naked mad if anybody else says that they killed Oswald Hemmingpoof. Why I have a hundred letters from University students who confessed that they killed Oswald if I would only promise to let them send their confessions to the *Hearst Sunday American* or *True Story* magazine."

"But I really killed him," sobbed Conn, now soggy with tears, "I swear that I killed him." If you let me get in the elevator again I will swear up and down all over again that I killed him. Please, Mr. Detective, please let me kill him, think how much it will mean to my home town, Carborough. Please, please let me go to the big, big jail house so I can learn to play the piano, and sing the "Prisoner's Song" conscientiously and write memoirs. Why I have gone so far as to pick out my jail. I wanna go to Epworth—don't disappoint me now. Turn me over to Sheriff Cornstasse and close the case."

"Now, listen, Conn," spoke the detective seriously, "I always thought you were a little off when I saw you pinching old ladies' ankles in church, but I am not going to give you credit for murdering Oswald Hemmingpoof. Whoever killed him was a master at the art. Now run along and enjoy yourself, and you had better be careful and not drink any more of this whiskey." As the sleuth said this he poured himself a big drink from a nearby bottle. "And remember this, there should be a law against whiskey—the price is too high."

Chapter IX

When Phillup Pance rushed the befuddled Conn Vent from the lobby, Sally Pattica, both surprised and astounded, was left standing alone hardly knowing where to go or what to do. Now Percy Verance had wanted to see Sally all night and now seeing his chance he pushed his date into a nearby telephone booth and quickly stepped up to Sally's side as if nothing had happened. Sally looked frightened and her hand shook like a hip-reducer thus betraying her nervousness.

"What is the matter, Sally," asked Percy as he offered his arm. Please tell Percywercy about ums ittle tubbles."

"Percy, we must leave the dance at once!!!"

"But, why?" asked Percy, "the dance is just getting good and you are one of the hostesses."

"Don't ask questions, Percy, but come with me," growled Sally with venom in her voice.

Grabbing Percy by the hand she fairly dragged him from the Inn. Percy's struggle-buggy was parked nearby and in short

order they were bouncing down the road. The full moon above made a wonder picture.

"Not a bad night to go digging," muttered Sally.

"To do what?" asked Percy his curiosity now fully aroused.

"Shut up and get me a shovel," commanded Sally.

Percy drove around to his frat house and after rummaging about finally found a shovel in his bureau drawer (these college boys have such unique ways of keeping things). "Where to next?" asked Percy meekly.

"Head straight for the cemetery," ordered Sally with force.

Percy at first started to pull over to the side of the road and demand a reason for this mysterious visit to the cemetery, but when he felt the cold steel barrel of an automatic pressed to his ear he decided better. In a short time they reached the local cemetery, and Sally instructed Percy to park the car beside the entrance and take the shovel and follow her. In one hand she carried a flash light and in the other she carried the pistol which kept the trembling Percy at bay. The cemetery was very foreboding under the ghostly reflection of the moon, and the tombstones loomed forth in the darkness like huge goblins which might spring from their crouching positions any minute. All was quiet except the chattering of Percy's teeth (both of them). Now it was so quiet one could hear Percy's Inglebury watch tick.

To and fro, back and forth, up and down Sally hurried through the cemetery, weaving in and out amongst the graves. No grave escaped her notice.

"Dear, I am afraid I will get gravy on my clothes out here," punned Percy trying to hide his fear.

Paying no attention to Percy, Sally explored all the main part of the cemetery. Suddenly she stopped before one of the newer ones. Flashing her light on the tombstone she there beheld cut in cold, hard, cruel marble the words:

HERE LIES OSWALD HEMMINGPOOF

"Percy," said Sally, "take your shovel and don't stop until you have uncovered Oswald's coffin."

"Who-o-o-o ME!!!!!" stammered Percy, "n-n-n-not me cause I'M l-l-leaving right now."

"No you are not," contradicted Sally, "you are going to start digging right now or else," she paused—"YOU MAY FOLLOW OSWALD."

Reluctantly and with trembling hands and wobbling knees and vibrating teeth Percy started on his gruesome task. Sally perched herself on the tombstone and made herself as comfortable as possible. Thus far her courage had not deserted her. In a few more hours her horrible mission would be complete and she would be sleeping snugly in her bed. She must, she had to go through with it now. She could never back out at this late hour. Taking the flash light in her hand she prepared to light up the mound so that Percy could see better how to dig. As the beams of the light played on the grave both Sally and Percy stiffened with horror and amazement. There was no grave there, nothing more than a deep hole in the soft earth. The coffin had been removed.

(Continued on next page)

"Wh-ww-why somebody's already been digging here," Percy managed to stammer.

"WHAT!" shouted Sally, as she fell from the tombstone, "OH LORD!!! SOMEONE HAS ALREADY BEAT ME TO IT!!! With these words she fainted.

What was Sally after? Why did she want to dig up the remains of Oswald Hemmingpoof? Can you solve the murder of Oswald? There is no doubt that he was maliciously murdered, and that at this very minute the murderer is stalking the campus! Mothers guard your children! Professors watch your step! MAYBE YOU WILL BE THE NEXT TO FEEL THE DEATHLY CLUTCH OF HIS MURDEROUS HANDS!!! Solve this amazing mystery and bring to law this murder fiend besides receiving ten dollars in gold. If you cannot solve this mystery go to the nearest newsdealer and get the correct solution in the next issue of the BUCCANEER.

Stop it! What are you trying to pull off?
You ought to know. You dressed yourself.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Voice on the inside: Who's there?

Voice on the outside: Santa Claus.

Voice on the inside: Bring the liquor in.

The crying children had all gathered around their mother. "Mother," they asked, "Why didn't Santa Claus come here last night?"

Tommy, a bright boy, broke in before his mother could reply, and said, "I know, mother, Santa Claus got drunk and couldn't find his way home last night."

Little Boy: The stork brings you little babies, doesn't it, Mama?

Mama: Yes.

Little Boy: And Santa Claus brings me toys?

Mama: Yes.

Little Boy: Then Papa doesn't help us much, does he, Mama?

Green Freshman: Going to hang up your stocking this time?

Bright Sophomore: Stocking! Say, freshman, you're way behind. We college boys don't hang up our stockings any more.

Green Freshman: No?

Bright Sophomore: No; we hang up a jug.



PASSING THE BUCK

Forsooth, Arbutus, willst have a merry
time this Xmas?

Canst not say, Othello, the home brew
hast not stopt working.



Twas the night before Xmas,
And all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a souse.

The stockings were hung,
By the chimney with care,
And that was the reason,
Why no one was there.



He who laughs last is an Englishman!

Tragedy—Very Minor

He left her in the parlor
Of the co-ed Shack,
And she looked upon him tearfully
And asked when he'd be back
But he answered her quite harshly
And with very much surprise—
"I'll not be back at all, my dear,
For you have two cocked eyes!"



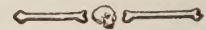
Ultimatum

If you will cut when I would cut,
Then I will stick by, too;
But if you won't, to boot the prof,
To Hell, my love, with you!

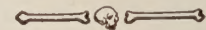
Believe it or not: A Scotchman walked
twelve miles to a football game and when
he got there he was too tired to climb the
fence.



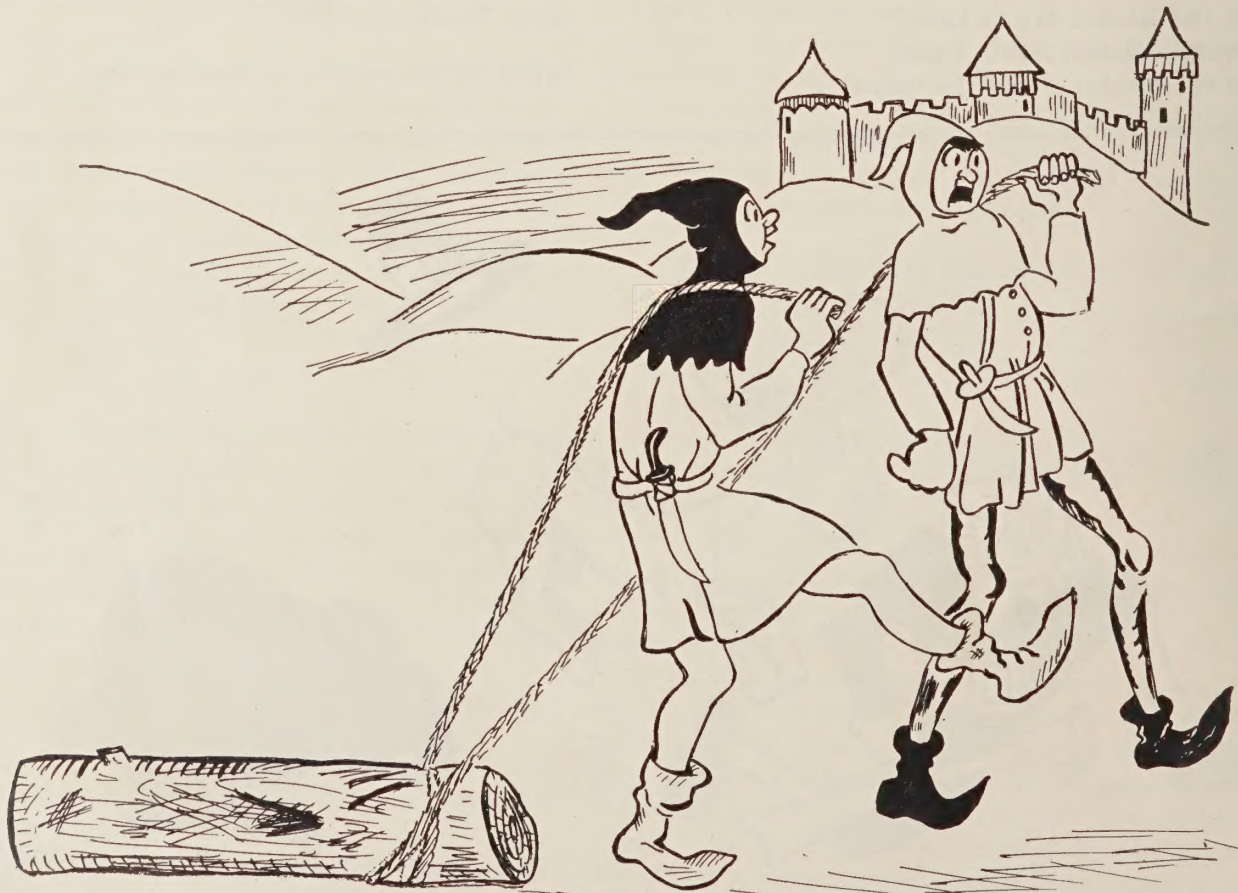
How's this for a hot tale: Santa
coming down the chimney of a light-
ed fireplace?



You can see that girl is reared well.
She ain't bad from the front, either.



He: What a lovely ankle.
She: Oh, don't be so low down.



1629

BRINGING IN THE YULE LOG

A student after spending the holidays at home, not a little of which were spent in drinking and carousing around went to see Dr. Ab on his return to the campus. That great notable is reported to have said, "Sir your stomach is too fat, you'll have to diet."

Student, greatly alarmed, blurted out: "Dye it, Oh my God, what color is it now."

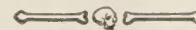
Special Request

Listen, Santa, you know me,
What I want is plain to see;
Never mind the drums and trains
Instead leave me a set of brains.
I don't want a bank to fill
For I must stay right here until
I can leave with my degree—
So Santa, get some grades for me!

Little girl, to her maiden aunt who has just been kissed while standing under the mistletoe:

"Do you believe in Santa Claus?"

"Yes, my darling!" sighed the wrinkled maiden.

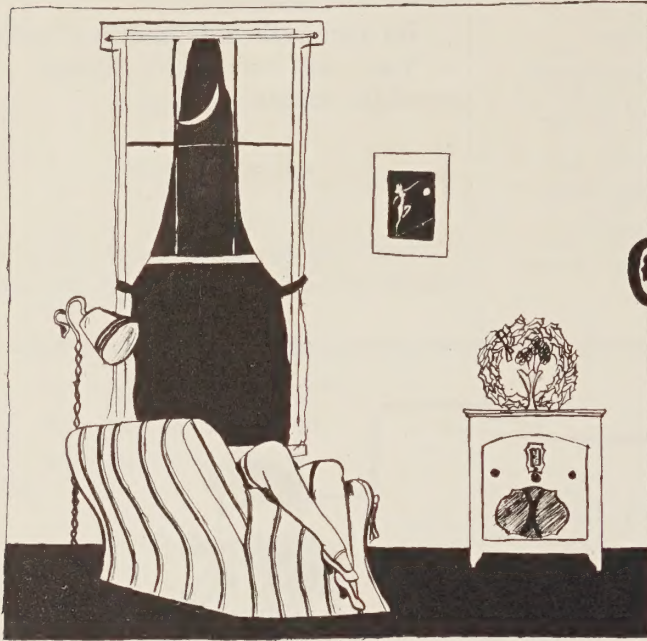


Then there was the plumber's daughter who became a dancer and forgot her tulle.



1929

CHRISTMAS DAY



THE GIRL WHO DIDN'T

Knock! Knock Knock!

Voice on the inside: Who's there?

Voice on the inside: Bring the liquor in.

Voice on the outside: Santa Claus.

AND

Nice old man: Young fellow, did Santa Claus come down your chimney to see you last night?

Plumber's son: Naw, he got caught in a poker game last night and had to go to jail.

It was on a crowded city street that I first saw HIM—the answer to my chaste maidenly prayer. He was tall, erect, and so virile. His uniform fitted him to perfection. His puttees shined in the sun and his manly breast braced out as if to defy the elements. His eyes looked defiantly ahead from under his visor.

Oh God, what a man! I could see him the champion of a lost cause, bravely fighting when death seemed inevitable. Again I could imagine him fighting for his life beneath a blazing desert sun. I could hear hoarse curses, crashing of swords and shrieks of the dying. I could see him on the frozen steppes of Russia defiantly fighting hordes of Tartars, and carrying his standard into the uttermost jaws of death. Only the pen of a Dumas could properly immortalize his bravery.

But alas, how my dreams were shattered when I saw him pedal off a Western Union bicycle.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

Final exams . . . Packing . . . Missing the first bus . . . The girl on the second . . . The gang on the train . . . Too many tards . . . Home . . . Sally . . . The old bunch . . . Sure I passed 'em all . . . Hope to h--l I did . . . The Scotch Tom brought back . . . Twas pure corn . . . Bought present for Sally . . . She had a date with Bill . . . Gave it to Audrey . . . Nice present from Dad . . . Handkerchiefs from relatives . . . Tight before Xmas . . . Turkey dinner . . . Cranberry sauce . . . Parties . . . Sleeping late in the morning . . . Snow . . . Sleighing party . . . Homesick for the Hill . . . New girl . . . Oh, boy . . . Not homesick . . . New Year's Eve . . . Firecrackers . . . Singed coat . . . Packing again . . . Last date . . . End of bliss . . . Goodbye . . . See you in the spring . . . Be sure to write . . . Back to the Hill . . . Thank God.

So you sang a song to your girl when you gave her the present. Yeah.

What was it?

"Why did you make me love you, why did you?"

He: Santa certainly treated her well.

Him: How?

He: Look how well he filled her stockings.



THE GIRL WHO DID



PAUSE AND REFRESH YOURSELF

AND ANYBODY WHO EVER RAN AFTER A TRAIN THAT WAS GOING FASTER THAN HE WAS KNOWS THERE IS NOTHING ELSE TO DO BUT.

Run far enough, work long enough, play hard enough and you've got to stop. That's when the pause that refreshes makes the big hit. Happily you can find it around the corner from anywhere, waiting for you in an ice-cold Coca-Cola, the pure drink of natural flavors that makes any little minute long enough for a big rest.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

OVER
8
MILLION
A DAY



YOU CAN'T BEAT THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

HOW TO TELL IF IT'S SANTA CLAUS

1. Set a bare trap for Santa Claus. If he falls for the bare trap it ain't Santa. Must be a college boy up to his old tricks cause Santy ain't that kind of a girl.

2. Leave a bottle of '86 Scotch by the chimney. If he leaves it, it must be Santa Claus sure enough.

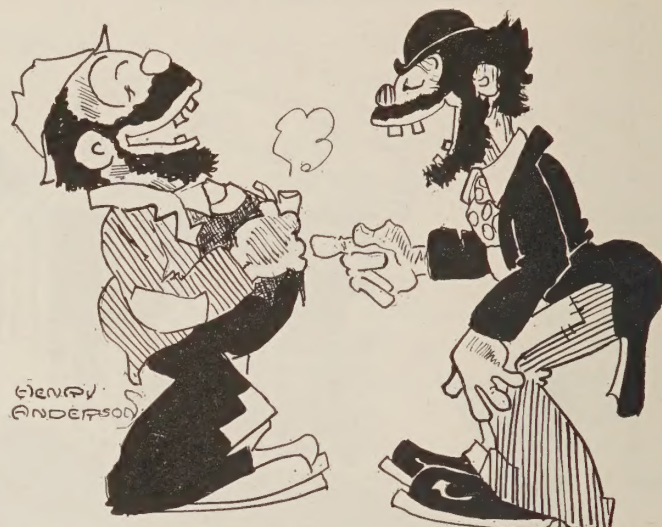
3. Closely observe how Santa enters the house. If he comes through the window or through the transom, you'd better call the cops.

4. Tell Santa a real good joke. Closely observe his stomach and if it is rotund and shakes like jelly when he laughs then that's Santy without a doubt.

5. Watch Santa when he comes down the chimney. See if he has soot all over like he should have. If he has then it ain't Santy it's some other guy.

6. Wait out on the roof and watch Santy arrive. If he drives reindeers it ain't Santa but some ignorant sucker who hasn't awakened to the fact that the airplane has supplanted the reindeer.

7. Sit up and wait for Santa with a bottle of rotten shine. Drink enough so as to get to seeing things what ain't there. Soon Old Santa himself will come skipping down the chimney. Ask him if he is Santa and if he says yes then take another drink and pass out.

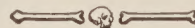


And she says to me—"Gwan, Kid, I'm not that kind."

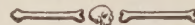
WHY I BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS

By JOE "HIMSELF" KOLEGE

1. A successful football season.
2. Passed all of my courses. Got "D," but passed anyway.
3. Lucky at cards.
4. Got a girl that doesn't neck every boy she has a date with.
5. Mastered my "Yo-Yo" in a little while.
6. Have an old Ford that will run.
7. Haven't been poisoned by liquor yet.
8. The old man sent me some extra "frog skins" the other day without me writing for them.



First Turkey (mid-December): I'm starving to death.
Second Turkey: Well, it won't be long until you'll be stuffed.



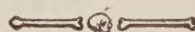
It was early Christmas morning. Little Annie had thrown her big life-like doll aside, and was crying heart-brokenly. She had written Santa a letter asking him to bring her a small rag doll.

"Why what's the matter, darling?" asked her mother. "Don't you like your doll?"

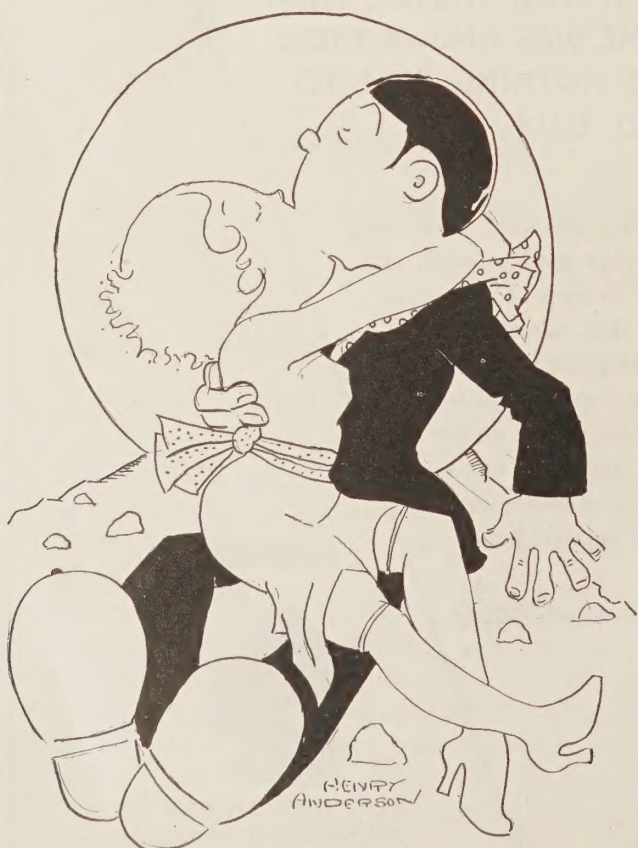
"No, I don't," was the tearful response.

"Why?"

"Cause I wanted it for a baby, and I can't have a baby as big as I am."



"It's up to you, Santa Claus," said the Broadway gold digger as she snuggled up to her big coal and iron man and asked him for a new fur coat.



He: And you will love me like this forever.

She: Yes, but Darling I must breathe occasionally.

How to be *Generous* to a man at Christmas



JUST HOW does the Gillette Fifty Box qualify as the ideal Christmas gift for a man? Here's how — on these eight counts:

It is practical . . . Man, famous for his practical mind, insists on useful gifts.

Yet he probably wouldn't buy this for himself . . . From long habit, he is used to getting his blades in packs of five and ten. This will be a new and refreshing idea for him.

He'll be sure to use it . . . Blades are a daily necessity in every man's life. The Gillette Fifty Box is the most convenient way to have them.

It is personal . . . It's all to himself, for his own intimate, bathroom use.

It is good looking . . . Packed, as you see, in a metal box, velvet lined, with a spring-hinge cover. Blades are enclosed in brilliant Cellophane.

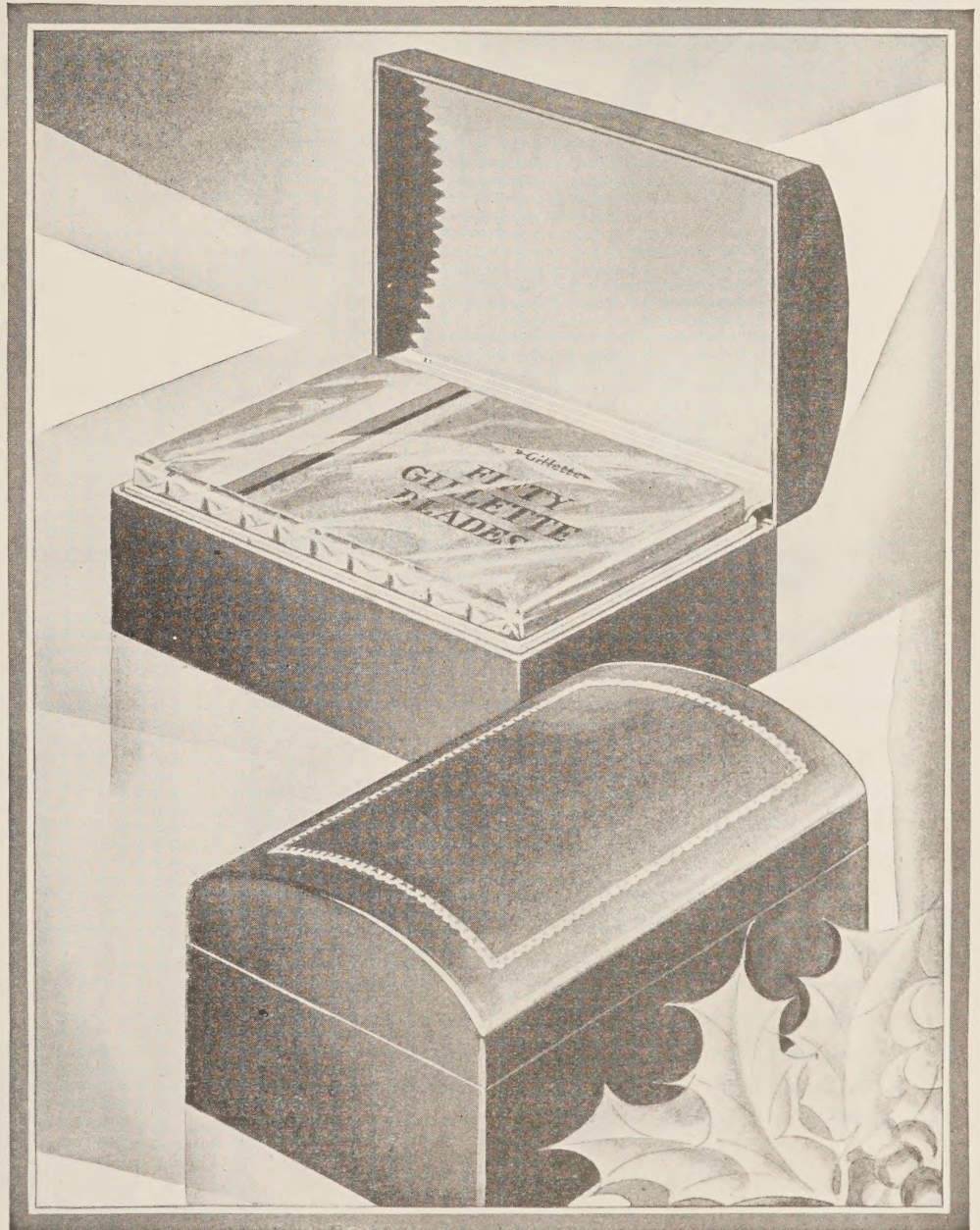
It is truly generous . . . With fifty smooth, double-edged Gillette Blades in easy grasp, a man can look forward to more continuous shaving comfort than he has probably ever enjoyed before in his life.

It will last well beyond the Christmas season . . . For months his mornings will be free from all thought of buying Gillette Blades.

It is reasonable in price . . . Five dollars buys this *ideal* gift. On sale everywhere.

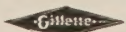
RADIO—Tune in on "The Gillette Blades" every Saturday evening, 9:30 to 10:00 o'clock, Eastern Time, over the National Broadcasting Company's Blue Network, WJZ and associated stations.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.



Five Dollars

Gillette



GIVE HIM SHAVING COMFORT IN ABUNDANCE
WITH THE FAMOUS FIFTY BOX OF GILLETTE BLADES



HE LOVED NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL

Ah, Scene of Scenes!

Beautiful surroundings—grandeur and splendor unlimited—everything a beautiful hazy blue—now a shining dusky red—now all the colors of the rainbow. Azure skies with floating fleecy clouds, drifting idly by. The very atmosphere invigorates one to drowsy dreams. Flower covered gondolas glide by filled with beautiful maidens, singing in a slow sensuous way.

Ah, lassitude; ah, peace! Truly this is paradise! Oh the beauty! Is this heaven? No worries, just peace and langorous rest. Would that this would go on forever. But will it?

You're damn right it won't. They say this Orange County corn leaves you a helluva hangover.



Scotchman: I'm giving my girl a box of candy for Christmas.

Second Tight: Well?

Scotchman: So I got a two weeks' standing date with her.



I dreamed last nite that I died and went to Heaven.
Well, they say you always reverse dreams.

So Whatdehell!

(With a Wink at S. Hoffenstein)

Listen, children, here we go,
Writing verses, row on row
Just to pass the time of day,
In a nicely harmless way.
Here's a book and there's a pen,
Here are women, there are men,
There are students and they know
Endless dates and facts and so
They'll be ready in a space
To pass exams at furious pace
To the end that they may see
A bright and shiny Phi Bete key;
And in time that they may reach
An opp-or-tun-ity to teach
Other facts and other dates
To still more embryo Phi Betes—
From which we gather (in a rage)
That we are squirrels in a cage.



WHAT DID YOU GET IN YOUR STOCKINGS THIS XMAS?
NOTHING BUT HOLES.

*Many Hearty Thanks for
Continuing Patronage
and
Best Wishes
for
A Merry Christmas*

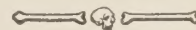


**Carolina Dry
Cleaners**

Call 5841—For Service

Liza—"So you think I've got the nicest form in town?"

Rastus—"Yup, Ah knows a good thing when Ah seize it." —*Colorado Dodo.*



Jumpy

"They call her Checkers. She jumps when you make a bad move." —*Iowa Frivol.*



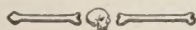
Chem. Prof.—"A catalyst is something that aids in the completion of a reaction but takes no active part in it. Can you explain?"

Student—"A glass egg."

—*Banter.*

"Gotta chew?"

"Naw. Do it of my own accord." —*Cajoler.*



"Those are my mother's ashes in the jar on the mantle."

Sympathizing—"So she has passed on to the great beyond?"

"Hell, no, she's just too lazy to look for an ash tray." —*Lehigh Burr.*



Just a Linoleum Cat

"Mrs. Jones is suing the doctor who removed Mr. Jones' appendix."

"What for?"

"For opening her male." —*Pointer.*

Always Call For

**Waverly Ice
Cream**

*"Made Its Way by the Way
It's Made"*



For Sale by

**Eubanks Drug Co.
Sutton's Pharmacy**

Solutions of the Carolina Murder Case

THE BUCCANEER has received the following solutions since the first installment appeared on the campus:

Dear Editor:

I have just recovered from reading the first installment of the Carolina Murder Case. It was so exciting and breath-taking that my fragile nerves are all unstrung from reading it. I have closely studied every word in the story and I have finally decided that nobody but Conn Vent could have committed the murder. If this ain't true then how come that Conn has some of Ossie's juice in a test tube? The murder had to be done by a nut and since Conn is the biggest nut in the story then how come it wasn't him that done the dirty deed? Couldn't nobody have done it but Conn so don't try to hand me no hokum that I ain't right. I am awaiting the X spot you promised.

Expectantly,

Cesar Bagg,

Care Pullman Co.

Dear Mr. Edson:

I have read the first installment over twenty-five times. I have lain awake night after night turning the great problem over in my mind trying to find the adequate and logical solution to this great crime that is astounding and baffling millions today. My efforts have been rewarded because at last I think I have spotted the fiend who so brutally murdered our dear little Oswald. I am satisfied that Sally Pattica committed this atrocious crime. I was parked in Patterson's one day inhaling a dope with George Sherham and above the roar of George's drinking I heard Sally mutter that she killed Os—. I am expecting the prize by return mail since I have bet ten hooks on the strength that I am correct.

Awaiting the tenner, I am,

Effie Vescent,

Phi Beta Phi House

Dear Sir:

I am absolutely certain that Oswald Hemminkpoof vas nod moidered but commided suicide. How vell I remember seeink him in Swain Hall his last trip. He vas awfully absent-minded, and I vell remember seeink him butter a coffee cup and contentedly munch it, nod noticing at the time that he vas nod eatink a biscuit. Besides dot he ate some hash vchich he knew better than to do. And since he deliberately ate the hash, I am sure that the moider case is nodink but a simple case of suicide. Please send check for ten to,

Ikey Rabinoffovitch,

"Oi" Dormitory

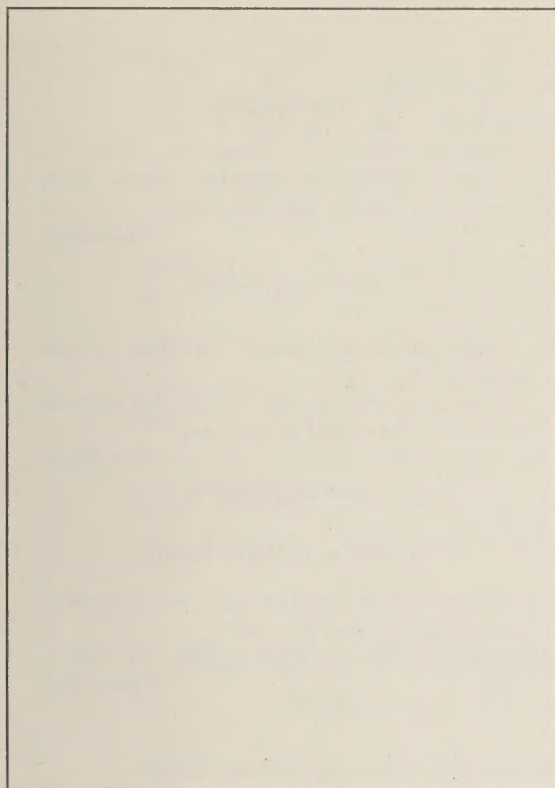
My dear, dear Mr. Edson:

I think your darling little mystery story is so cute. I cannot bear to leave it all by its 'ittle ownsome for one single minute the whole day and I sleep with it under my pillow at night. Life without your mystery story would be empty and meaningless. It has meant much to me in the few short weeks that I have had it. I bubble with childish glee when I think of all the excitement and thrills I shall get from reading the next two installments. I have come to the decision that Percy Vrance bumped off Oswald. Percy is a naughty, naughty boy and he ought to be spanked. I think Percy did it because it was he that knew the innermost secrets of Ossie's feeble mind. He knew his room mate's weak spot and that's why I think it was Percy that struck Oswald the fatal blow on his mind. Ten ones will be okey-doke.

Gushingly yours,

Susie Softsoap,

Coed Shack

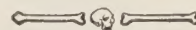


A PICTURE OF SANTA CLAUS

"You brute, where did you kick that dog?"

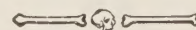
"Ah, madame, thereby hangs the tail."

—*Princeton Tiger.*



He—"Our coach got some new water-proof pants for the football men."

She—"Oh, the big babies."



Late to bed and early to rise

Always makes one realize

That a little more study the afternoon before

Would give more time for the morning snore.

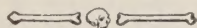
—*Acorn.*

First—"I call my boy friend Nero."

Second—"Why?"

First—"Because he's always fiddling around when I'm burning up."

—*Dirge.*



Helen of Troy was faster than any of these flyers. She made Paris in an hour.

—*Rammer-Jammer.*



"Will you help the Old Ladies' Home?"

"Why didn't they stay in, instead of wandering around?"

—*Lehigh Bun.*

A Bank Book Gives---

For everyone a better chance
to get ahead. If you don't be-
lieve this try keeping a good
bank account working
for you.



The Bank of Chapel Hill

Oldest and Strongest Bank in Orange County

M. C. S. NOBLE, President

R. L. STROWD, Vice-President

M. E. HOGAN, Cashier

Have that Suit and Topcoat
tailored to your individual
taste

\$29.50 to \$34.50



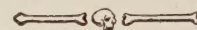
Stetson "D"

Two Quarts

Denison—"What's the strange noise, John?"

Kenyon—"Don't be affrighted, fairest, that's
my train of thought passing a tunnel.

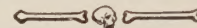
—*Flamingo.*



"Why the gloom, Oscar? Can't your woman
come?"

"Sure, she's coming, but even in this telegram
after every other word she says stop!"

—*Bison.*



A Scot is Satisfied Easily

Maggie—"Was your old man in comfortable
circumstances when he died?"

Jennie—"I hae me doots. 'e was 'arf under a
train."

—*Kitty Kat.*

"A Flower dog? Never heard of one."

"Yeah, he's a Poinsettia—cross between a
pointer an' a setter."

—*Judge.*



"There's just one thing that all men thirst
after."

"And what is that?"

"Peanut butter."

—*Dirge.*



Gwendolyn—"I had a date with a general."

Madeline—"Major General?"

Gwendolyn—"Not yet."

—*Medley.*



Before You Buy Your

Christmas Gifts

Be Sure to See the Variety of Xmas

Gifts for Carolina Men

at the

Book Exchange

Y. M. C. A. Building



Yep, Find the Lucky Gail

Who's gonna have the Girl's Number of the CAROLINA BUCCANEER dedicated to her. The Girl's Number is the one issue of the year that the feminine admirers of our noble magazine edit all by their own little selves. Girls from afar and girls nearby lend samples of their wit and humor in making this one of the biggest issues of the year.

A Feature Story by the Illustrious

Hattie Pifflebloom

Will Feature this Issue

*But you ain't heard nothing yet—
listen to this—*

WHAT THE SCANTLY CLAD COLLEGE
GAL AIN'T WEARING THIS WINTER
POLLY PIMPLE'S BEAUTY CHAT
MISS BAREFACT'S ADVICE TO THE
LOVE-LORN

ARTICLE BY GRETA GARBAGE ON
"HOW TO MAKE LOVE AND OTHER THINGS"

And many other priceless literary gems will be found in this issue. If any of you gals out over the state and in sister institutions think you can push a mean pen then why don't you try your hand at writing some hot hokum for the Girlie's Number. The postal authorities tell us that if we put out a Girl's Number like the last one, it'll have to be printed on asbestos paper. So, fall into the trend of the times and be a contributor to the hottest number of the BUCCANEER yet. Funny stories, short jokes, epigrams, paradoxes, puns, drawings, or what have you is the type of stuff that we will need for the Girl's Number of North Carolina's only college comic. ALL CONTRIBUTORS WILL RECEIVE COPIES OF THE BUCCANEER ABSOLUTELY GRATIS, and there are no strings to this offer. BUT all the copy must be in the hands of the Editor by midnight February 1, 1930. All art and literary material must be sent direct to the Editor of the BUCCANEER, box 831, Chapel Hill, N. C. Drawings must be in India ink and drawn on white paper not larger than 8x10 inches. *All work must be original.* Any girl may submit copy.

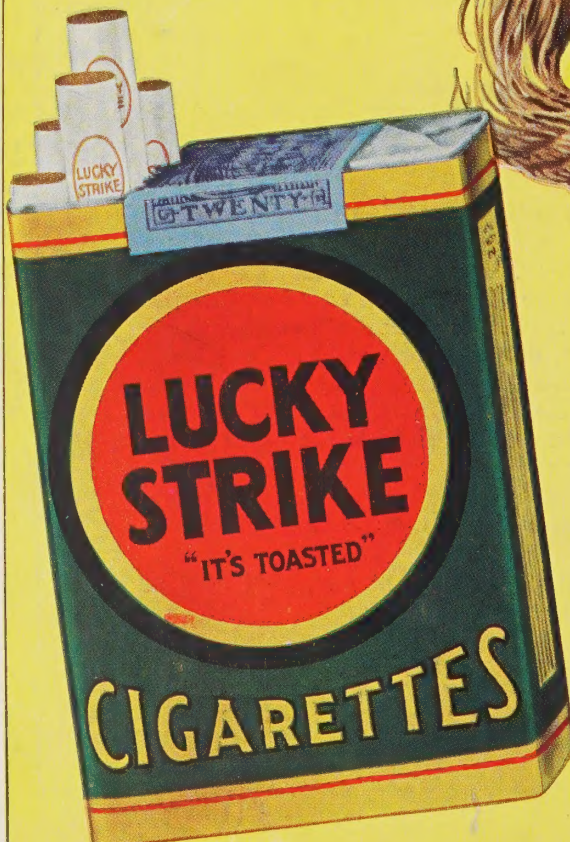
If the boy friend laughs at what you say, send it on to us; if he smiles at you, send us your picture. All copy must be initialed unless otherwise requested. Snapshots of contributors are desired. Pictures of all contributors will be published and the issue will be dedicated to the prettiest girl. Get your copy in pronto! We have already received a large amount and the editor wishes to deal fairly, in the words of Jurgen, by every one—WE THANK YOU.



AN ANCIENT PREJUDICE HAS BEEN REMOVED



AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE
has cultivated the fertile field of op-
portunity and invites everyone to
roam in search of desired pursuits.
Nothing remains of that ancient
prejudice which bound the appren-
tice, without choice, to his career.



"TOASTING DID IT"—

*Gone is that ancient prejudice against cigarettes
—Progress has been made. We removed the preju-
dice against cigarettes when we removed from
the tobaccos harmful corrosive ACRIDS (pungent
irritants) present in cigarettes manufactured in
the old-fashioned way. Thus "TOASTING" has
destroyed that ancient prejudice against cigarette
smoking by men and by women.*

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.



THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

ITAPHONE
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6

TODAY!
ALL-TALKING
NUMBER 1

GIL PEARSON



How Printing Helps Your Business

PRINTING is like money: The more you put it into service the greater its value enhances. The great manufacturing corporations as well as the minor ones know that progress would cease should they eliminate PRINTING from their daily endeavor to achieve. They readily realize the significance of advertising in relation to selling their products. Without the use of PRINTING who would know their products, their use, value, specification and price? They use printed forms of every description; for factory, for transacting business and to sell their goods. It's the only way to facilitate business routine. Business requires PRINTING and it could not exist and prosper without its use — "IT'S THE MOTHER OF PROGRESS." ¶ There are thousands and thousands of ways in which we can manufacture printing to your advantage; doubtless you are proving its importance every day, and we should like to explain in detail ways that would prove its worth to you. ¶ Thirty years of study, experience and profitable applications of printing to business made us grow — and we are still growing. CHRISTIAN'S PRINTING service signifies more than better printing and reasonable charges. The remarkable record of reorders from our customers for forms planned and printed by us is proof of our ability to satisfy the most exacting clientele. "The harder the job the better we like it."

Without obligation we will gladly discuss
with you your printing problems.

TELEPHONE F-0821

LEGAL FORMS, MENUS, CHECKS
BILLHEADS, STATEMENTS, INVOICES, ENVELOPES
BUSINESS CARDS, LETTERHEADS, SOCIETY STATIONERY, INVITATIONS
FILING CARDS, RULED FORMS, BANK FORMS, CIRCULAR LETTERS, SHIPPING TAGS
ENGRAVED WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS, BOOKS, MAGAZINES, CATALOGS, FOLDERS, BLOTTERS
SCHOOL AND COLLEGE PUBLICATIONS, PACKAGE INSERTS, PLACARDS, BOOKLETS, INSURANCE POLICIES
PROCESS COLOR PRINTING, BLANK BOOKS, POSTAL CARDS, DUPLICATE AND TRIPPLICATE MANIFOLD FORMS
BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENTS, STOCK CERTIFICATES, VOUCHERS AND SPECIAL FORMS, LITHOGRAPHING, WRAPPING
PAPERS, CARBON PAPERS, RUBBER STAMPS AND SEAL PRESSES, CALENDAR PADS, HOUSE ORGANS, PRICE TAGS, SALE BOOKS
PRESCRIPTION BLANKS, CHURCH PROGRAMS, TICKETS, LETTER FILES, LOOSE LEAF DEVICES, NUMBERED PRINTING, DIRECTORIES

CHRISTIAN PRINTING COMPANY • DURHAM, N. C.



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CAROLINA BUCCANEER

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H. N. PATTERSON *Business Manager*

GIL PEARSON *Art Editor*

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Copyrighted 1929 by THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER.

Unfortunate Motorist—"Madam, I fear your puppy is dead. If you will allow me, I will replace the animal."

Owner (icily)—"Sir, you flatter yourself."

—*Dirge.*



Ye Union Man to Prospective Suicide—"Don't kill yourself."

Prospective Suicide—"And why not? Have you a job for me?"

Ye Union Man—"No, but we're boycotting the undertakers this week."

—*Wampus.*

Orchestra Leader—"What key are you playing in?"

Boob—"Skeleton key."

O. L.—"Skeleton key?"

Boob—"Yeh, fits anything." —*Pitt Panther.*



Boy Friend (to girl at dance)—"Didn't I meet you at that awful Van Tusle party last summer?"

Girl Friend—"I believe you did; my name is Van Tusle." —*Wasp.*

FANCY ICES

BLOCK CREAM

Blue Ribbon Ice Cream

DURHAM ICE CREAM
COMPANY

"Made with Pure Cream"

WE MAKE ANY COLOR SCHEMES FOR
FRATERNITY OR SORORITY BANQUETS

Dial L-963

MAIN AT DUKE STREET
DURHAM, N. C.

PUNCHES

SHERBETS

Alumni and Students

*Please Patronize Our
Advertisers*



**In Helping Them You Are
Helping Us**



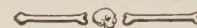
The
Carolina Buccaneer

"I fainted and they brought me to. So I fainted again."

"Why?"

"Well, then they brought me two more."

—*Columns.*



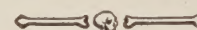
It was in the Old Howard.

An Oriental act had just been concluded and incense filled the house.

"Usher," confided the Features Editor of *The Tech* in an aisle seat, "I smell punk."

"That's all right," whispered the usher, "just sit where you are and no one will notice it."

—*Voo Doo.*



Statement—"I know my girl like a book."

Question—"Between the covers, you mean?"

Answer—"Naw, from beginning to end."

—*Nevada Desert Wolf.*

Students?

Two students were uncertainly flivvering their way home.

"Bill," says Henry, "I wancha be ver careful. Firs' thing ya know you'll have us ina ditch."

"Me?" said Bill astonished and badly shaken up, "Why, I thought you was driving."

—*Kitty Kat.*



To tell if an ostrich is a male or female:
tell it a joke.

If he laughs, it's a male.

If she laughs, it's a female.

—*Pointer.*



Jim—"Talk about rating! Sally just let me have ten bucks."

Slim—"That's nothin', I've got a married woman sending me through school."

Jim—"Tha hell! Who is it?"

Slim—"My mother."

—*Purple Parrot.*

CAROLINA THEATRE

ONE OF THE PUBLIX SAENGER THEATRES

We're Not Shouting

—but where there's popularity there must be merit and the Carolina's popularity must be deserved. Here's why . . . on each CAROLINA program every unit is an entertainment hit . . . selected with the utmost care. Depend on THE CAROLINA for perfect programs.

Jan. 27th

Harold Lloyd
in

WELCOME DANGER

Jan. 28th

Ramon Novarro
in

DEVIL MAY CARE

Jan. 29th

Norma Talmadge
in

NEW YORK NIGHTS

Jan. 30th

Pauline Frederick
in

EVIDENCE

Jan. 31st

Helen Morgan
in

APPLAUSE

Feb. 1st

Warner Baxter
in

ROMANCE OF THE
RIO GRANDE

Also added comedies, novelties, and the latest news reels, showing the great events of the day.

Judge—"And what makes you think he was going to kill you?"

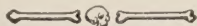
Mid—"Judge, he had a croak in his voice."

—*Satyr.*



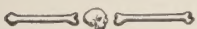
"Don't you ever stop talking?"

"Only ven my hends get cold."



Did you ever realize how much trouble could be caused by an omitted letter? Well, I didn't either until I went down to the hospital to visit Joe Hebblewhite, who is recovering from an accident. After he told me how many stitches had been taken and how many bones set, I asked how it happened. He said a dumb telegraph operator was the cause of it. "And as a result, the train was wrecked," I finished for him. "No," says Joe, "but I wish it had been." "Elucidate," prompts I. "Well," says Joe, "I was out on the road, as traveling salesmen sometimes are, and like the loving husband I am I thought I'd send a wire to the little woman, letting her know when I'd be home. So I wired: 'If I can leave here tonight I'll be home in the morning.' And the wife welcomed me—what I mean, she welcomed me! Look me over." "But where does the telegraph operator come in?" "Well, the dumb bunny forgot to send the last e in here!"

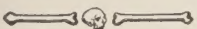
—*Juggler.*



"I think I'll open an office when I graduate."

"I'll probably turn out to be a janitor, myself."

—*Cajoler.*



The Student

Behold the student—

He riseth up early in the morning

And disturbeth the household—

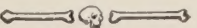
Mighty are his preparations.

He goeth forth full of hope.

When the day is far spent he returneth,

Stained with fountain pen ink, and

The knowledge is not in him. —*Swan.*



Odds and Ends

The natives of Japan never comb their hair while eating breakfast.

If Kansas City were the capital of the U. S. the President would live there.

Unlike other people, Oxford grads always put on their pants before putting on their shoes.

The naturalized citizens of Germany never see the ceiling without looking up at it.

The Italians do not care for gravy with their ice cream.

—*California Pelican.*

College Humor's MONTHLY BULLETIN



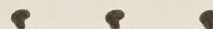
AN All-American magazine for the youth of all America!

In the versatile pages of *College Humor* you will find fiction, sports, styles and the cream of the nation's wit.

This year *College Humor*, with the help of a select group of well known sports judges, has chosen a real All-American team. Leading sports authorities from the four corners of the United States sent in sectional choices to be carefully weighed for All-American possibilities.

In the February issue, one hundred and seventy-six football players receive rightful recognition and honor berths on our All-American and All-Sectional teams.

Once again youth leads the field—and "the magazine with a college education" crosses the line for a touchdown.



TRAVEL DIARIES WANTED

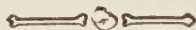
Articles on your travels in Europe, the Orient or our own great Western playground will be acceptable at this time, at our regular rates. Send your manuscripts, with snapshots out of your album of collegiate tours, to the Travel Editor, *College Humor*, 1050 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois. 3,000 words, typed, with return address and postage.

Logic

Nit—"But only God can make a tree."
Wit—"Is that why all the talk about Virgin Forests?"
—*Dirge.*



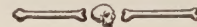
First Student—"Add five Q and five Q."
Second Drunk—"Ten Q."
First Student—"Your welcome."
—*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*



Franklin (in an M-31 class)—"We can easily eliminate all the Betas."
S. A. E.—"Hell, throw out all the Dekes, too."
—*Voo Doo.*

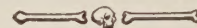
"Have you ever had analyt?"
"I never knew she drank."

—*Colorado Dodo.*



"I don't like to have a date in a taxi."
"Why not?"
"Because with a meter before my eyes I can't go as far as I like."

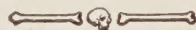
—*Pelican.*



Butter is like Irish children 'cause it comes in little pats.
—*Sun Dial.*

Algy—"Cheerio, Abe old thing, are you feeling chipper this morning?"

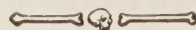
Abe—"Dunt be smot. I ain't chip, I'm economical."
—*Columbia Jester.*



Learning

"And why, Ezra, did you kiss that little Eye-talian girl?"

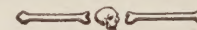
"You said, pap, that I shouldn't let a day go by without I learned something new."
—*Log.*



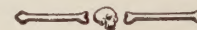
At Ease

He—"Can I take you home?"
She—"Sure, where do you live?"
—*Lion.*

He called her Pacific Highway merely because she had soft shoulders. He knew nothing at all about her dangerous curves.
—*Columns.*



Father—"So you wish my daughter's hand."
Young Man—"Well, not her hand exactly."
—*Pointer.*



"The light of my life has gone out."
"Why, dear?"
"Just to get a drink."
—*Purple Parrot.*

Th-him Song //



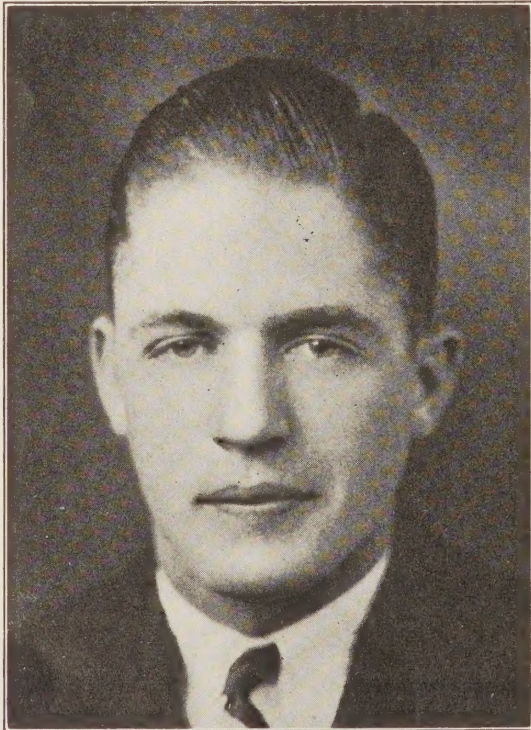
"All Squawky Number"



Who's Who at Carolina

KATHERINE WELLS

of Laurel, Mississippi, attended All Saint's College of that state prior to coming to Carolina. She is a senior, is President of the University Woman's Association and plays guard on the co-ed basketball team.



RAY FARRIS

President of the student body; captain of the 1929 football team; all-state, all-southern and all-American guard, and a member of Golden Fleece. His home is in Charlotte, North Carolina, and he is a member of the Sigma Phi Sigma fraternity.

The Carolina BUCCANEER

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME VII

JANUARY, 1930

NUMBER IV

TO THE TALKIES

Everybody's talking talkies,
No one's happy without squawkies,
Children want to hear Rin Tin
Housewives like to hear the din.
Flappers crowd the movies too,
Just to hear John Gilbert coo.
Spinsters, artists, plumbers, all,
Crowd into these talkie halls,
Just because they can't resist,
The noise that Greta makes when kist.
Business men can't stay at home,
All because of the Vitaphone.
Things have come to such a point
That we can't stand a silent joint.
Soon a day will be coming
When we can hear St. Peter humming;
Or the day is not far off
When we will hear the devil cough.
But until those days we reach,
We must bear this common screech,
And even though we go quite mad
For the talkies we're quite glad.



"There is one woman in this church who has been going around with another woman's husband. If she does not put a five dollar bill or a piece of jewelry in the collection plate, I'll read out her name to the congregation," said the minister. In the collection plates that day were eight five spots, six wrist watches, three necklaces, eleven rings, and a large number of smaller trinkets.



Fond Mother: The crowded situations in the local hospital are outrageous.

Family Quack: Why, I don't know what you mean, madam!

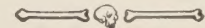
Fond Mother: The attendant told me they had to put my son to sleep with Annie Thesia.

HOLD YOUR POISE

When you're fast asleep some stormy night
And roused by frightful noise,
Even though your heart be filled with fright,
Try to hold your poise.

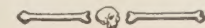
When you visit your best gal some night
To find your roommate basking in her joys,
Even though he show some signs of fright,
Just you hold your poise.

Even when they duck you 'neath the showers—
Clad in that new suit you got from Dad—
Don't look like a bunch of withered flowers;
Be nonchalant—light a Murad!



All Talkie Similes

Inaudible as an all talkie.
Original as a gag writer.
Insignificant as an actress' husband.
Heartless as a censor.
Cocky as William Haines.
Fallacious as a college picture.
Jerky as Lloyd Hamilton's walk.



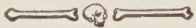
Does a kiss mean anything in a show?
No, that's just film fun.

The talkies had a great year in 1929.
 Yeah?
 Yeah.
 Sez you.
 Sez me.
 Aw, poo-poo pah-do!



"Doing the Boom Boom" is a theme song isn't it?

No, it was written for the Chicago gangsters.



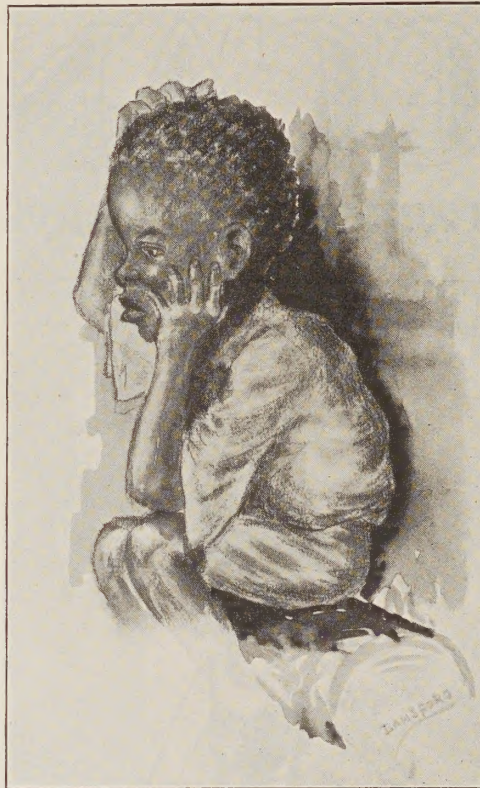
There is some argument about Mary Pickford being queen of the screen but we'll all agree that Castor Oil is sure king of the movies.



"It's the truth that I speak,"
 Says Archibald Green,
 "A girl on the lap
 Is worth two on the screen."



THE SATURDAY NIGHT KID



WHY BRING THAT UP?

JUST PALS

Your presence comforts me each night,
 As in my arms you rest.
 To me, of all your type in sight,
 By far you are the best.

But gently as I stroke your hair,
 And pat your form divine,
 My mind can hardly seem to bear
 To think you're not my kind.

Your presence seems to ease my mind—
 My sorrows seem to end.
 That's why to you I've e'er been kind—
 My dear old Feline friend!



Minister: Aren't you going to kiss the bride?

Actor (after looking at bride): Oh, let my double do it.

Here we sit in perfect bliss,
 Listening to a thrilling kiss.
 All at once a laugh and scoff,
 Oh! Hell! The sound is off.



And why don't you ever go to a show?
 Well, you see, I'm a show reviewer.

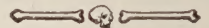


What do you think of the talkies, Algy?
 I never studied foreign languages.

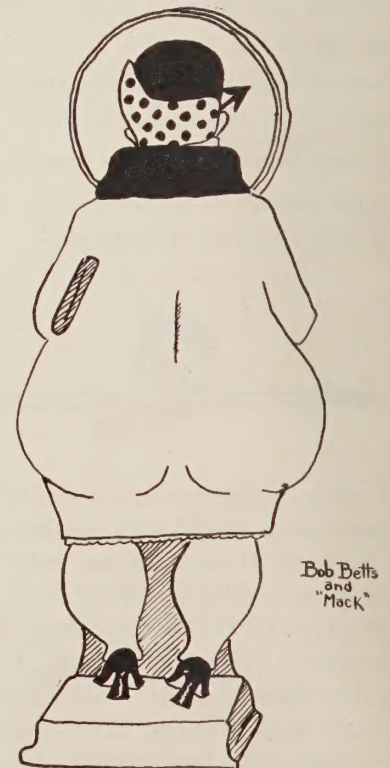


Who played in the picture "The Barker?"

I think it was Rin Tin Tin.



"There is something in that too," said the Freshman as he looked up at the bird's nest.



THE WAY OF ALL FLESH



Dedication

*My heart-in-eyes seeks out the flame
That tells me You are there;
And when I see it,
Drab doubt and care depart,
And joy plays wantonly.*

*Your friendly loyalty to me
I question not,
For I would keep the vision
That now is mine;*

*And through the years
Would ever feed
The slender flame
Which leads my pilgrim feet
Up to Your shrine.*



Synchronized with Sound Effects

A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS

ACT ONE

Time: Just any old time.

Place: In a deserted graveyard. 'Awkshaw, the detecatif, and Bury Bim are sitting on a tombstone playing tit-tat-to, they vary this with an occasional game of tiddledewinks with man-hole covers. Burly Bim is slowly munching a few sticks of dynamite and sipping nitric acid.

'Awkshaw: Barley is dead.

Bim: Yes, speaking of that, how do you like Mencken?

'Awkshaw: I never Mencked, but I've got to find him.

Bim: Then you're in the right place, they buried him here today. Start excavating.

'Awkshaw: I've got to find the murderer, not Barley.

Bim: Well, let's have a little order while we figure this thing out.

'Awkshaw: Order? Certainly, I'll have a hamburger steak with onions.

Bim: Order, I said.

'Awkshaw: Hamburger, I said.

Bim (pulling peg out of ground): Oh well have your whey. Here's your stake.

'Awkshaw: Oh by the way, how do you like golfing?

Bim: You can't catch me on that I never read anything by these modern poets.

'Awkshaw: I forgot to mention it, but Barley is dead.

(Curtain in time to protect the actors from a volley of ripe eggs)

ACT TWO

Omitted by request of publishers.

ACT THREE

Time: About that time.

Place: A deserted castle in Ockoslotskovaniavitchsky. 'Awkshaw is minutely examining the room with a large magnifying

glass. Suddenly he stops and picks up a black object and at the same time emitting a scream of delight.

'Awkshaw: I knew I had left that damn cigar butt in this room somewhere. But now I have my butt.

Bim (who has just entered): But what.

'Awkshaw: I was just discussing what the butt end of a billy goat is.

Bim: Cow shud I know?

Curtain

ACT FOUR

Lost in the mail (thank God).

ACT FIVE

Time: Same time.

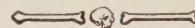
Place: Different place.

Bim: Have you seen the mail today?

'Awkshaw: No, but I've been looking over the females.

(Note: A portion of this act has been censored.)

The End



Two middle aged women went to a "talkie" one afternoon. The apparatus suddenly ceased to function properly and the sound was ahead of the picture. One of the women nudged the other and said: "That reminds me of you; always talking ahead of everybody else, even your own self."

Shortly afterwards the sound came after the action. This time the other woman returned the compliment: "Now that reminds me of you; you are always blabbing and saying nothing."



Joe: Where have you been for the past few days?

Dizzy Sue: I've been sick in bed with the doctor.

Joe: Oh the lucky doctor!



JOHN AND GRETA GET TOGETHER FOR AN ALL-SQUAWKIE

just another yarn

by sulkie

with all undue apologies to those people who have plagiarized my stolen ideas and regrets and sympathy for those people who are wasting their valuable moments which might be more profitably spent in getting a little much needed beauty sleep it behooves me to tell the unsuspecting world about the adventures of the freshman who did not pass three courses but went home nevertheless during the christmas vacation to tell the folks back in podunk nebraska what real college life was like and when his old man met him at the station and took him to the old homestead he was not disappointed when the town band did not greet him and no one made any reference to his new and very conspicuous suspenders but he decided that he perhaps had better get a rest while home and so when he reached the ole homestead toward which he had started some few lines above he did not know whether they were going to kill the fatted calf or leave it to him to shoot the bull but he entered the house undaunted and was very much surprised at the radical changes that had taken place since he had left some three months ago but no his sister had not been married off as he found her very much at home and as much a pest as ever since the father had been granted the privileges of the home and had been allowed to take his meals in the house after the family had eaten of course and that he had received a new pup tent to sleep under in the back yard where mother had made him sleep ever since the tenth child had arrived upon the scene and she had become convinced that it was all his fault that there was no room in the two room cottage beside the waterfall that they had moved into when they were married some twenty years back and so of course she had finally asserted herself and declared that she would put father in his place but now here i am running back and telling you gentle reader if you have continued to waste your valuable time all about my heros life history when i really started to tell you of some of his vacation adventures however to get back to our hero we find that his

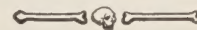


Steno: Well, boss, I have another position—

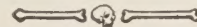
Boss: Come in then, and close the door.

father had a great surprise in store for him which he said he would show him out in the back yard as soon as they could tear themselves away from the dear mother who had launched upon a tirade about her darling sons escapades at the university where he said he had been co edding with a girl and even admitted having been wont to spend ten twenty thirty and sometimes even as much as forty cents a week on the girl friend but they finally tore themselves away and went out into the back yard where the old gent showed him his new pup tent and then warned him to prepare to see the surprise and no the cow had not had a calf and no there was no new cot with sheets in the tent but what ho father had found a copy of college humor while out pawing over the neighbors garbage pails and had hidden same literary work

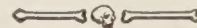
under the fresh hay that he slept upon and added that he had hopes of becoming collegiate himself as soon as mr van prune discarded his old suspenders and thus it was that our hero spent his short little vacation at home tho of course i almost forgot to tell you that he had a little incident happen on his way back to school as he rode on the train underneath of course and broke his leg in three places indiana michigan and ohio but how he got to these places we have no clues as he did not have a through ticket but he did not worry about so minor a detail as he felt that he had ample time for a rest cure as he was going to stay at school until june that is i just remembered that he had been shipped a week before the vacation because he had refused to drink with the president and the insult had been keenly felt by the authorities but he had decided to stay on the campus and learn to drink so that some day he would be able to hold his liquor as well as the president and then if dame fortune favored him he too would become a college president as he remembered that it all went back to the old proverb its all in knowing how.



Here lies the body of Jimmy Neal—
His voice changed in the last reel.



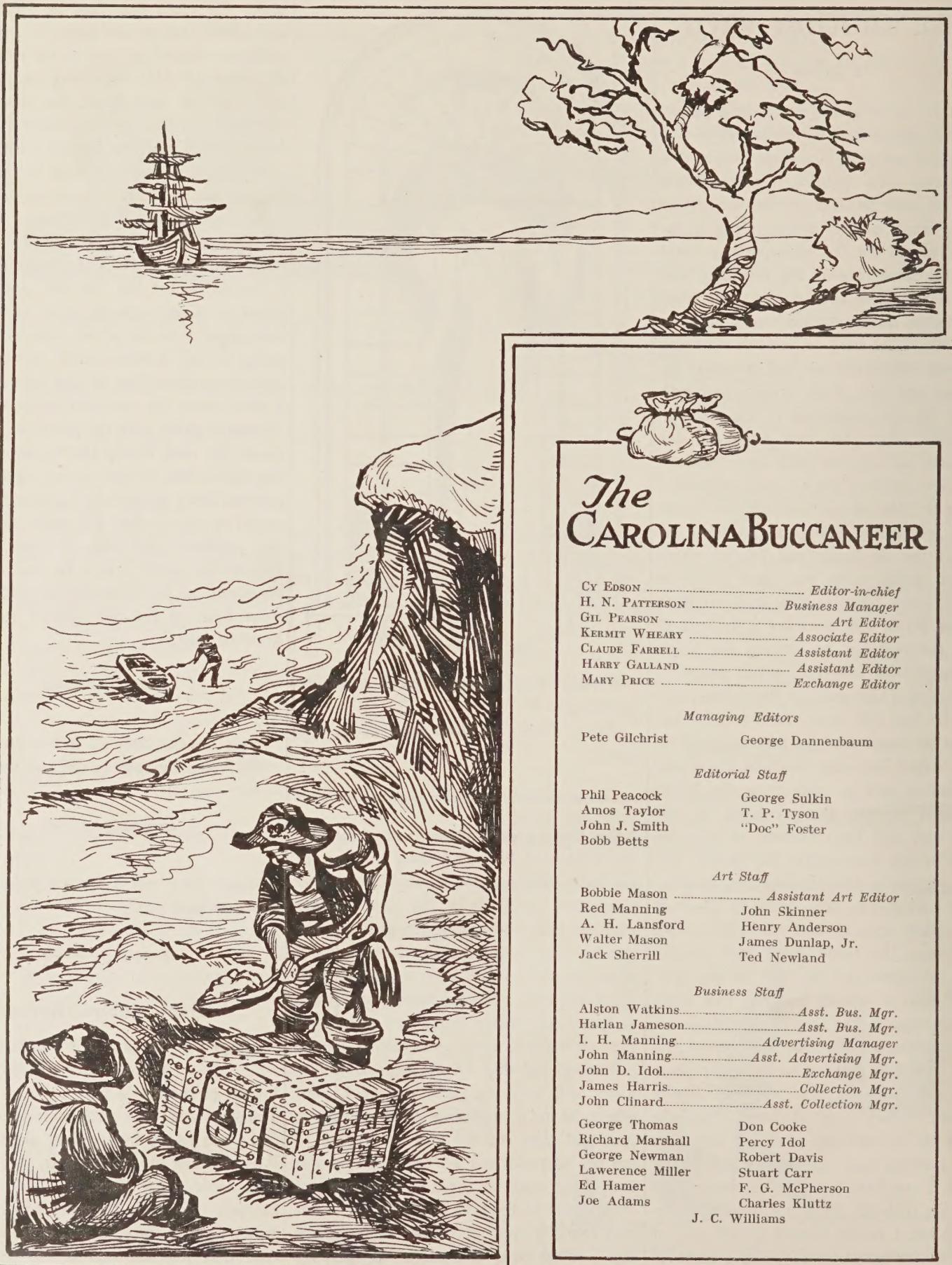
Would you call a female pedestrian a street walker?



A. Sap's Fables (Revised)

(Lispd to the tune of, "I went to the animal fair.")

I went to the movie fair,
The stars and their molls were there,
Old Chon Laney by the light of the moon,
Was combing his fearful hair.
Bull Montan got tight,
Stepped into Jack Dempsey's right,
Jack's right to the chin sent Bull for a spin,
And that was the end of the mink, the monk.



The CAROLINA BUCCANEER

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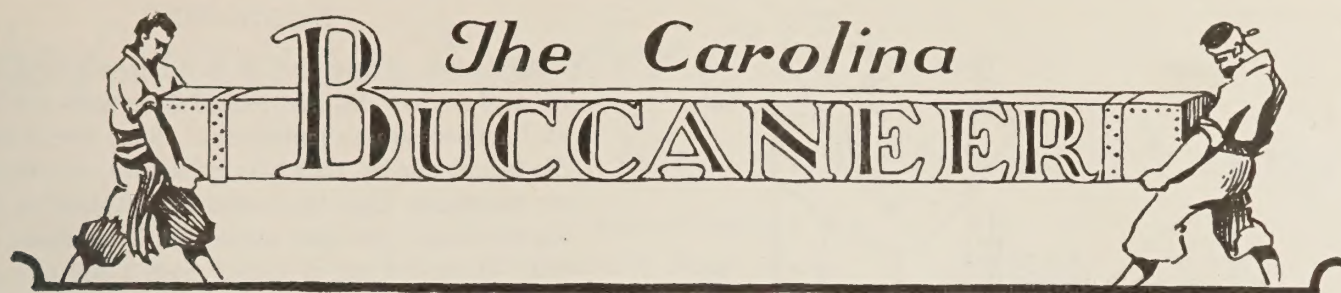
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Captain Kid Sez—

SINCE the talkies have taken the public by storm and now have everyone by his respective ears, it seems not only befitting but necessary that we pay homage to this great voice that moves millions to tears and laughter, moves them from thoughts of hate to thoughts of love and moves them from one seat to another. So with simple dedicatory ceremonies we place this humble offering at the shrine of this tin god, Canned Voice. To the best of our knowledge, this is the first time in the history of Education that a College Humorous Publication has dedicated a number to the great god, Canned Voice.

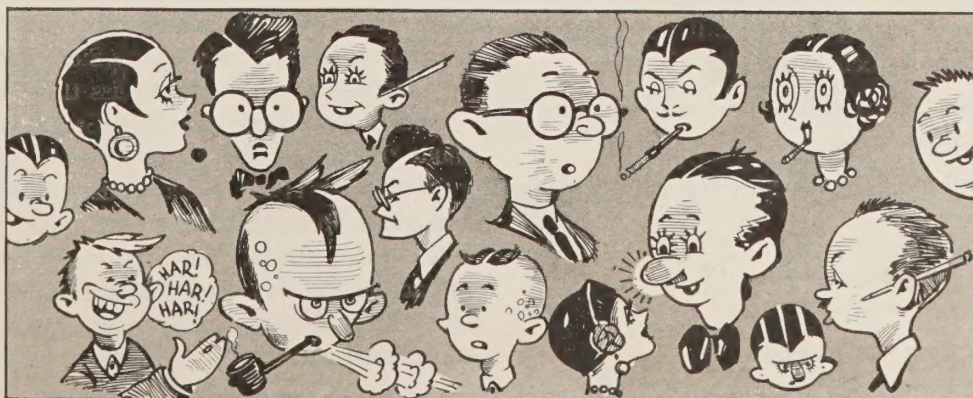
The Talkies is a wonderful, yea stupendous, yea gigantic, yea magnanimous invention!! Through them it has been made possible to see as well as hear people, animals and things not actually present in mind and matter. And yet, if we would consult the Bible we would soon discover that the All-Talkies have been here quite a while and are not a recent innovation as many would suppose. Adam is responsible for the first All-Talkie because was it not from his rib that Eve was formed? Eve may have been the first All-Talkie to infest the earth but the Carolina Coed is by far the loudest. The type of All-Talkie that Adam inflicted upon humanity (men) is a rather sensitive apparatus that starts without premonition or warning and talks continuously and meaninglessly and cannot be stopped at will but must be permitted to run uninterrupted until it gives out of words or the talking apparatus becomes fatigued. The college professor, the best girl's mother, and the village barber are other forms of all-talkies.

The talkies is by no means perfect. It is yet in a rough stage of development. Time and time alone will produce the rich fruits that the Talkies have in store for the ear-minded public. Who knows, why maybe even this very year will add many new and phenomenal wrinkles to the smooth and unfurrowed brow of the tin god, Canned Voice. Since the talkies is but a fondling in the arms of its inventors and since it is as yet immature in its development we have a few timely suggestions that may greatly increase its popularity. In the first place, there are certain sounds that no talkie has yet reproduced and for which the audience is longing and craving to hear. What could be more pleasing to the ear than the soft mellow notes of the whiffle lowly crooning to the ziffer-bird on a summer's day. Why not produce such sounds as this which are heard only once in a great while rather than the human voice that can be heard all the time. Other such desired sounds as the whiffle note are the dainty "tinkle-tinkle" of a pin falling in a boiler factory, the merry "splish-splash" of emerald waves dancing on the shore and light "trip-trip" of a dinosaur gaily tip-toeing through the tulips. We are tired of the already overdone sounds such as infants crying, Rin-tin-tins howling at murderers, and cows drawing their hind feet out of the mud (kissing effects). We want newer and more euphonious sounds as those suggested above.

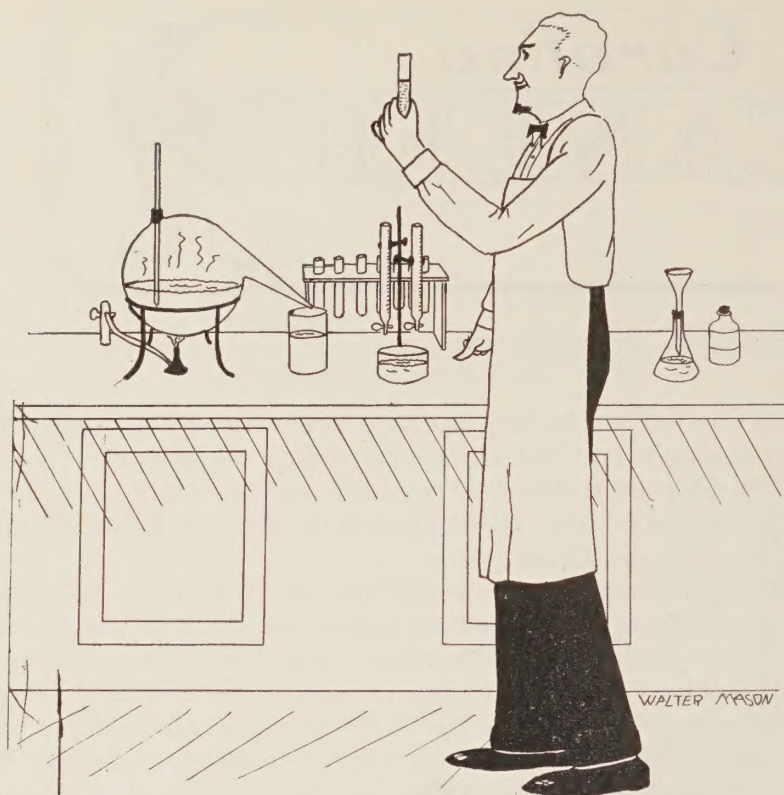


OUR CONTRIBUTORS

A. T. Hickins
L. R. Risdon
"Mack" Webb



Katherine Noland
James Sawyer
Ann Nonymous



PLUTO PERFECTS THE FIRST MOVIE

ALL TALKIE PREDICTIONS FOR 1930

Two stars will reveal a secret marriage.

Too many stars will seek a divorce.

Al Jolson will make another talkie with Davey Lee and sing another "sonny boy" hit.

Some star will appear in a "first all talkie picture."

A director will produce a phenomenal picture that will far surpass any production of 1929.

Some producer will discover another Valentino who will steal the hearts of all the flappers.

There will be another Hollywood scandal.

The stars will get together for another Hollywood revue that will be worse than that in 1929.

Another all talking and singing picture will be filmed that will illustrate the great strides being made by Vitaphone.

Greta Garbo and John Gilbert will make another picture in which they will bull and cow ample.

We will all get "sucked in" on the supposedly best all talking pictures of 1930.



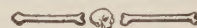
The shows have gone from bad to voice.

SWAN SONG

All is lost. Where once I was a leader in a glorious clique, I am now despised, looked down upon and laughed at. I am once again common clay. All my woe is traced to the talking movies, they have ruined me, my friends and my profession. Once the columnists delighted in discussing me—now I am never mentioned. Truly spake he who said "Dame Fortune is fickle." Soon I will blot out my own life just as I would like to blot out the lives of the talkie magnates, who have caused all this misfortune.

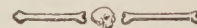
Woe is me! Woe is me!

Let my headstone be simple—on it cut "Here lies the greatest of all movie subtitle readers."



Well, old tomato, how did you come out on your 'exam'?

Star quarterback and passer: I tried to pass but failed.



You Can't Beat a Scotchman

Chemist: You can't drink this stuff Sandy it will make you blind; here, I'll pour it in the sink.

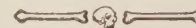
Sandy: Hold on here, I'll give it to a friend of mine who is blind already.



It is a safe bet that a man who argues with a woman is dumb as hell or he either has some time to kill.



If there is anything worse than a bum "movie" it's a bum Vitaphone picture—you can't even go to sleep there.



Pleezeyou Theatre This Week

Monday—Al Jol's son in "Say It With Showers," supported by the Sunshine Six. Snappy musical review. Plenty of wet numbers, such as "Let It Rain, Let It Pour," cause "I'm Singing in the Bath-tub" with "My Sunny Side Up." Lots of lightning and thunder; by all means don't miss this show.

Added Attraction—He sops Stable—no need to add more about this.

Tuesday—"Three Weak Ends." The famous freshman and sophomore brothers. 100 per cent squaking. Fast moving comedy with lots of action. The Sophomore brothers furnish most of the action for this show but are supported by the Freshman brothers in details. Besides offering amusement this is of real educational value.

The Carolina Murder Case—

or Who Killed Oswald Hemmingpoof

By PETE GILCHRIST

Illustrated by Bobbie Mason

THE STORY SO FAR

Oswald Hemmingpoof, the President of the Podunk County Club was found brutally murdered beside the Old Well. As a result of this dastardly deed the whole campus was thrown into an uproar. The President of the University realizing that something must be done to solve this crime authorizes District Attorney Pottedham to go to New York and hire the great detective Phillup Pance, to come and solve the mystery surrounding Oswald's demise. The eminent sleuth after much deliberation decides to handle the case and upon arrival in Chapel Hill overhears Sally Pattica, the belle of Carolina, say something about killing someone. He at once suspects the beautiful Sally. Conn Vent, the mad student, and Percy Verance, Oswald's room mate are other suspects that the famed gumshoe has under his eagle eye. While attending the Why Bit a Pi sorority dance at Carolina Inn Phillup Pance hears Conn Vent in a fit of rage say that he killed Os. Upon cross-questioning Conn the detective finds that Conn did not kill Oswald or is at least led to think that the mad student did not kill Oswald. In the middle of this same dance Sally Pattica forces Percy Verance to take her to the cemetery. Upon arrival at the grave she tells Percy to start digging until he uncovers Oswald's coffin, but when she shines her flashlight on the grave she only sees a gaping hole—the coffin has been removed. She shrieks with horror and amazements and faints. Now to go on with the story.

CHAPTER X

When Sally fainted the first move that Percy made was in the direction of his parked car, but steeling himself to the task he hurried to the side of the unconscious Sally lifted her in his arms and carried her quickly to the struggle-buggy. Not once did Percy remove his foot from the accelerator until finally he reached the great whitway in front of Pattersons. Dashing inside he interrupted three pool games and several *Yackety Yack* appointments as he bought aspirin tablets and ammonia dopes. Hurrying back out to his parked car he took two of the aspirin, drank the dope, threw the car into second and was off down the street. Ten minutes later Sally was revived by the air whistling through her ears. She moaned and looked up at the escort who was at the time busy driving the car.

"Where is Oswald's coffin" she murmured, as she sat erect in the seat?"

"It was gone, don't you remember how you shrieked when you saw it was gone."

"Oh, yes," she managed to say, "but that does not help me,

I have got to get to the body it had got a locket about its neck with a note in it that says I will kill him if he two-times me. Suppose that fathead detective had found that note I would get the hot squat. And another thing you keep your damned pan closed about our little incident or I am liable to give this town another mystery. I have half a mind to anyway—there are plenty more issues of the BUCCANEER to solve it. Hey, you dummey take me back to the shack I don't want to go back to that brawl—it is worse than a fight and anyway I want a big drink."

As Percy let Sally out at the sorority house he felt the cold barrel of an automatic against his perspiring forehead, and he heard her whisper these words:

"One word about tonight and Oswald and you will either be tuning harps or shoveling coal together!"

As Percy drove home an awful fear came over him. Why had Sally changed so in the last few days? Why had she acted thusly? Was she telling the truth about the locket? WAS THE HEMMINGPOOF MURDER CASE NEARING COMPLETION! Was the murderer a beautiful girl?

CHAPTER XI

Phillup Pance, the great detective sat in his room in the Carolina Inn and puffed his black pipe. Before him spread out upon a table was all of the possible clues and suggestions which might lead to the solution of the Hemmingpoof



"And there sat Oswald Hemmingpoof, alive, loudly inhaling a plate of beans."

mystery. Slowly he fingered his notebook which contained all kinds of information. As he turned the pages he suddenly stopped and muttered to himself, "Why did Sally Pattica eat hash on October 21, and why did she suddenly leave Gooches without paying her bill? "I also note here that Percy Verance wears a number eleven shoe, and here I see that Conn Vent is very fond of working late in the evening in his room. I think I will have to pay Mr. Conn Vent a visit."

Conn Vent was busy in his room; he was so busy in fact that he had forgotten to lock his door—a thing which he had never forgotten before. Slowly the mad student moved about his room. "Ha, ha!" he laughed hysterically, "I heard people say that Oswald's blood was blue, but I know differently. It is red, red, red." As Conn said this his face took on a weird expression. "And people say that Percy Verance his old room mate has blue blood well we shall see. I think maybe I can get a sample of his too, but it will be a little harder this time." With a flourish the mad student picked up a knife and started for the door. Quickly he flung the door open and hurried into the hall just in time to step on someone just outside the door disguised as an umbrella stand.

"Who are you?" asked Conn as he looked at the person suspiciously.

As quick as a Chapel Hill fire truck the umbrella stand discarded its disguise and there before the astounded youth was the world's foremost detective. "Ha, I see you are leaving, but before you go I would like to see about your room," chuckled Phillup Pance.

"You can't go in! You can't, you can't!!" shrieked Conn, "you want to steal my collection of birds' eggs. You want to eat my collection of gum drops. You can't go in!! I will have you arrested if you put one foot across that threshold."

The last sentence was useless because the detective had been in the room for the past four minutes. He peered here and there. His eyes seemed to ferret out every nook and cranny of the room. Suddenly he stopped dead in his track (dead still) and picked up a small silver locket from the table in the center of the room.

"Where did you get this?" he asked as he picked it up and opened it. "Ha, I think that I have found something. Ha, I see in it the beautiful face of Sally Pattica. Ha, I see the scrap of a probable love note. What is this? What does it say here? Conn Vent where did you get this? TELL ME!! WHY I HAVE ENOUGH EVIDENCE RIGHT HERE TO SEND SALLY PATTICA TO JAIL FOR LIFE IF NOT LONGER!!"

Conn Vent seemed dazed at first at the extraordinary discovery of the detective, but managed to control himself.

"Where did you get this locket?" repeated the detective.

"I found it, I found it, I found it," sang Conn as he danced about his room. "I found it in Memorial Hall—oh what a memorial day."

"Tell me the truth!" Where did you find this?" persisted the detective, "I'm not fooling! I will blow your brains out if you do not tell me the truth."

At the sight of the detective's pistol, Conn Vent seemed to calm.

"I'll tell you if you don't tell more than ten people. Will you make this promise. Shhh—I found that locket about the neck of Oswald Hemmingpoof!"

"Ha!" said the detective, "now we are getting somewhere. But how did you find it there? Where did you see him?"

"I dug him up because I wanted to see if he had blue blood in his veins. Ha,ha,ha,ha!—and when I found he did not I was mad, mad, MAD!!! So I stole this locket from him. He will never miss it."

"But what did you do with Oswald after you got the locket!"

"Oh, I sank him again. It was as easy as sinking a putt. Just gave him a push and down he went—plop!"

"Well I think that I have solved the murder of Oswald Hemmingpoof," replied the great detective, "but first I must make certain. I have a few more details which I would like to go over before I am certain. BUT I think that this locket will solve the case. I even think that by this time tomorrow the criminal will be incarcerated."

CHAPTER XII

The scene is Chapel Hill's main street. The time is about seven-thirty in the evening. Just after one has finished the last meal of the day and cannot decide whether to go see Greta Garbo grab John or whether to go home and grab a text book. The street is seething with its usual humanity as they rush about from store to store trying to find where dopes are the cheapest, or the place where the *Saturday Evening Post* comes out on Tuesday. Gooches is well filled and doing a good business to its usual clientele of soup tippers. Again fate is pulling the strings of destiny. For up the street can be seen the slight form of Sally Pattica as she wiggles along. While from the opposite side of the street can be seen the sprightly form of Percy Verance as he ankles along. While who should be in the middle of the stage or standing in front of the cafe but Conn Vent. These three have grown to have a rather hostile acquaintance with each other since the demise of Ossie and so when they all get together there seems to be an air of suppressed suspicion on the part of each member of the triangle. Sally Pattica was aware of the doubt of her innocence in the mind of Percy but she was not so sure that Conn Vent had given her more than passing interest. Nevertheless she looked upon them both with shifting doubt.

Conn Vent was busy trying to decide whether to have shoe string or french fried potatoes with his supper or not and had just decided in favor of the latter when he remembered that he had already eaten supper, but nevertheless he made a note on an envelope in order not to have to redecide on the following evening. He had just written his momentous decision when he happened to look in the cafe, and whom should he see but Oswald Hemmingpoof, not only alive, but eating beans! Conn rubbed first one eye and then the other then he rubbed them both at the same time. Then he would close one eye, then the other, and then both of them, but he could not see when both

Continued on page 28



WHY I GAVE UP SHOWS

Because Helen Kane says, "poop poop a doop." . . . Because Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe say, "oh yeah and yeah, and sez you and sez me." . . .

Because half the first reel is taken up with the name of the director, producer, playwright, technicians, and etc. . . . Because I don't give a damn about 'em. . . . Because the shows are too long. . . . Because I can't understand what they say in a "talkie." . . . Because Louise Fazenda terrifies me with her screams. . . . Because the stars need a double when a song is to be sung. . . . Because the doubles are worse than the stars.

Because they always undress Alice White. . . . Because that doesn't help the situation.

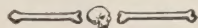
Because shows no longer have plots. . . . Because they merely have theme songs. . . . Because the theme songs are lousy. . . . Because they are bringing the stage to the screen.

Because I can't believe what the reviews say about the shows. . . . Because they review rotten shows. . . . Because picture shows cost too much.

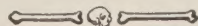


His Majesty Stamps the Royal Seal on the Document

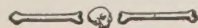
Hollywood marriages are failures.
Not failures—the contract expires after the first production.



Mr. Fly, without doubt, is one of our greatest screen actors.



I hear that you can see "The Four Horsemen" for half price.
Yeah? And how can they afford that without losing money?
Oh, they revised it and are using only two horses.



He (proudly): I played in Ben Hur.
She (contemptuously): Yes, I thought I recognized you; you were one of the chariots in the races, weren't you?



RIDING THE SURF



WE NOMINATE FOR ALL-AMERICAN FULLBACK

Pretty ticket-seller: Why do you want to get in for half price?

An old Scotchman: Weel, I'm deaf in one ear and can't hear but half what is said, Miss.



Karl Kampus (over telephone): Well, Lucky Strike, I'll see you later.

Joe Kollege: Who and why are you calling someone Lucky Strike?

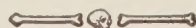
Karl Kampus: Why, that's my girl. She had a Lucky Strike when she struck me for a beau.



Old Bachelor: Women and the "talkies" remind me of one another.

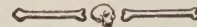
Young married man: How's that? I don't see a bit of resemblance between the two.

Old bachelor: The "talkies" are always trying to say something and can't. The result is a lot of noise. Women, of course, are the same way.



You can trust a skunk to hold up its end in anything.

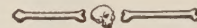
We called her "Fire" cause she was easy to make but hard to put out.



Conductor on street car: You'll have to pay full fare lady, that kid's over five.

Lady: But I haven't been married but four years.

Conductor: Forget the confession story, lady, all I want is the



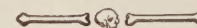
Now that girls have gone back to long dresses the only thing for us fellows to do is to use our imagination.



Huckle: You sure have got dandruff Berry (brushing a white speck from Berry's shoulder).

Berry: Yes, and how did you find that out.

Huckle: Oh, a little bird told me.



Then there was the drunk, who after seeing an all talkie picture, went around to the stage door to see the chorus girls come out.



BED-TIME IN THE HAREM
Sultan: Allah, Give Me Strength!

Love It or Not

By GIL PEARSON



The Professor

Article I: is it or is it not? so potential a question baffles the scientists of today. each long whiskered individual has been given a crack at attempting to credit the existence of the object before in question. thorough analysis of the physical properties of the

object had not only proved futile to the cause but had added to the profound mysterious aloofness that it maintained. what was it? why was it? and who gave a damn about it? such questions face the board of scientists which comprise the american association of civil scientists, the hungarian association, the norwegian association and the durham police force. thousands were in offering for a disclosure of its nature. "biologically speaking" quoth professor michael von stowsky, on the hungarian staff, "it hasn't got a chance." "yes" whined clarence dittie of the durham force. "it may be an apple" volunteered two other bright men. the professor mentioned the fact that it might be a giraffe whereupon all examined closer. during this operation the door fell down and in came margery keith, the professor's wife. "i have it," she yodeled, "it's a pelican." this brought about a merry laugh all around for it was raining outside.

Article 2 for several weeks the examination continued. the scientists worked steadily without bread or water for they had wine, steaks, potatoes, bananas, cocoa, salt, pepper, and a sandwich apiece to say nothing of a milkshake (without ice). congress was becoming impatient for the final hypothesis for they had endorsed an appropriation involving millions to the cause. buddy rodgers had been around and had claimed that it was a lamp post. he said he sent a lamp by post last xmas.

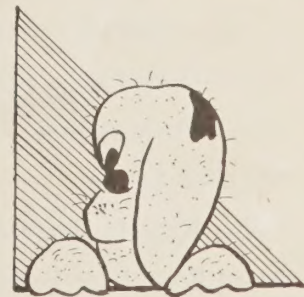
Article 3 Section 6 all was tense. not a pin dropped. All were strained. the clock had stopped. the beatings of the men's hearts sounded like a thousand hushed drums. the professor was pointing to his ear, the other hand was in his mouth "hush" he quoth. outside the salvation army struck up a lively tune. the professor shot himself. in his dying gasp he said "ben turpin owes me forty cents."



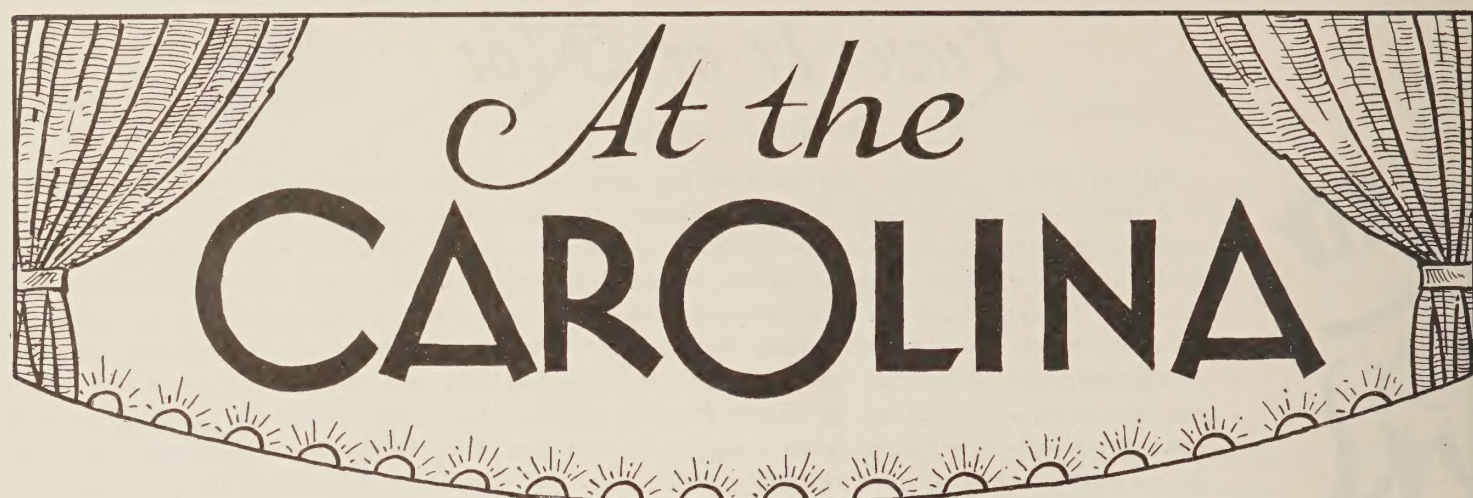
It Was Raining Outside

Article 4 Section 225: the professor was buried with simple ceremony. the distinguished gathering of internationally famous scientists could not waste the time attending the funeral because of the more important issue that faced them. was it this or was is that? a more baffling question had never faced the human race. the question of states rights, the question of whether it is better to have lived and died, unbefriended and unknown than to have lived at all, and the question of who produces the most popular bean, heinz or campbell, these questions are insignificant when considered along with this stupendous question of, is it this or is it that that these eminent scientists are wracking their

brains, tearing their hair and gnashing their false teeth over. the madagascar delegation who had been giving the question their whole and undivided attention suddenly went nuts and had to be carried out in straight-jackets. the ranks of the scientists were thinning fast. there were only a few more delegations left to attempt to solve the question. the hottentot delegation drank up all the ink in the conference room and consequently dyed. Their bodies were stacked up in the corner with those of the afghanistan and beluchistan delegations who had been slaughtered in cold blood by the remaining delegations because they threw too many fits about the room. the hungarian delegation and the durham police force were the only two delegations left to solve this great problem that so many scientists had already sacrificed their lives over. finally the entire discussion and controversy simmered down to a personal debate between von stowsky and clarence dittie. dittie argued that he should receive all the credit should they discover what the object was while von stowsky hotly contended that he himself deserved the credit. The argument became so heated that soon both delegations drew forth their stillettos and set about disintegrating one another. in no time the conference room was void of life save for the flies that were busy speculating. huge pieces of red raw steak were scattered over the room. but even this did not solve the problem. the object was still present in all its mystery. it may be a frog, a pine tree, a montgomery ward catalogue, a yo-yo, three crossword puzzles, or a gallon and a half of corn whiskey. i shouldn't tell you what it is but if you've lasted this far along you deserve to know — three lon chaneys in their first all-talking picture.



The Professor's Dog



Coming Shows—

January 27—TAMING OF THE SHREW, with Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford.

January 28—DEVIL MAY CARE, Ramon Navarro.

January 29—NEW YORK NIGHTS, Norma Talmadge.

January 30—EVIDENCE, Pauline Frederick.

January 31—APPLAUSE, Helen Morgan.

February 1—ROMANCE OF THE RIO GRANDE, Warner Baxter.

February 3—THEIR OWN DESIRE, Norma Shearer.

February 4—THE LAUGHING LADY, Ruth Chatterton.

February 4 and 5—LOVE PARADE, Maurice Chevalier.

February 7—PLAYING AROUND, Alice White.

February 8—BISHOP MURDER CASE, All Star Cast.

OTHER PICTURES FOR FEBRUARY:

SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE, Gary Cooper.

HER PRIVATE AFFAIR

SHOW OF SHOWS

SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE, Richard Dix.

TIGER ROSE, Lupe Velez.

HOT FOR PARIS, Victor McLaughlin.

SALLY, Marilyn Miller.

THE OTHER TOMORROW, Billie Dove.

LOVE COMES ALONG, Bebe Daniels.

STREET OF CHANCE, William Powell.

TAN LEGS, Sally Blane.

SARAH AND SON, Ruth Chatterton.

HIT THE DECK.

GENERAL CRACK, John Barrymore.

WEDDING BELLS, H. P. Warner.

THE CITY GIRL.

LOOSE ANKLES, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Loretta Young.

LOCKED DOORS, William Boyd.

GORGEOUS PARADISE.

SLIGHTLY SCARLET.

THE RIVER END, Helen Morgan.

SHE GOES TO WAR, Eleanor Boardman.

Three Outstanding All-Talkies

Applause

"Applause" has originality in every department—a new freshness and camera technique, direction and masterful acting such as the talking screen has only brought forward heretofore in a few pictures like "Interference" and "Gentlemen of the Press."

All of the old traditions of screen production are swept away in this amazing dramatic confection. It is the best example, so far produced, of what Paramount means by "The New Show World."

The story is based on the successful novel, "Applause" by Beth Brown, former show-girl who has become one of America's favorite fiction writers. It is a story of love, drama and pathos among the people who gain a livelihood on the burlesque stage.

Helen Morgan, one of the stars of Ziegfeld's original "Show Boat," and an actress who is widely known through her phonograph recordings and radio recitals, makes her debut in the leading role.

John Peers, 19, is the lovable young daughter, convent-reared, who faces the pitiless world of reality. She has been on the stage since she was two and a half years of age.

Fuller Mellish, Jr., is the villain. He has appeared on the stage in a number of successes. He is a member of one of England's best known stage families.

Henry Wadsworth shares honors with Joan Peers in the juvenile romance-interest of the show. He has been in a number of legitimate productions in New York.

Dorothy Cumming, who plays the nun, is remembered for her part as the Mother of Christ in "The King of Kings."

Rouben Mamoulian, one of the recent sensations in the ranks of Broadway stage directors, makes his debut as a film director here. He will doubtless become one of the very foremost of talking picture directors as the result of his astounding work with "Applause." The technique he has developed here will have many imitators. It creates an entirely new and vitally appropriate method of talking screen production.

The Love Parade

Maurice Chevalier at the peak of his form in a role and a musical romance setting that couldn't be better for his rare gifts as the screen's leading singer, lover, comedian and personality purveyor. He was a personal sensation in "Innocents of Paris," sweeping all of fandom before him. What he does in "The Love Parade" has already proved a super-panic on Broadway—and what he does to the women movie-goers is nobody's business. It is a dashing, singing, smiling, infectiously captivating role that first entices, then enraptures every beholder.

Jeanette MacDonald heading the supporting cast. A girl with "It" in her voice and in her demeanor. She possesses much of the same magnetic personality and gay, refreshing viewpoint that is Chevalier's. No more fitting choice could have been made for the leading woman for the great French star. No feminine heart in the audience will rebel when the handsome Maurice lays his heart at the well-shod feet of the fair Jeanette in "The Love Parade."

Lupino Lane, well known to movie-goers everywhere; and Lillian Roth, a newcomer to the films, but at 19 a veteran of vodvil, musical comedy and revues, supply the secondary comedy as the valet and maid. Their work received generous cordiality from the New York critics.

The crafty master-strokes of the director, Ernst Lubitsch. Here is a film that has the subtlety, the volatile aliveness that can come from none but a genius at picture-supervision. Lubitsch here sets a mark for many who will try to imitate him.

The whole tone of the picture is one of majestic lavishness of production blended with inspired simplicity and directness of action sequence. The songs fit neatly into the scheme, the plot unravels without a pause or an over-hasty leap, the characters are natural, the comedy is free-flowing and robustious, the satire is spicy, the dialog racy, yet not maudlin—the picture, in sum, is an amazing piece of entertainment, one that marks a high point of achievement in the New Show World.

The Laughing Lady

"The Laughing Lady" is a powerful, human drama played against a background of smart, modern sophistication.

It is the story of a woman who laughed at death, laughed at the irony of fate, laughed at her own breaking heart—but who could not laugh when the chance came to ruin the man who had wrecked her life, because she found that she loved this man more than she hated him. It's a diamond-cut-diamond drama, the story of a man and woman who meet first as enemies, next as friends and finally as lovers.

There are flashes of sparkling humor in it—supplied not so much by dialog as by situation, which is the real test of great playwrighting.

Capitalizing the opportunities offered by the story, Paramount has combined luxury and good taste in the physical properties utilized in staging this new show world production. Sets in the modernistic mode and gowns from New York's smartest modistes reflect the ultra-smart taste of the characters. Modes and manners of New York's most fashionable social group are faithfully reproduced on the screen as atmospheric background for the story.

Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook head the distinguished cast of players assembled for "The Laughing Lady."

Following a brilliant stage career, Miss Chatterton scored decisively as an audible screen player in "The Doctor's Secret," "Madame X," and "Charming Sinners." Her role of the young society matron in this production adds one more characterization to the list of splendid screen portrayals which she has contributed since her film debut.

Clive Brook as the successful New York lawyer, gives a characteristically suave, finished performance. He recently completed the title role of the great detective in "The Return of Sherlock Holmes"; before that, he appeared with Miss Chatterton in "Charming Sinners" and contributed important characterizations to "Interference" and "The Four Feathers."





HOW TO CRASH THE TALKIES

Well, what do you want?

I'm looking for a job.

Then why did you come here?

I thought you might—

No, we don't need any property men.

But let me tell you—

Don't bother, we get our gags from the college comics and the Happiness Boys.

But say, I can—

Of course you can sing, but we don't need any singers, besides all singing sounds alike in the talkies.

I know but you want—

No, no, no, no, I don't need any doubles. We're getting away from them now with all the new stars on the screen.

For Pete's sake, listen to me.

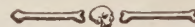
All right, all right, spill it.

I'm the college professor who was kicked out for expressing my views on the Bible.

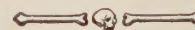
Why didn't you say so? You're just the man we want for our next picture which will depict the true college professor.

POST-HOLIDAY CHATTER

Well, well, here we are, after a pretty hectic vacation (so-called) there's more rest sleeping through classes . . . hi, Bill, how are you . . . had a great time . . . oh, the dames were great . . . passed everything . . . yuh, musta been the holiday spirit that got the profs . . . I got a few crips for this quarter . . . no eight-thirties for this boy . . . I don't enjoy my snooze with a prof lecturing . . . so you flunked one! . . . well, mighta been two . . . oh her. I took her out a coupla times . . . not bad . . . guzzled all vacation . . . it was great to get back to some real stuff . . . corn don't touch this stuff . . . c'mon, let's have a drink . . . hey, waiter, a coupla dopes in a hurry. . . .



Too bad her father was a quack doctor. He got me before I could duck.

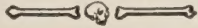


Customer: I'd like to get this check cashed, please.

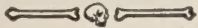
Bank teller: Have you something in your pockets that you can identify yourself with?

Customer: Sure. Here is my photograph.

"I always thought you were a gentleman," she wept as he let her out of his car in front of her house at eleven o'clock, "and now I know it."
—*Ski-u-mah.*

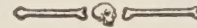


And then there's the one about the Scotch fisherman who married a girl with worms.
—*Kitty Kat.*

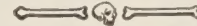


She—"Don't you love dancing?"
He—"Yes, but you don't look like that kind of girl."
—*Voo Doo.*

She—"Don't you love me any more?"
He—"Why, of course, honey."
She—"But I haven't had to slap your face for a week."
—*Widow.*

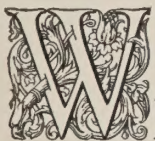


And in parting she said: "Don't you dare come to the door of my room tonight, which is 232 Maricopa Hall, on the second floor, to the right of the stairway, between 9:30 and 10:00 p. m."
—*Kitty Kat.*

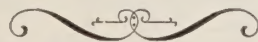


Correct

Professor (in Engineering class)—"What's a dry dock?"
Student—"A physician who won't give out prescriptions."
—*Drexerid.*



WE appreciate the courtesy as well as the cooperation of the student body and will endeavor to give you
That Service That Satisfies



LAUNDRY DEPARTMENT

U. C. S. P.

Telephone 4541 We Answer Promptly

Telephone rings. Receiver is lifted.

"Hello. I want to talk to Sis."

"Sis who?"

"Says me! That's who!"

—Stone Mill.



"Dear God," prayed golden-haired little Willie, "please watch over my mamma."

And then he added as an afterthought—"And I dunno as it would do any harm to keep an eye on papa, too."

—Juggler.



He—"How about having breakfast with me tomorrow?"

Her—"I'd love to."

Him—"Fine—shall I 'phone you or nudge you?"

—Satyr.



Andy: And what are you doing now, Mary?

Mary: Oh I'm making up jokes.

Andy: Working for the *Buccaneer* huh?

Mary: No, I'm running a beauty parlor.

Intelligentsia

"There are several things I can always count on."

"What are they?"

"My fingers."

—Punch Bowl.



First Lawyer—"How would you address a woman jurist who had lost a case?"

Second Inebriate—"Well, I wouldn't say, 'You lose, Your Honor.'"

—Kitty Kat.



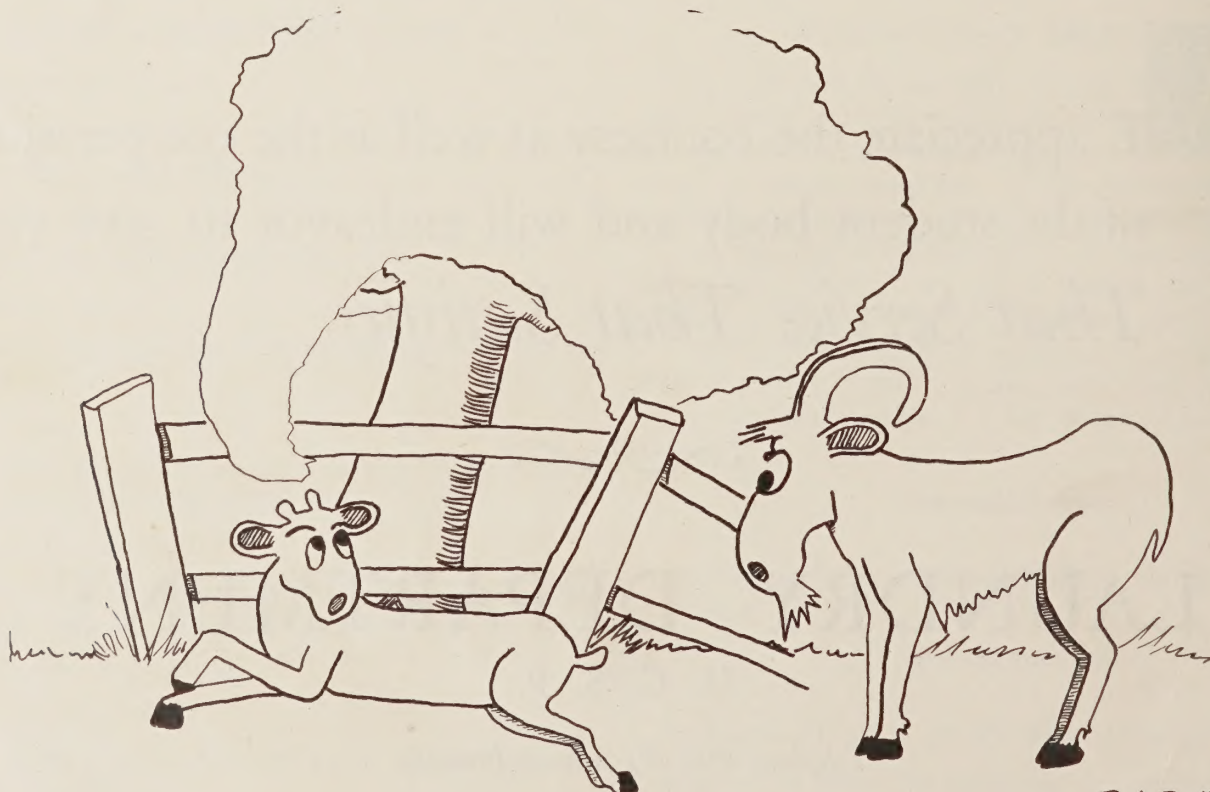
The big game hunter had brought back a male and female monkey as souvenirs of his trip to Africa. Wishing to have them stuffed he brought them to his friend the Taxidermist.

"You want these stuffed?" queried the taxidermist.

"Yes, together," replied the hunter.

"Mounted?"

"No, just shaking hands."



Bob Betts
and
"Mack"

YOU WOULDN'T KID ME, WOULD YOU, MISTER?

NORMA TALMADGE ARGUES FOR SILENT CINEMA LOVE

Though she does not exactly lament the passing of silent films, Norma Talmadge, star of United Artists "New York Nights," to be shown at the CAROLINA Theatre, is sorry that the pictorially beautiful close-ups of love scenes are becoming passe with the perfection of dialogue in pictures.

The star gives two reasons for her assertion that love close-ups are going:

"In the first place, no amount of dialogue can express the sweet, sincere and invariably speechless emotion we call love. In the old pre-talk days we interpreted it by means of expressive eyes, a gesture of the hands and perhaps twenty to thirty feet of film just looking at each other.

"It was these delicate love scenes, so near to real life, that tended to popularize motion pictures.

"At the present stage of sound technique, where every foot of film must be crammed with talk, producers are reluctant to insert a more or less static scene that, from the standpoint of dialogue alone, dies after the first 'I love you'."

Miss Talmadge holds that love is silent and that in real life a wordy proposal is both obsolete and ludicrous.

Her second reason for believing that intimate love scenes are going is the fact, she contends, that they are already absent from many current productions.

"Personally I think spoken lines will spoil the illusion of sweetness in a love scene as it is being handled today in sound pictures, but Mr. Lewis Milestone, who directed me in my scenes with Gilbert Roland in "New York Nights" is positive they have the same sentimental and pictorial quality of the silent film of a few years back."

Others who support the star are John Wray, renowned actor-playwright of New York City, who plays the "heavy," Joe, a character he made famous during the stage presentation of "Tin Pan Alley"; Lilyan Tashman, a one-time Ziegfeld Follies Star, impersonates a typical Broadway chorine, naughty, but with a streak of sentimentality and fairness in her make-up.

Roscoe Karns, as the song-writing partner of Gilbert Roland, plays a drunk role throughout the picture. Mary Doran portrays a chorus girl of great beauty and few scruples.

"New York Nights," under Lewis Milestone's direction, is the first strictly musical picture yet made by United Artists. Underlying a tense drama is a flow of lively comedy and musical gayety.



"THE BEST NATURED MAN"

UNDERNOURISHMENT and a pleasant disposition don't mix. The "best natured man" of the senior class isn't the one who spends his time smiling through a series of minor ills.

Shredded Wheat is the natural breakfast for good-natured college men. It supplies all the vital food elements that keep their spirits

high. It's easy to digest and provides the bran to keep the system clear.

If you want to start the day with a cheerful outlook eat two Shredded Wheat biscuits every morning with good rich milk and plenty of fruit. It clears away those dark mental clouds in a hurry.

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY

SHREDDED WHEAT



"We have a Carpenter dog around our house, Santa Claus brought him."

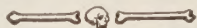
"You have, well what in the world is a Carpenter dog?"

"Well, you see he does little odd jobs around the house."

—*Yellow Jacket.*



"He doesn't need rose-colored glasses . . . his eyes are bloodshot now." —*California Pelican.*



"What do they mean by the 'witching hour'?"

"Don't you know? That's the hour when the wife greets you with 'Which story is it this time'?" —*Tid Bits.*



Tramp at rear—"I'm hungry—I got an awful headache."

Cook—"What you need is exercise. Why don't you take our axe and get at our woodpile?"

Tramp—"I ain't got no splitting headache."
—*DePaww Yellow Cab.*



Plenty Cheap!

Co-ed—"Have you any inexpensive books?"

Salesman—"Well, we have Elinor Glynn's 'Three Weeks' for 95c.

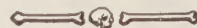
Co-ed—"That certainly is dirt cheap."
—*Pelican.*



"What's in here?" asked the tourist.

"Remains to be seen," responded the guide, as he led the way into the morgue."

—*The Mercury.*



She—"But, dearie, you're holding me tight."

Freshie—"Huh, yuh don't have to tell me. Can't I smell it on your breath a mile away?"

—*Malteaser.*

EXCHANGE DICTIONARY

Quartette: Four singers who each think the other three are rotten.

City Slicker: A modern raincoat.

Pole Vault: A bank in Warsaw.

Snoring: Sheet Music.

Zeppelin—A braggart—a wind bag.

Neckerchief: Head of a sorority house.

Tail Skid: An unfortunate way of landing with a parachute.

Marriage: Public avowal of a strictly private intention.

Vista: In the country, an opening in the landscape through which one can see a billboard.

Grass-Hopper: A dull lawn mower.

Parasite: A person who goes through a revolving door on another person's push.

Soup: Loose hash.

Pedestrian: A girl who won't neck.

Kiss: Man's first cooperative movement.

Love: Exclusive rights; excuse for woman's existence, etc.

Screens: Device used to separate flies from mosquitoes.

Rolling Stone—A night club.

College—Where one spends several thousand dollars for an education and then prays for a holiday to come on a school day.

Sausage—A groundhog.

Laundry Bag—A wash woman.

Bare Knees: A luxury (if you don't believe it, try to get hold of one).

Library: A place where fellows go to see good-looking girls and find co-eds.

Banana Peel: A standing invitation to sit down.

Double Date: A horticultural phenomenon.

Modern Girl: One who can meet the wolf at the door and come out with a fur coat.
—*Yellow Jacket.*

A Bank Book Gives---

For everyone a better chance
to get ahead. If you don't be-
lieve this try keeping a good
bank account working
for you.

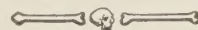


The Bank of Chapel Hill

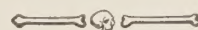
Oldest and Strongest Bank in Orange County

M. C. S. NOBLE, *President* R. L. STROWD, *Vice-President*
M. E. HOGAN, *Cashier*

"Did you ever go to a school for stammerers?"
"N-n-n-o, M-m-mum. I just p-p-picked it up
by m-myself."
—Blue Bucket.



Lady (to little boy)—"My dear, does your
mother know you smoke?"
Small Boy—"Madam, does your husband know
you speak to strange men?"
—Mugwump.



Or Out of Town

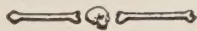
He—"I had to come clear across the room
to see you, so I wanna kiss you."
She—"Gee, I'm glad you weren't in the
next block!"
—Wisconsin Octopus.

—Wisconsin Octopus.

The funniest thing we read all summer was
Graucho Marx's comment on somebody or other's
new book. He said:

"From the minute I picked it up until the
minute I put it down again I was hysterical with
laughter. Some day I hope to read it."

—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.



"So your father is a Southern planter?"

"Yes; he's an undertaker in Atlanta."

—Froth.



"I have eight children—George, Agnes, Sus—"

"My God, you know all their names, too!"

—Yale Record.

Winners of the LEARBURY All-American Football Contest

—who each were awarded a Learbury
Suit and Topcoat for selections closest
to the team chosen by College Humor.

AUBREY H. SELF
U. of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky.

IRVIN BEVILL
North Carolina State, Raleigh, N. C.

J. O. WILLIAMS, JR.
Southern Methodist U. Dallas, Tex.

ARTHUR DEVOS
Ohio Wesleyan U., Delaware, O.

HARRIS EDWARDS
U. of Georgia, Athens, Ga.

PAUL B. KREBS
U. of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.

ROSS CONLEY
Hopewell, W. Va.

ROY J. WINDERS
U. of Iowa, Iowa City, Ia.

EARL RICE
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

C. FURLONG
Milwaukee, Wis.

*Favored by the vast majority of the millions of
well-dressed college men at the games was the
Learbury type of garment.*

Send for Red-Boy Stickers and 1930 style leaflet.

Jack Lipman's University Shop
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

CAROLINA MURDER CASE

Continued from page 16

of his eyes were closed (he found this to be true after several trials). He was so surprised at first that he could not speak, but as he looked he started mumbling and finally managed to yell, "THERE IS OSWALD HEMMINGPOOF, ALIVE!!!"

Now as he blurted out the last statement who should pass but Percy Verance and Sally Pattica. They too stared into the window with awesome looks on their faces. With a hysterical laugh Sally Pattica fainted. Percy on the other hand backed away from the window in amazement then he too rubbed his eyes in amazement. "Why, why I thought that he was dead. I thought that I killed him. I thought that I murdered him in cold blood. I remember it all now, how the last time I saw him alive I hit him again and again. I heard him mutter as he fell that Sally Pattica would never love me because she had promised to be his ball and chain. I remember how I beat all the more as he uttered these last words. And here I find him alive. I must go! I am mad! I must go! I must go!"

"WAIT A MINUTE!"

Percy turned in time to see the form of a man dressed in the flowing robes of the bath at his side. "Just a minute before you go. I would like to arrest you for the murder of Oswald Hemmingpoof! I have always had my doubts about you when I saw the way you courted Sally since the demise of Oswald."

"But who is that in Gooches, asked Percy as he turned to look at the figure inside still busily engaged in beaning.

"That, my dear," replied the detective, "is none other than one of Professor Koch's Playmakers. This little scene was planned to entrap the murderer. I have never been sure since the first which of you was the one. Conn Vent seemed to be the only logical one because I found his tracks about the cemetery, but I also found those of Sally and yourself."

By the time that the detective had finished his little explana-

tion quite a number of students had gathered about him. In the background with his head hung low was none other than Sheriff Corntassle—his spirits were very low over the victory of the one at whom he had poked fun.

Suddenly the crowd parted and there stood the president of the university.

"Mr. Pance," he said, "I want to thank you in behalf of the student body of this school for what you have done. Not only have you brought to justice one of the most despicable murderers our university has ever produced, but you have also afforded public interest, and the best thing you have done is to fill up space in the BUCCANEER. This last statement may seem trivial at this time, but if you have ever read this magazine you will realize the benefaction that you have bestowed upon us by saving us the trouble of reading a whole lot more of those two-line agonies to which we have so accustomed ourselves."

Everything turned out Okelly (not pressing club) in the Carolina Murder Case. Oswald's murder was solved and Percy Verance the murderer got his just desserts—he was shipped from Carolina and told never to enter Chapel Hill again. (He later registered at Duke.) As for Conn Vent he is working over in the medical school and is hacking his way to fame. Sally Pattica realizes now that she could never be happy if her name was Sally Hemmingpoof so she married another student from Podunk County named Moe Tuttlebaum. Phillip Pance has returned to New York where he is again living a life of ease and refinement. He smokes contentedly as he looks up above his mantlepiece and there sees a large key upon whose side is emblazoned the words: "To Phillip Pance the greatest detective that has ever solved a mystery in the town of Chapel Hill, N. C."

Finis

The End

First Truck Driver—"Did you deliberately spit on me?"

Second Tobacco Chewer—"No, I just started to whistle and my mouth wash got in the way."
—Pitt Panther.



Friendly Bootlegger—"Looks like rain."

Collegiate—"Yes, but it tastes faintly like yeast."

—Rice Owl.



Prof.—"What do you find the hardest thing to deal with?"

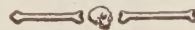
Student—"An old pack of cards."

—Orange Peel.

"What kind of an animal is that?"

"It looks like reindeer."

"Did you hear me ask what kind of animal that was?"
—Chaparral.

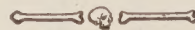


"How's your new girl?"

"Not so good."

"You always were lucky."

—Boston Beanpot.



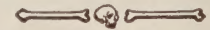
Fresh—"Why was that immigration inspector fired?"

Fresher—"For passing a bum Czech."

—Pitt Panther.

She—"Hoot, why did you park here when there are so many nicer places farther on?"

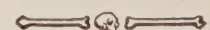
He—"Because, Joan, this is a case of love at first site."
—Southern California Wampus.



Pagan Love Song

George—"Do you believe in clubs for women?"

Earl—"Yes, if kindness fails."
—Aggievator.



"Johnny, do you believe that there is really such a thing as a white lie?"

"Sure. Pa cleans the bath tub with it on Sunday morning."
—Chaparral.

GIRLS • GIRLS • GIRLS



Your own specially edited, specially arranged, and specially featured number will appear next month. Girls from Meredith, Peace, N. C. C. W., St. Mary's, Sweet Briar, Salem, Agnes Scott, Winthrop, et cetera are not only invited but urged to contribute the cream of their humor and to help us make this the best Girl's Number that the **BUCCANEER** has ever produced.

Many contributions have already been received and all of them look mighty good and worthy of space in the number. If the material keeps coming in like it has for the past week it will certainly be a difficult task trying to select the best of the copy for the limited number of pages in the book. However, no drawings or literary material has been decided on yet. We will not definitely decide what contributions are going into the number until after midnight, February 4th, the date set for the dead line.

As we mentioned last month, the number is going to be dedicated to the most attractive girl we can find in this part of the country. THE **BUCCANEER** staff will be the judges. The lucky girl that is finally chosen must meet the following qualifications:

1. Must be **UNUSUALLY** attractive.
2. Must be a college student.
3. Must agree that the **BUCCANEER** is a **MUCH** cleaner magazine this year.

A final word: Do not forget, my dear feminine audience, that the dead line for all copy and drawings submitted for the Girls' Number must be in Box 831, Chapel Hill, N. C., by midnight, February 4, 1930.

“The ease of sportswear in a formal, handsome collar—that’s what made Golden Arrows a certain success.”



FOR they *are* more comfortable—that’s the net of it.

More comfortable because they’re light as a feather—literally—and because they’re starched so as never to cling to your neck—and because they’re as easily flexible as your neck itself.

Golden Arrow has very definitely and agreeably *arrived*. If you like sales charts, you can have figures. But Arrow has an idea that you prefer to step into your outfitter’s and just say “Ardsley”—or “Hampton”, or “Hempstead” (That’s the style in the picture) or “Lenox” or “Ostend” or “Sudbury” and march out with a collar that will slide your cravat like silk-on-silk—a collar that looks as well as it feels, and feels as well as it looks—a collar that pays your face a clean compliment always—and a collar that, though weighing less than $\frac{3}{4}$ of one ounce, outwears any other starched collar by more than one-third!

Golden Arrow Collars are 35 cents each, 3 for \$1. Arrow starched Collars are 25 cents each; \$2.75 a dozen.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y.

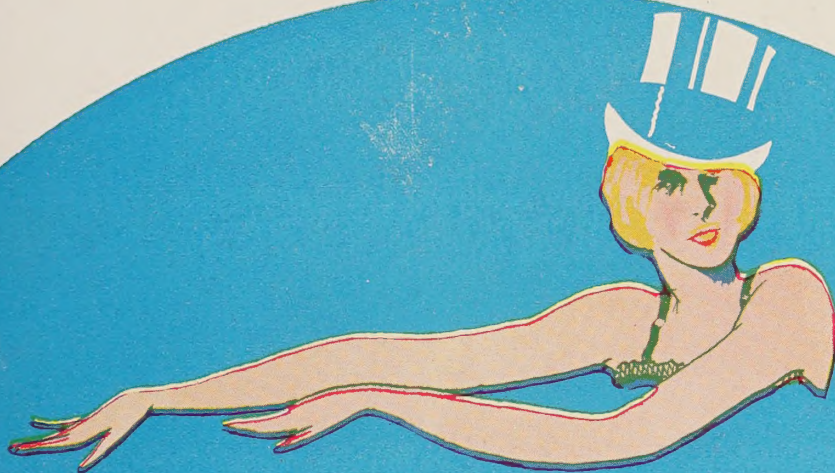
Makers of ARROW

Collars . . . Handkerchiefs . . . Shirts . . . Underwear

Golden
 35¢-3 for \$1.
 ARROW COLLARS

Vol. #3

the Carolina BUCCANEER



don't take
those "blues"
away!!!

JAMES P
SAWYER

25¢

GIRLS
NUMBER

STUDENTS, ALUMNI AND TOWNSPEOPLE



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college comic can exist.

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CHAPEL HILL FLYING SCHOOL

BOOK EXCHANGE

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THE BUCCANEER heartily endorses these concerns,
and appreciates your patronage of its advertisers.

THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER

OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME VII

FEBRUARY, 1930

NUMBER 5

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H. N. PATTERSON *Business Manager*

GIL PEARSON *Art Editor*

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A visitor to an asylum saw a patient using a dry brush on a piece of canvas.

"What does that represent?"

"The Flight of the Children of Israel from Egypt."

"Where are the children of Israel?"

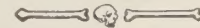
"They have left."

"Where is the Red Sea?"

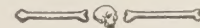
"Rolled back."

"Where are the Egyptians?"

"They're expected any minute." —*Record.*



Sophomore—"Sure, I spent some of the happiest years of my life as a freshman." —*Medley.*



Darwin's New Evolution of Woman

Age *Characteristics*

Fourteen—Intelligent, virtuous, sweet, innocent.

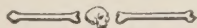
Fifteen—Intelligent, virtuous, sweet.

Sixteen—Intelligent, virtuous.

Seventeen—Intelligent (enter the hero).

—*Cornell Widow.*

Heir—"Do you like romantic old ruins?"
Heiress—"If they'd only stop asking to marry me."
—*Malteaser.*



The King of Hearts
He made some tarts
To add to his harem fair.

The Knave of Hearts
He stole those tarts
Thereby throwing the King into despondency over his evident lack of sex-appeal. —*Satyr.*



Patient—"Aren't you afraid of the drill slipping in my mouth?"
Dentist—"I used to be, but now I can always get my hand out of the way of it." —*Widow.*

F L Y

With Your Fellow Student

MR. HORACE BARNES

A Graduate of our School and
is now a licensed pilot.



**Chapel Hill Flying
School**



Best Man: I just came from the sweetest, most refreshing wedding I ever saw.

Bachelor: How's that, old timer—don't keep me breathless!

Best Man: The bridegroom forgot the ring and used a Life Saver.

Chemistry Prof—"We are now importing quartz from South America."

Student—" 'Snothing. We're getting whole cases from Canada."
—*Masquerader.*

Handsome young professor of Romance language—"Very good, but why do you use the intimate form of the verb in translating the sentence?"

Attractive Co-ed (pouting): "Well—I thought after last night—"
—*Colorado Dodo.*

She—"You musn't. Nay! Nay!"

He—"Please?"

She—"Nay!"

He—"Say, was your mother ever scared by a horse?"
—*Brown Jug.*

Then there's the story about the freshman who, on his first visit to the bank was asked to endorse his check, and wrote, "I heartily endorse this check."
—*Purple Cow.*

There is a current rumor that a student in a math class recently defined a logarithm as the song of a lumberman.
—*The Pointer.*

The Girl—"You have no idea how I love pretty nights like this."

The Boy—"No, but we'll go for a drive and I'll find out."
—*Beanpot.*

FANCY ICES

BLOCK CREAM

Blue Ribbon Ice Cream

DURHAM ICE CREAM
COMPANY

"Made with Pure Cream"

WE MAKE ANY COLOR SCHEMES FOR
FRATERNITY OR SORORITY BANQUETS

Dial L-963

MAIN AT DUKE STREET
DURHAM, N. C.

PUNCHES

SHERBETS

MARKET TERMINOLOGY AT A DANCE

On Margin—Dancing with a family friend.

Bulls—The people who introduce you to said friend.

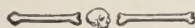
Bears—The callously unconcerned stag line.

Caught short—Stuck.



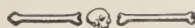
A young married couple started out with the baby to buy a baby carriage. They purchased one, put the baby in it and were wheeling it along the street, when they became conscious of the smiles of the passerby and wondered thereat until they got home, when they noticed that the clerk had omitted to remove the sign from the carriage. It read: "Our Own Make."

—Voo Doo.



A FLAPPER

A flapper is one who bobs her hair, powders her nose, and says to herself, "Clothes, I am going down town; if you want to go along, hang on."



A dictionary will tell you what a female is, but it's more interesting to find out for yourself!

—Burr.



She—"Am I the first girl you have ever kissed?"

Frosh—"Now that you mention it, you do look familiar."

—Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket.



"I just adore dark men."

"You'd have a big time in Africa."

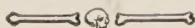
—Kitty Kat.



Drawing Prof.—"Have you finished making your map?"

Certain Party—"No, dear, I can't find my compact."

—Log.



Man at theatre (to talking occupant in front seat)—"Excuse me, but we can't hear a word that's being said."

Talking One (indignantly)—"It's no business of yours what I'm telling my wife."

—Juggler.



"You're just too sophisticated to try anything, Mr. College."

COLLEGE people are really the "idea men" of the world. Many times, their talents are hidden beneath a coating of *too busy*. Don't say that!

College Humor is offering \$2,500 to undergraduates who write Varsity Shows. The first prize, fifteen hundred dollars, will go to the writer of the best book, musical score and lyrics. Shows produced any time in the past may be entered, too.

College Humor is also offering \$2,000 in prizes to undergraduate cartoonists. This contest closes April 1, 1930.

Students with talents in these two fields will find complete information in the March issue of *College Humor*.

In addition, the versatile pages of this magazine contain fiction, sports, styles and the cream of the nation's wit. It is built for you!

College Humor

1050 N. LaSalle St.,

CHICAGO

The Magazine with a College Education

What are the 1930

SPRING STYLES?



New Learbury Leaflet

FREE on Request

Tells It All

Authentic information on styles which well-groomed college men will wear this spring...every detail of the correct ensemble...including actual samples of the newest Learbury patterns...it's all in this interesting leaflet. Stop in for your free copy.

See Actual Samples of the New Patterns

Learbury Says:

In the Spring a young man's fancy leans to

LEARBURY

Jack Lipman's University Shop

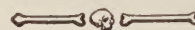
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

He—"How old did you say you were?"

She (timidly)—"Oh, I'm just sixteen years old and shy!"

He—"Shy how much?"

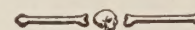
—Drexerd.



"Hey, there! Don't spit on the floor."

"S'matter—floor leak?"

—Drexerd.



Stude—"Is this candy good?"

Clerk—"Why, it's as pure and good as the girl of your dreams."

Stude—"Give me a package of gum."

—Orange Peel.

GUESSED RIGHT

A crowd of small boys were gathered about the entrance of a circus tent in one of the small cities one day, trying to get a glimpse of the interior. A man standing near watched them for a few moments, then walking up to the ticket-taker he said:

"Let all these boys in, and count them as they pass."

The man did as requested, and when the last one had gone, he turned and said, "Twenty-eight."

"Good!" said the man. "I guessed just right," and walked off.

—Drexerd.



A VERITABLE ACHILLES

First Sorority Girl—"Did the Doctor who operated on you have very large forceps?"

Second Nit-wit—"Did he! My dear, the man was a muscular marvel!"

—Satyr.

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The Book Exchange

DIVISION U. C. S. P.

DEDICATION

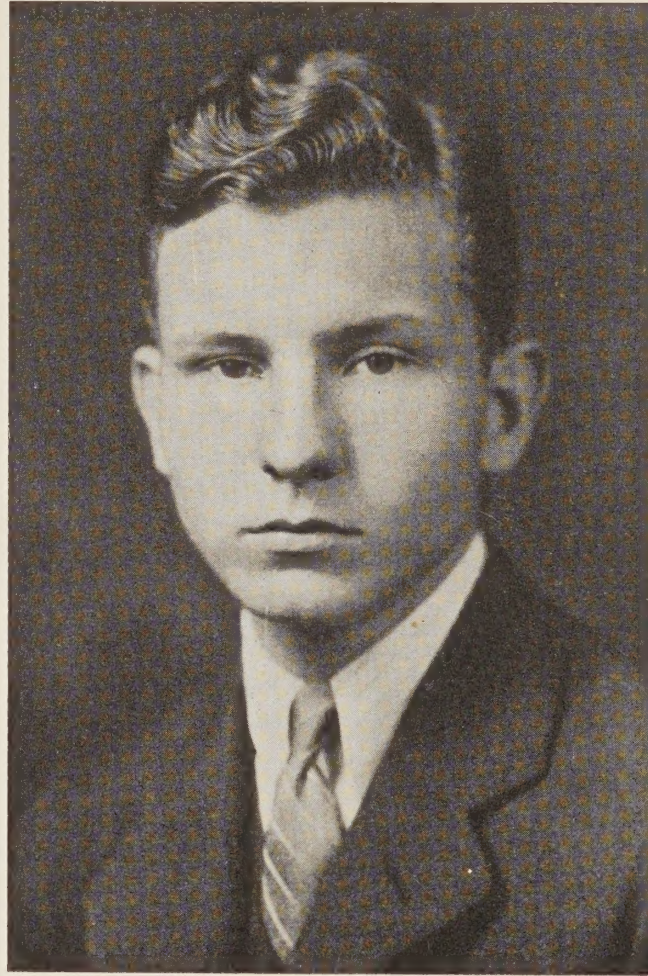
*When we long for tender eyes
To remove the cares of life,
Who whisk away our sighs—
It's the ladies!*

*When our souls for beauty thirst
In this gray machine-made world,
Where do we find it first—
In the ladies!*

*Who fill our hearts with gladness
Or changing as the breeze,
Cause us to live in sadness—
Why, the ladies!*

*They wrote this BUCCANEER for us
Wherefore we dedicate it
To those who grace its pages thus—
TO THE LADIES!*

Who's Who at Carolina



MARION ALEXANDER

of Asheville, North Carolina, has faithfully served as business manager of the *Daily Tar Heel* for two successive years. He is also sports writer for the University News Bureau and Phi Beta Kappa is among numerous honors that have been conferred upon him. He is a member of the Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity. Selected as the best business man of the class of 1930.

The Carolina BUCCANEER

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME VII

FEBRUARY, 1930

NUMBER V

INSTRUCTIONS

Come my lover
Slide your hands along my arms
And softly kiss my finger-tips
And palms
And when my breath comes quicker
Hold me so
Tightly, fiercely, as if
Not to let me go
Forever and forever.
When I am half lying in your arms
Lean down and touch my hair
Breathe your warm breath along my neck
And kiss the hollow there.
And when I lie near swooning
With the bliss
Brush your lips along my brow
And on my eyelids leave a kiss
Warm and light.
As, if without doubt, my fingers
Seek your hair
Then let your lips find mine
And keep them there
Until the first cold gray gleams of dawn
Send Romance flying with a fright.
Then we will rise—I smooth my hair
And forget until another night.

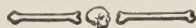


Maid: There were two men standing outside of your window while you were dressing, madam.

Madam: That's nothing, you should have seen the crowd when I was younger.

ACROSTIC

C is for co-eds, worshipped by sophs.
A is for applesauce slung by the profs.
R is for "Rah! Rah!" We yell it like hell.
O is for "Oh God, there goes the last bell."
L is for likker, our worry eraser.
I is for ice we put in the chaser.
N is for neophyte; has lots to learn.
A's this acrostic which ain't worth a durn.



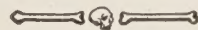
Do you love her?
Not so you would notice it.
Well, I didn't expect you to leave any marks on her.



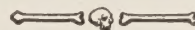
FREEDOM OF THE SIEZE

World's Greatest Three Means of Communication

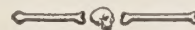
Telephone
Telegraph
Tell-awoman.



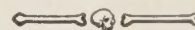
I am a woman of few words.
Yes, but you repeat those words so often.



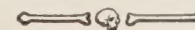
He: Do you love me?
She: With all my heart.
He: Will you marry me?
She: Let's not break up our friendship.



My girl is like a poem.
How's that?
Wait'll you metre.



I hear you are going with a radio announcer.
I was, but I gave him the air.



One of these women who during the war went about asking, "Why are you not in khaki?" was passing near a farm when she saw a man milking a cow. "Why aren't you at the front?" she demanded. "Why you see it's this way, ma'am, we get the milk from this end."

The Romance of Reo-Glande

By MADAME X, Illustratsd by MISS LANSFORD

E. C. Darst's Math II was in session. The class lolled back in their seats and tried to concentrate upon the properties of an oblique triangle which graced the black board. Professor Darst, very much awake and sensing the stupified condition of his class, occasionally resorted to tapping on the board with a bit of chalk in order to gain the attention of his drowsy class. Darst was a slightly humped man with a useless Phi Beta key dangling from a gold chain on his vest. He gave the impression of one who might intelligently discuss the theory of relativity even though he knew nothing about it.

"Mr. Reo, what, if you please, is the function of the half angles?" asked Darst.

Now Mr. Reo was a nice looking boy of twenty. He had attended a northern prep school at the age of thirteen and he had fallen into the ways of a sophisticated world and allowed nothing to cause him undue chagrin. Arriving at Carolina as a Sophomore he had enrolled in the usual schedule for the Bachelor of Arts degree. And that is why he is in our picture.

"I'm afraid I don't know, sir," replied Mr. Reo with an air of suppressed boredom as he straightened lazily in his seat.

"Next," said Darst curtly.

The person on Mr. Reo's right although not quite as worldly as the forementioned had been born and raised in Cabarrus County and had never been beyond the confines of Greensboro nevertheless he was also useless as far as the half angles were concerned.

"Next!" chopped Darst.

Right away came back the correct answer to the question, and Mr. Reo found himself turning ever so slightly in his seat to see the answerer. She was a girl of about nineteen years with light hair not too rosy cheeks and a pretty mouth which seemed to invite closer inspection. The only trouble with her was she carried that unforgivable sin and stamp—a co-ed. With her answer finished she seemed to drop back into seclusion and Mr. Reo turned his head and tried to adjust himself so as to look at the front black board with the least effort. He had just gotten

comfortable when the desire to turn his head and look at the girl who was so adept with half angles seized him. Painfully he moved in his seat and looked again and this time he allowed himself a longer inspection. Yes, there was no doubt that she was nice looking and she wore nice clothes and they fitted her splendidly. Four times during the remainder of the class Mr. Reo of Plantagnet New Jersey found himself almost staring at this young lady.

CHAPTER TWO

"Let me see, yes, here is the second floor 4201." The speaker was no other than a youth of twenty and he was standing in front of the telephone on the first floor of Spencer Hall. The telephone having been dialed he stood leaning against the wall one hand busy holding the receiver and the other holding a soft gray hat. "Hello, is this the second floor? Well, can I speak to Miss Glande please, yes, Miss Sally Glande." There was a pause of two minutes while the person who answered the phone paged the floor for Miss Glande. This paging could also be heard on the first floor so Mr. Reo (yes the same sophisticated Mr. Reo of Plantagnet, New Jersey) was assured that his party would soon be at the other end of the line if in the building.

"Hello," sweetly from the other end of the line.

"Hello, Miss Glande this is Ted Reo, you know I am on your Math 2 class. I was wondering if I could see you for a while.

"Why sure," came the reply, "I will be down in a minute."

The ready acquiescence with which the lady answered his request rather stunned the world wise Mr. Reo. He had thought that probably she would be easy but it had been a whole lot easier than he ever expected. Why it reminded him of an automaton where you placed a coin and got your pie.

"Hello." The speaker was no other than the Miss Glande.

"Good evening," returned Mr. Reo. "I expect that you think me very forward for calling you like this."

"Oh, not at all I am very democratic, but let us go in the main hall it will be much more comfortable," she assured him.



—and a pretty mouth which seemed to invite closer inspection—

As he followed her into the central parlor he could not fail to let his gaze wander over her trim figure. She was perfectly proportioned, carried herself well, and had that last delightful characteristic of knowing what to do with her hands.

"Do you dance, Mr. Reo? Oh I'm sorry," she said as she saw a cloud pass over his brow. "I forgot that we are not Victorians. Would you like to dance?" she repeated. "I think there are several new records. Here is Ted Weem's *Man from the South*, but I think that is a little too fast for me."

They danced. It seemed to Ted Reo as if he were almost by himself. Scarcely an ounce did she press on his arms. She followed beautifully, and seemed to sense every turn which his feet made. And another thing she used perfume which seemed to be the kind that now you have it and now it's gone, but it seemed to suggest something a little bit out of the ordinary. Three times he changed records, and there seemed scarcely a second between each time.

"Let's sit this one out," she said, as he put on a dreamy waltz. They went over to the opposite side of the room and she sat down and he sank beside her.

"Gee, I never knew it was like this down here," said Ted as he looked about. (He had been in the place just once before but it had been when two especially amazonic females had been crossing the room and he had turned away up town in disgust at the sight of the Carolina co-ed.)

"Yes it is not so bad as one sees at first," replied Sally, as she nodded to some girl in a far corner. "It is not at all bad having a date here."

"I should say not," replied Ted, "I certainly am glad that I've got one. I hope that you can stay down and do not have to study much tonight."

"Oh I don't have to study tonight, you see, I have prepared all of my work for tomorrow."

"Then you will be able to stay here and talk to me," replied Ted eagerly.

"Oh, yes, I will be able to stay here, but I am afraid that I won't be able to talk to you because you see I have a date."

"You have a date," murmured Ted as if to say why I did not know co-eds had dates—I mean Carolina co-eds. Aloud he spoke, "Oh, you have a date I did not realize." He looked at her and a slight flush crossed his face.

"Oh, that's all right he won't be here until eight o'clock." (It was five minutes until eight then). Somehow Ted seemed to wish

that eight oclock was hours away, but he was suddenly brought back to his present surroundings by someone playing Sally on the victrola.

"Come on let's dance," said Sally as she reached over and caught him by the hand.

They had just finished dancing and were standing there on the floor when the front door opened and there stood a clear cut nice looking boy. "Hello, Sally," he called out cheerily, "I hope that I'm not too late."

"Not at all Joe I was just waiting down here until you came."

Ted waited around about five minutes after eight and then relinquished the girl to the care of her date and left. As he rode up town in his roadster he murmured to himself, "Not so bad,

not so bad—pretty too. And she has dates with an S. A. E. Well I don't think this automat stuff I was thinking about was so true after all. But she certainly was nice and I thought I was slick when she hurried right down—well it seems to me that I am going to learn something after all. In fact I think that I have learned something already. I really think that I have learned quite a lot tonight."

CHAPTER THREE

It was Thursday night, and the phone was ringing on the second floor of Spencer Hall.

"Is Sally Glande there?"

"Yes just a minute she will be here."

"Sally, this is Ted. What are you doing tonight?" "Oh you have a date. Well how about tomorrow—what the Playmakers? Well, how about Saturday or Sunday? (the last resignedly.) What you have dates for both

nights well for goodness sake! Well how about next Wednesday night? I can have that, well fine, I will call about eight." As he hung up the receiver he looked about him blankly, "I be damned," he muttered, "I think that I will spend a profitable weekend studying."

Later on that evening he found himself sitting in the Carolina trying to enjoy Charley Chase, but all he saw was a fair-haired girl, and the vitaphone seemed to keep repeating "No, I have a date I'm sorry." At the end of the comedy half the audience got up and left the theatre. Suddenly he was aware of a certain perfume which seemed to pass and he just looked up in time to see Sally and another boy pass down the aisle. He sat erect in his seat just long enough to see who was her escort. He was a football player of no slight ability and (Continued on page 26)



Now Mr. Reo was a nice looking boy of twenty—

Co-ed's Page of the Girl's Number

Fourteen Reasons Why I came To Carolina.



Love to me is food and drink.
Around the boys I cannot think.
It makes my heart go plitter plink.
I can't see enough boys.

MISS P. ALEXANDER.

Money is the thing I crave
For it I'll coo and rave
I am a dollar's slave
I can't get enough money.

MISS MARY PRICE.



Steve: What are the names of some of the nice co-eds here?

Claude: Clyde.



She: Let go my leg.

He: I'm just limbering up.



MOONLIGHT ON THE SNOW

A little country maid am I.
A little violet, coy and shy,
I milk the cow beneath the sky.
I love the country.

MISS R. DELIGHT BUCK.

Chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter
How I love to blab and blatter
Hot air around me seems to splatter
I can't talk enough.

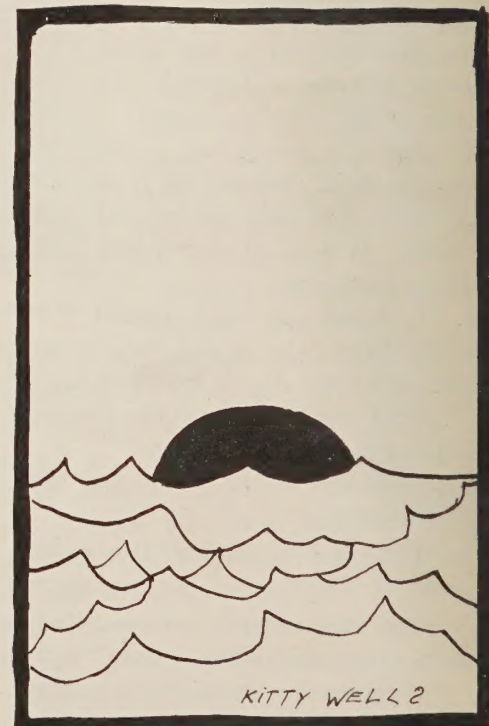
EDITH MANGUM.

I am the co-ed's fairest queen
I am popular and mean
Before the men I smile and preen
I can't get enough popularity.

MISS KITTY WELLS.

I am big and fat and haughty
With the boys I am not naughty
In my net a man is caught
I can't ride enough horses.

MISS ADDIE HUSKE.



This Is Not a Portrait of a Tomato Salad,
But "Sunset on the Ocean"

The Downfall of Co-ed Nell

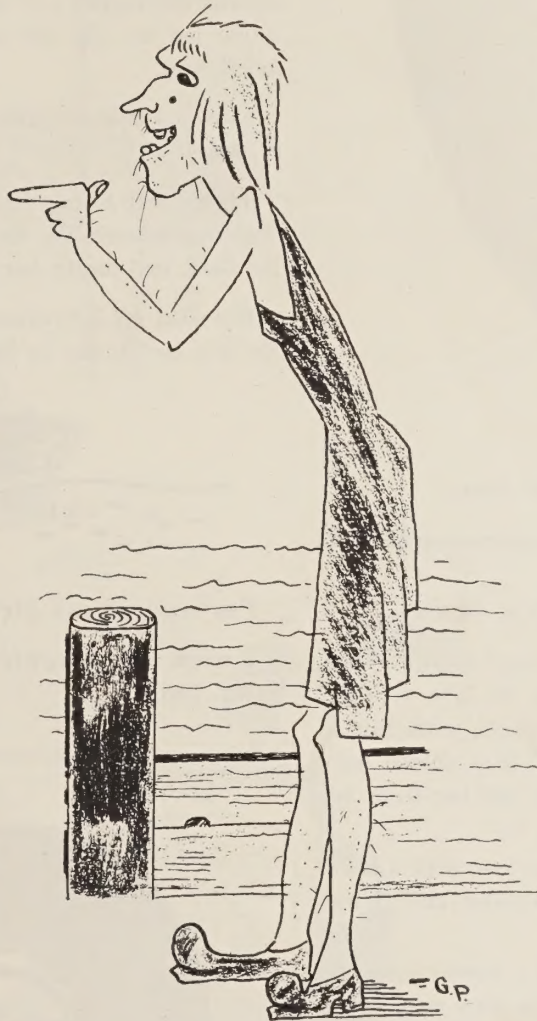
By GIL PEARSON

'Twas down on the docks at Yotoko
Where oily bogs await
A slimy, filmy, inevitable death
The toll of a shady life.
Aye, 'twas there I met Co-ed Nell
A one time dame who'd everythin'
That a natty Co-ed would want.
Down where the greasy water lapped
The greasy planks of the docks
Where all was black and desolate
Where the devil shrieked with joy.
'Twas Hell itself to see this dame
When I think of the days that were
When she'd everything a dame could have
And now she'd naught a'tall.

How come our Nell in this perdict?
How come she walks the docks
Of the dark and evil Yotoko?
I'm guessin' meself when I hears her whine,
"O Mister Man come lend an ear
To a maid who's lost 'er way.
Forty years back I was a belle
A maid of seventeen
I'd all the things a maid should have
In quantity and in quality.
I was proclaimed 'a dame of style'
A classy dame was I!
I went to the Hill, Aye! Chapel Hill
And lived the simple life
That Co-eds live in such a place.
Truly I was simple
But that was and is the way they live
The way of simplicity!!
With naught to do but twiddle my thumbs
And pray for a virgin death."

'Twas here, I say, I was loath to leave
For I dread a Co-ed's yarn
But the gleam in her eye
And her breathless plea
Enhanced me to list' awhile.
"I dread your tale," I told her bold
"I loathe to hear your voice."
But when I sees her passion gleam
I found there was no choice.
"Oh wicked man! Oh tyrant man!
Your kind has caused me shame
Say, look at me and try to see
What a dame I used to be!"

I looks at her and beholds a sight
That strikes me to the marrow



HOW COME OUR NELL IN THIS PERDICT?

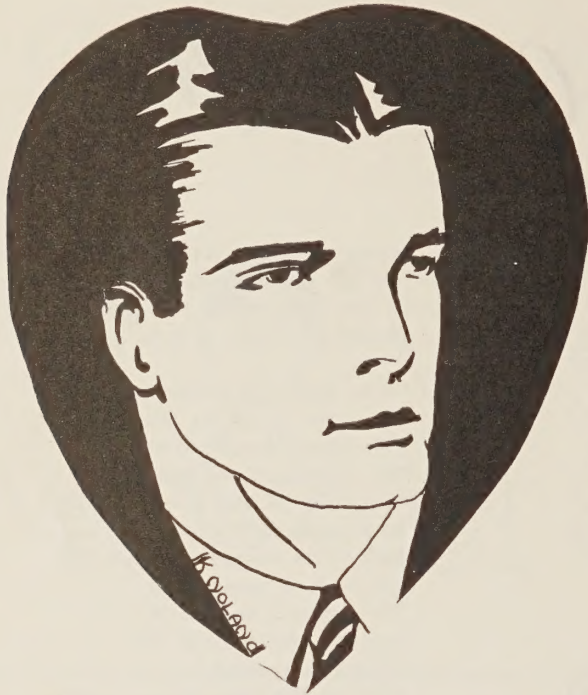
What an ugly wench
What a wretched dame
'Twas damnation personified
She grins at me
And claws her face
And yells a hideous yell.
Pity, aye pity, strikes me to my heart
I find inside a questioning
An urge to know
Just how and why
Our Nell's in this perdict
"Say listen Nell," I says to her

"Come ope your heart
And tell me what you will
Of how you come to be a bum
Instead of a dame of style."

"O.K. man," she gargles back
"I'm wont to tell my tale."
(She takes a draught of ale.)
"Say listen guy," she yaps at me,
"I'm takin' ye back a spell or two
Back to the days of old
Back to the campus of Chapel Hill
Aye, back to Spencer Hall.
'Twas there I was in '29
And thru the spring of '30.
All was rosy, when
Over the Hill there come a cloud
In the shape of the BUCCANEER.
The Editors had left their posts
And surrendered the ship to the gals.
The BUCCANEER was wrote and drawn
By the gals at Spencer Hall
'But why should I,
Says I to I,
'Join in the merry throng?'
I sees no point in wastin' me time
In drawin' or writin' a bit!
So I keeps to myself
And refuses to drink
With the gals on the BUCCANEER

"My God!" I cried,
"You're not the gal
Who ran the plank
For refusing to drink
With the gals on the BUCCANEER!
You're not the gal
Who was ostracized
Because she thought
She was too good
To be pirate on the ship?"

"You're a clever man,"
Says Nell to me
"To guess the truth so soon.
I am the gal who was too good
To drink of the golden ale.
So here I am, sunk in a rut
A curse to humanity
And I lives for the day
When death will come
And snatch me from this Hell!"



They Tell Me Kissing Is Bad on the Heart.

THE LOVES OF A CAROLINA MAN

Women! Women! Women! They have always been my woe. At the tender age of twelve I fell violently in love with my governess. Ah, she was a lovely blonde goddess, with hair so yellow that it appeared to encircle her head in a golden halo. What if she was knock-kneed and could not call her teeth her own? Is not love a beautiful thing?

While in my middle teens I fell violently in love with a beautiful chorus lady and my ardor was not dampened until I met her grown granddaughter.

After my next love affair, which was with a young lady who sold magazines and other things, my parents were very much troubled and worried. Finally the ice-man solved the problem by suggesting that I be sent to college.

My third day in college was marked by two very important incidents: (1) I caught an eight-thirty class; and (2) I MET OPHELIA ALLOVER. And then my life was changed. OPP, as I was wont to call her, was a coy Converse maiden. Ah, she was beautiful, eyes like stars, velvet skin, and a lovely kissable mouth. Her father was an architect and evidently a very good one.

She was THE WOMAN, and I loved her with all the passion that my weak heart could generate. But alas; I was spurned by my fair love for the grocer's delivery-boy in Spartanburg, and I was left memories of moonlight rides, hidden rendezvous, and rose gardens in Spring.

I could not forget dear exquisite OPP until I met Jackie Bumgarter, a proud Salem wench. Ah, what a beautiful woman.

Venus had given her all, including pigeon toes and fallen arches. But the stars had ordained that we must part for she detested onions and I loved them. And she left me with beautiful memories and a broken heart—

Which was soon mended when I met Castoria Jones, a Meredith Beauty. Catsy, as I playfully called her, was intellectual and soon her love cooled when she thought that a Southern Gentlemen should not be so warm hearted. But I could not forget her for she left me letters tied with pink ribbon and a faded rose.

After a lonesome Christmas spent at Coney Island I returned to school.

Then I met Emmy Fairwarmer, a Duke co-ed. Ah; the most beautiful woman. We both loved with a breathless ardor. Truly the Gods had meant her for me.

But soon my love dream was broken and Emmy, Dear Emmy. She left me—broke as HELL.

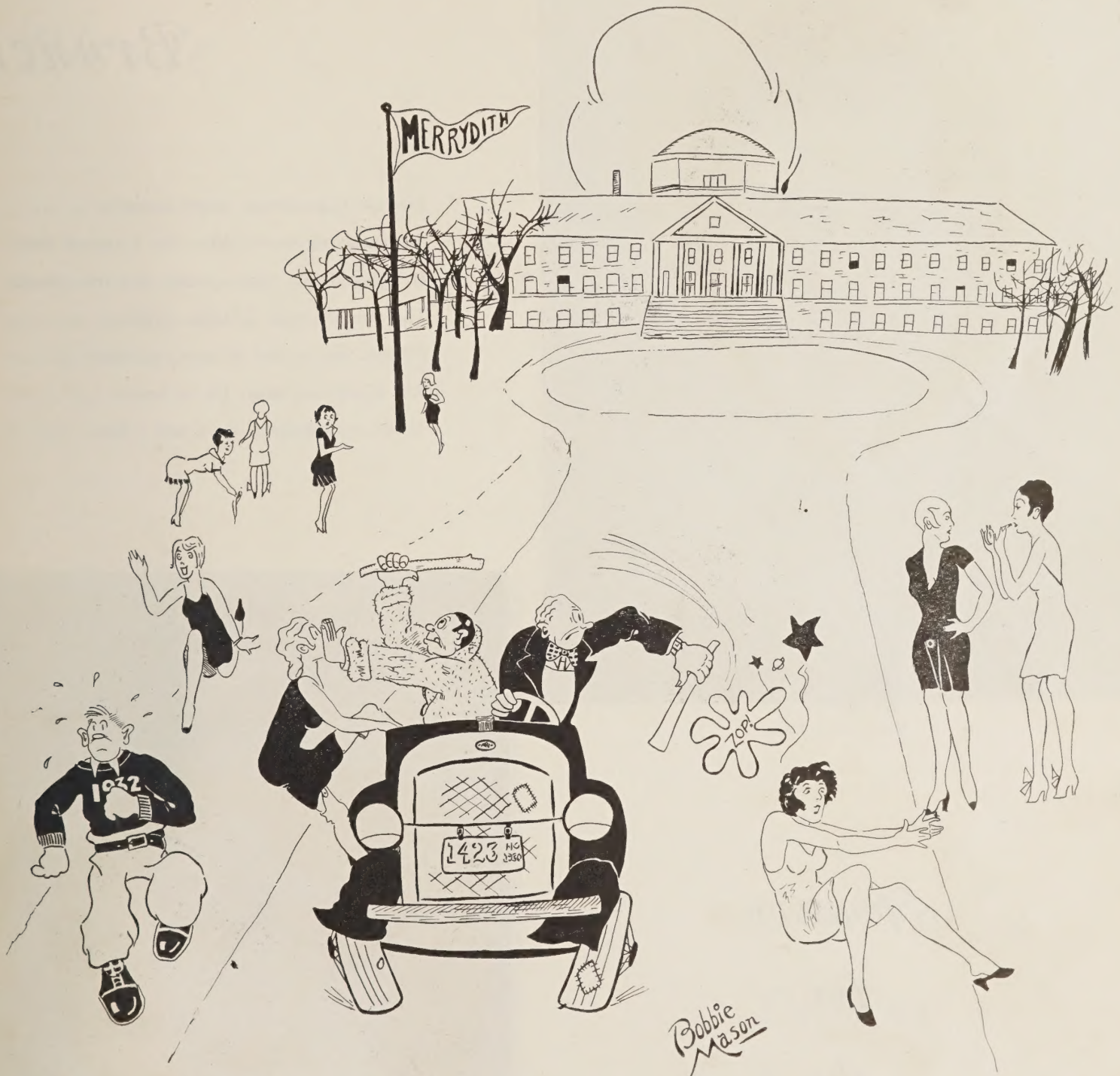


I'm sending my girl to a co-educational university.

I wish my daughter would begin looking for a husband, too.



No Kidding; Then from Now On I'll See That No One Kisses Me There.



Girl on extreme right: My boy friend and I went berry-picking the other day.

Girl sprawled in the road: Oh! you did? Did you get any?

Girl on extreme right: Yep, some berries, too!

(Note: This joke can be taken several ways. Use your own judgment.)



MISS LORINE DAVIS

*Sponsors
for
the*

Brunette

You ask if gentlemen prefer brunette
Or blonde the more? How can I answer this?
If I should say, 'why, blonde' and then dismiss
The question with a feeble epithet,
I'd face the myriad dangers that beset
The injudicious man; I'd be remiss
About my judgment. Even now a hiss



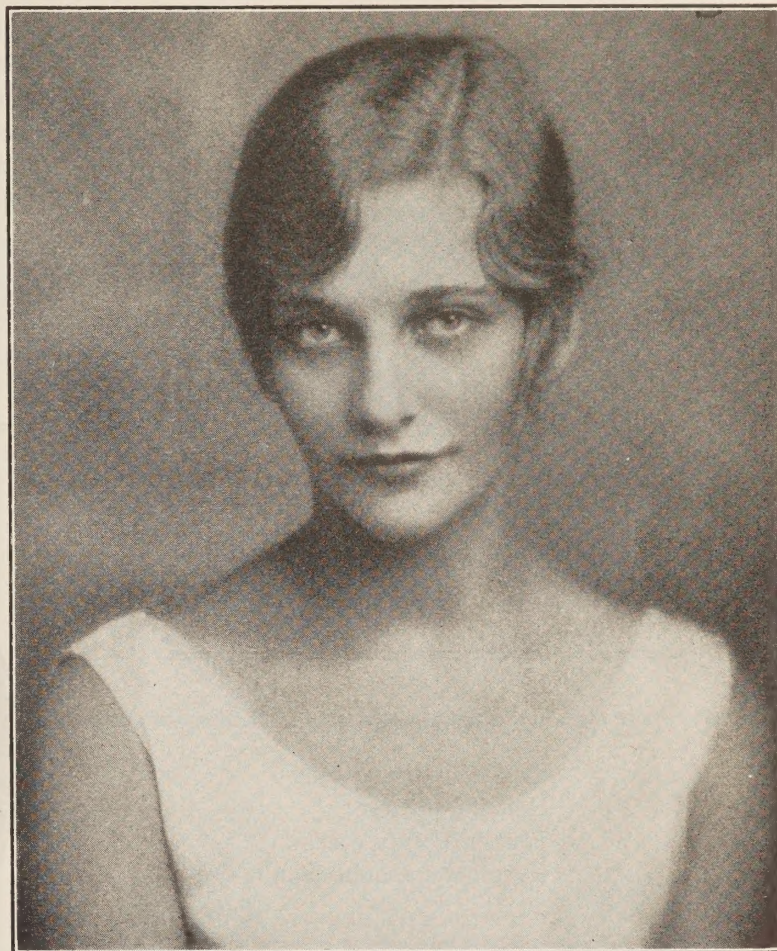
MISS CONVERE McADEN

r Blonde

I hear from someone who cannot forget
The charms of some dark maiden they revere.
Just try to choose from pictures on this page!
Brunettes are represented by Convere
And dark Lorine; while Pat and Sophie wage
For honors of the blonde. I'll not speak ill
Of dark or fair: I have my senses still!



MISS PAT PHELPS



MISS SOPHIE CLIFTON

1929-1930

Carolina

Buccaneer



You're the only girl I ever loved, in fact,
I'm only an amateur.

When you leave here tonight you will be
a professional.

A Synthetic Tale

Sing a lil theme song
Half lit with rye;
Four 'n twenty coeds
Have become quite high!

—Pepper.

She was only the farmer's daughter, but
she knows her salesmen.

And another thing. We offer our sym-
pathy to the unfortunate newsie who stuck
his innocent head in the wrong door at
the depot and yelled "Extra paper!"

You can tell she is a college belle by
the way her nose peels.

Agnes: So you once played in the mov-
ies, m'dear?

Scott: Why, yes. I played the role of the
nurse in "The Birth of a Nation."

The height of tactlessness was reached recently when a very dirty story was related by a French professor to one of his classes, in which a co-ed had registered. After finishing the tale the prof realized his mistake, and hoping to apologize for it, he turned to the blushing one: "Oh, pardon me, Miss Smith, I hope you haven't heard all I've just said—before."



"Curses, I'm foiled!" cried the ten cent cigar.



Fay: They tell me your boy friend is quite an artist.

May: No doubt; every time he comes to see me he draws the
shades.



Tom: I'm groping for the right word to use.

Sal: Well, you won't find it around my leg.

L'Envoi

*So then you left me, love,
And took with you
The April gladness of my singing heart
The little flame of joy that leaped anew
When we two met after long hours apart.*

*And now that you are gone,
Love, what remains
Of life to me, whose life was in your smile?
Cold tears of bitterness in April rain
And hopes of meeting in the afterwhile.*

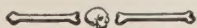
*Yes you have left me, love,
But try and get
Your jeweled frat-pin, and the imitation pearls,
The ruby ring, the wrist watch too; you bet
I'll see they're not passed on to other girls.*

THE CO-ED

You know, I just hate men that wear moustaches. I think they look so silly, and when you kiss a man that wears a moustache it tickles your lip so. But don't think I approve of kissing or that I would ever indulge in such a thing—they say that 8,671,432 germs pass over every time you kiss a boy. It's the same way with hugging and necking—I think that too much familiarity breeds contempt—you know what I mean. And then too the first time you go out with a boy he falls in love with you—and you know it's cruel to break their hearts. Oh I've got lots of other reasons for not having dates with the fellows—you know how it is.—Why no, none of the fellows have asked me for a date, but that's because they all know my views on the matter.



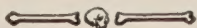
This is food for reflection said the billygoat as he ate the looking glass.



Rustic (excitedly): Hello, hello, I want to speak to my wife.

Operator: Number, please.

Rustic (indignantly): Number? Ain't got but one.



The height of painlessness is a splinter in a wooden leg.





DOGGY DOGGEREL

BY
AL LANSFORD
(who should know better)

AFTER TENNYSON

I come from rural haunts to learn
The whereabouts of Sally.
I look in gutter, stem and stern,
And o'er the hill and valley.
I have a shotgun filled with shot
To send that guy to hell.
In fact, I'm going to make it hot;
He ain't done right by Nell!



AND KIPLING

If you can keep all sober when the rest
around are drinking,
Or can drink it like a topper and stand
upright without sinking,
Then you've never drank at
Carolina, friend.
Though they confiscate and raid you,
By the fuming still that made you,
You're a better man that I am,
Gordon Gin!



SPRING SONG

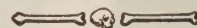
The Spring is here, and with it come
Hordes of girls, and chewing gum.
Kites are flying everywhere,
Skirts are too, and how we stare.
And yet, with all its good and charms
The Spring is not without its many
harms.
For though it brings the roses and
pansy,
It wakes, alas, a young man's fancy.



DOGGY DOGGEREL really was not
conceived as an antidote for THE
COPY CAT column of the N. C. W.
Carolinian, although an antidote is
certainly needed for that feminine
feline fantasy.

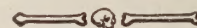
Summer Memories

*Ghostly Roses and I know
The warm lips of clinging Clo
Pale pink roses and I see
The fair face of dear Marie.
Yellow Roses and once more
Lo, I walk with Elinor
Blood red roses and my arms
Hold the wealth of Maisie's charms.
Withered roses and I weep
For the love I could not keep.*



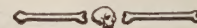
Once a young Phlie Bit a Pie
Went riding with some unknown guy.
He parked in the wood
And while doing some good,
She socked him. He's still wondering why.

Here's the tale of a poor Cry Omega—
All her life she'd been awfully eager.
The chance came along—
She knew it was wrong
But alas, her will-power was meagre.



Say, Camembert, can you tell me the
difference between a skunk and an ordi-
nary house-cat?

Can I! What a whale of a difference just
a few scents make.



The Sculptor

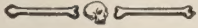
*God took a bit of heaven
And a bit of sky so blue
Dashed in a part of His sunlight
And some of His rainbow's hue.
Gathered His sweetest flowers
And the beauty of a tender dove
Shaped them all with his artists hand
Into the girl I love.*

She was only a bootblack's daughter but
she got the low-down on me.



And—I saw a machine out west that you
put a nickel in and got a wife out.

How—I wish I could find a machine
that I could put my wife in and get a
nickel out.



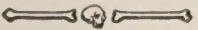
Anthony: Is Cleopatra in?

Pharoah: Yea, she's in bed with ton-
silitis.

Anthony: Ah, that damned Greek again.



"You can't keep a good fellow down,"
said Carolina Corn, as he came up.



Man to man;

Shaver to shaver;

He was only a Scotchman,

But, kid, what he gaver.

Amicitiae et Studii

*O Helen, when we first were met
You trusted well in me,
And then you very often let
Me show my love for thee.*

*And too, you listened with delight
When I would point the way,
And teach you love's undoubted right
To count the stars of day.*

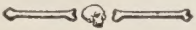
*Forsooth, you thought I was the one
Who could your own heart touch,
But now you've been to college, dear,
And you know too damned much.*



Close race, isn't it?

What?

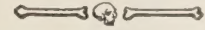
The Scotch race.



**Where is a good place to pet?
Don't know, I'm not a chiropractor.**

Prof.: What animal nearest approaches
man?

Stude: The bed bug sir.



Six degrees of speed:

Snail

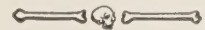
Ford

Automobile

Airplane

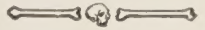
Lightning

Co-ed.



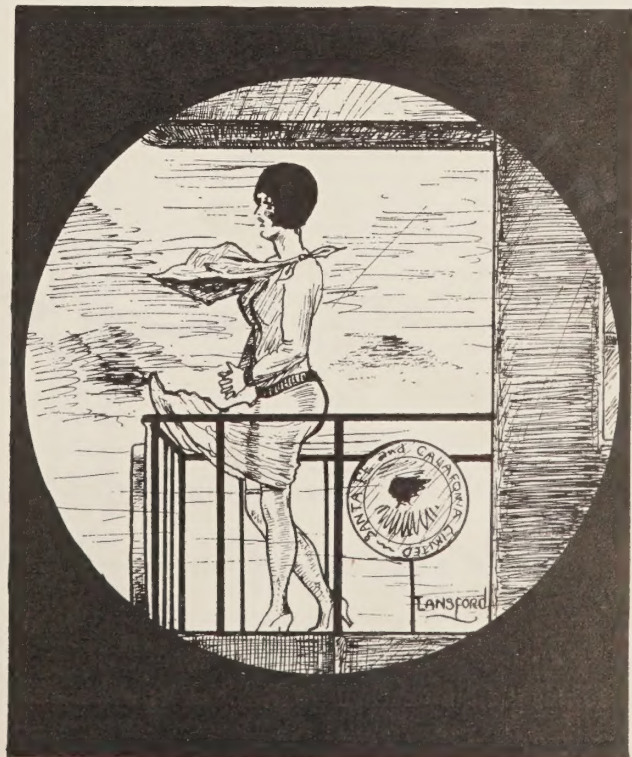
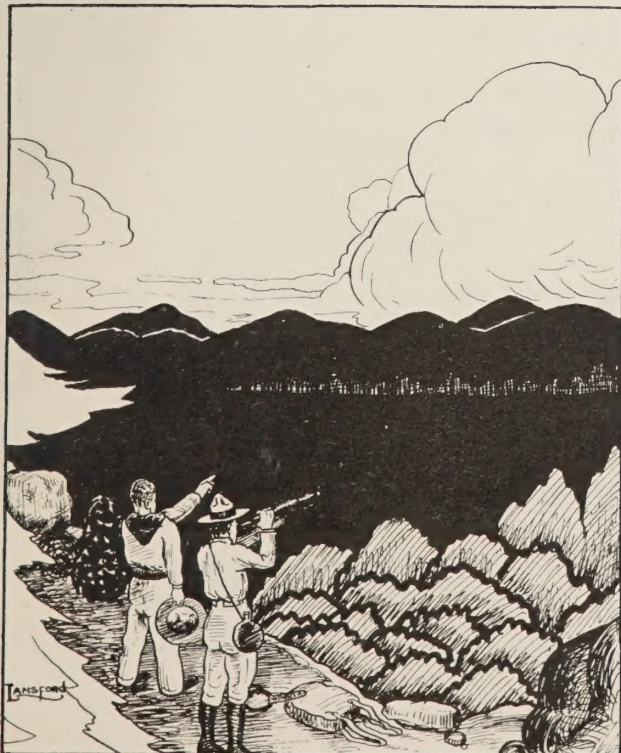
Co-ed (to drug clerk): Do you keep
"Mum"?

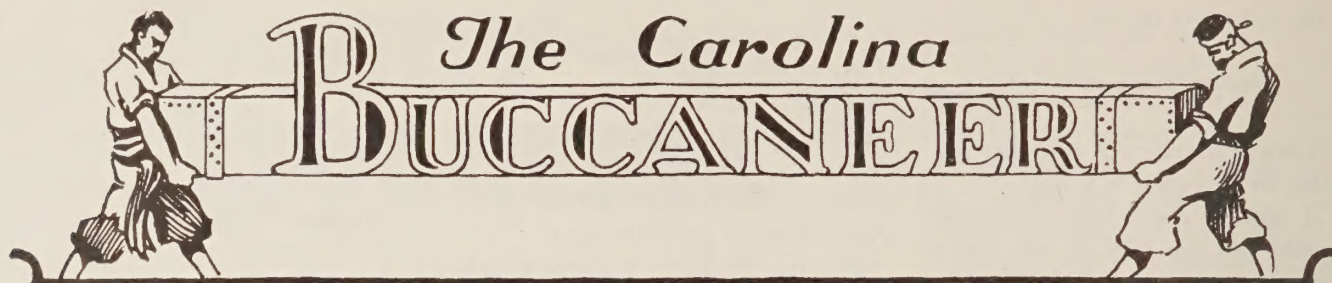
D. C.: Sure, go ahead and tell it.



Is Barbara fast?

Fast? Why her mother won't even let
anyone accompany her on a piano unless
she is chaperoned.





One Hundred Percent Girl's Staff for the One Hundred Percent Girl's Number

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Miss Lorine Davis, of Winter Haven, Florida, is a member of the Tri Delta Sorority and was voted the most beautiful girl at N. C. C. W.

Miss Convere McAden is from Charlotte, N. C., and at present is attending National Cathedral School at Washington, D. C.

Miss Pat Phelps is from Greenville, N. C., and at one time attended N. C. C. W.

Miss Sophie Clifton is from Louisburg, N. C., and attends Louisburg College.

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Carolina Theatre

- February 21st and 22nd—BISHOP MURDER CASE, Basil Rathbone.
- February 24th—ANNA CHRISTIE, Greta Garbo.
- February 25th—SLIGHTLY SCARLET, Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook.
- February 26th—THE OTHER TOMORROW, Billie Dove.
- February 27th—CHASING RAINBOWS, Bessie Love.
- February 28th—STRICTLY MODERN, Dorothy Mackail.
- March 1st—STREET OF CHANCE, William Powell.
- March 3rd—THE RIVER END, Helen Morgan.
- March 4th—TAN LEGS, Sally Blane.
- March 5th, 6th—HIT THE DECK, All Star Cast.
- March 7th—LOOSE ANKLES.
- March 8th—THE LOCKED DOOR, Rod La Roque.
- March 10th—PUTTING ON THE RITZ, All Star Cast.
- March 11th—THE CITY GIRL, Mary Duncan and Charles Farrell.
- March 12th—GENERAL CRACK, John Barrymore.
- March 13th—WEDDING RINGS, H. B. Warner.
- March 14th—SACRED FLAME, Conrad Nagel.
- March 15th—THE BATTLE OF PARIS, Gertrude Lawrence.



Going to France this Summer?

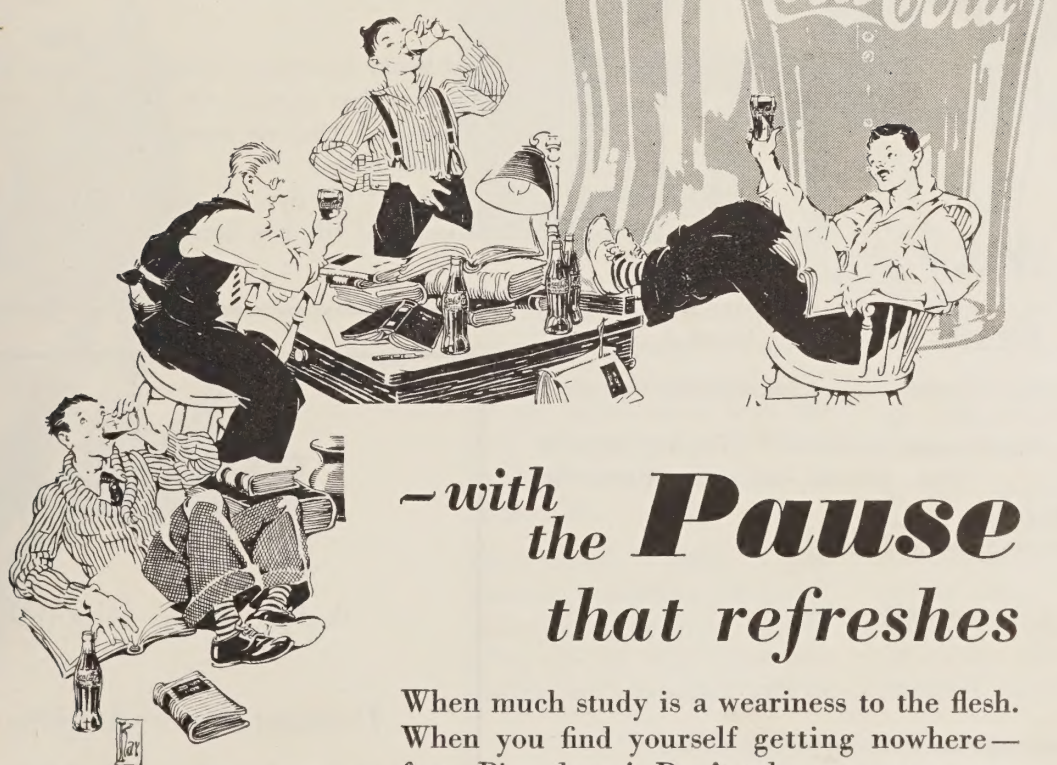
You've worked hard... hard for you, anyhow... and you need a change. ♡ If you're a serious thinker, you want to go where the culture's thickest... that's France... If you're just getting good by sunrise... that's France, too... strong on the gentler arts, you can learn more from one chic Parisienne than is told in any library. ♡ Sail on the "*Ile de France*," the "*Paris*" or the "*France*" first-class with the other aristocrats, if the family purse is that kind... you're in France the second you cross "the longest gangplank in the world"... food, fun, atmosphere, service and decorations... not a moment wasted in acclimatization later on. ♡ For accommodation that is neither Hispano Suiza nor Citroën, but wholly delightful and a favorite with the after-college set, try the cabin fleet... the new "*Lafayette*" (every room with bath or shower), the "*De Grasse*," one big party, or the clubby "*Rochambeau*." ♡ The under-grad also travels "tourist third" with a real college crowd on these cabin ships.

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Put the "grin" in Grind



9
MILLION
a day

—with
the ***Pause***
that refreshes

When much study is a weariness to the flesh. When you find yourself getting nowhere—fast. Pipe down! Don't take any more punishment! Let go everything! Pause for a moment and refresh yourself.

That's just the time and place when an ice-cold bottle or glass of Coca-Cola will do you the most good. A regular cheer-leader with its happy sparkle and delicious flavor, while its pure, wholesome refreshment packs a big rest into a little minute and gets you off to a fresh start.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

CM-1



Teacher (during English class recitation): "The boy stood on the burning deck . . ." Now, Johnnie, can you tell me what this quotation typifies?

Johnny: Sure, flaming youth.

Can you cook?

Yes.

Can you darn socks, sew on buttons, press neckties?

Yes.

Play an intelligent game of bridge?

Yes.

Wear conservative clothes, never ask for an ermine wrap?

Yes. Are you going to marry me?

No, I'm going to put you in a museum.

Young man, I'd just like to see you kissing my daughter.
I think it can be arranged, madam.

Why is Rudy Vallee's picture called "The Vagabond Lover?"
That's because he came from Yale.

He (telephoning): How about a date Saturday night?
She (at the other end): Sorry, but I have one.
He: What are you doing next Saturday night?
She: I am dated on that night, too.
He (in desperation): Well, what are you doing the next Saturday?
She (giving in): Nothing.
He: Then you will have time to take a bath.

God created the earth and rested; God created man and rested.
God created woman and neither God nor man has rested since.

Anthony, (showing Cleopatra through his new villa): And what dost thou think of the numerous rooms?

Cleopatra: They are most wonderful. But oh Anthony, where are thy baths?

Anthony: We have no baths, oh fair one!

Cleopatra: Oh, how perfectly *uncanny*!

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ticket booth on field for special
rates to U. N. C. students.

Chapel Hill Flying
School

Martindale Field

"Were you trying to catch that street car?"

"Oh, no, indeed! I was merely frightening it away from this corner."
—*The Longhorn.*

THE GAY NINETIES

He (admiringly)—"What a wonderful shape to your new bustle, my dear."

She—"Sir, I have no bustle."
—*Widow.*



A Lone Man at Large in the Girl's Number

'Twas the night before Christmas,
And all the boys were feeling Merry,
Poor Merry—



"THE BEST NATURED MAN"

UNDERNOURISHMENT and a pleasant disposition don't mix. The "best natured man" of the senior class isn't the one who spends his time smiling through a series of minor ills.

Shredded Wheat is the natural breakfast for good-natured college men. It supplies all the vital food elements that keep their spirits

high. It's easy to digest and provides the bran to keep the system clear.

If you want to start the day with a cheerful outlook eat two Shredded Wheat biscuits every morning with good rich milk and plenty of fruit. It clears away those dark mental clouds in a hurry.

SHREDDED WHEAT



Nearsighted Old Man (eating a box of loose-leaf reinforcements): "Well, by heck, these Life Savers don't taste like they used to."

(Continued from page nine)

what was more Sally seemed to be in wonderful spirits as they sat down together. For the rest of the picture Ted found himself repeatedly taking his eyes from the screen and peering out into the darkness. As he rode home that evening he found himself wondering—ever wondering—at last there was something to Carolina. He was beginning to like it more and more only he could not seem to like S. A. E.'s or football players.

CHAPTER FOUR

Wednesday night finally arrived. At eight o'clock the front door of Spencer Hall opened and at eight-ten a Lincoln roadster moved out over the Durham highway. It was a wonderful night. The sky was clear and each star seemed to make an especial effort to make its presence shown. "Yes, it was a wonderful night," Ted had said this over and over again as he drove home from the co-ed building that night. "But, I be damned," he muttered, "she has all her dates made for next weekend and here I am again with nothing but a piccolo."

Next Wednesday night he was again at the shack, but this evening it was raining outside and she had expressed her desire of staying inside. Gee, she was wonderful. It made Ted's heart skip a beat every time she looked at him with her blue eyes. Where was this man of the world that was so able to look into the eyes of any damsel and turn away without the slightest emotion? Where was the big strong sophisticated man of the world that had enrolled a month previously? Was this Carolina co-ed twisting him about her finger. He enjoyed that night. They sat there and talked, talked about everything. She was not the drab commonplace girl which he had expected the co-ed to be, but rather to the contrary. She had traveled quite a bit and had read more than the average girl and she seemed to have that irresistible attractiveness so commonly and awkwardly named "It." All too soon ten-thirty arrived and he left and rode home unmindful of the heavy rain slapping against the car. This time he felt a certain exultation he had a date for the following Sunday night—his first weekend date.

CHAPTER FIVE

Saturday night was a perfect night and the paths about Chapel Hill had dried thoroughly from the rain of the middle of the week. Ted Reo was feeling restless. He had tried to study—a thing which everyone knows is impossible on Saturday night. Finally, he had decided to go out for a walk. He started in the direction of the country club and had finally reached the small frame structure after a brisk twenty-minute walk. The light was aglow on the porch so he walked up and looked at the bulletin board on the side of the building. He was so busily engaged in the reading of an announcement of a coming tournament that he failed at first to notice a Ford roadster parked over near the first tee. He had just finished the notice and was walking about the porch when he happened to look out and see the roadster. It was that S. A. E.'s car and he seemed to be busy at the time. He was just in time to see the pair in the car go into a long kiss. Realizing his position as a spectator he hurriedly left the porch

and started back in the direction of town. He had walked about half way back and was crossing the Raleigh road when a Ford roadster passed him and as it passed under the street light he saw—Sally, and she was very close to the driver of that car! His first feelings were those of a sinking nature, then regret, and then he swore. "Well I thought I had made a lot of time since I have been going to see her, but it seems as if someone else has beaten me."

Sunday night came and in every respect it was equal to the night preceding. The moon was bright and the stars were bright, but it was with a heavy feeling that Ted set out for his date. She seemed more charming than ever that evening. She wore a brightly colored scarf about her head, and this seemed to contrast with the duller hue of her fur coat collar. The curves in her body seemed to fit perfectly those of his car and it was with difficulty that he could keep his eyes on the road. Something of restraint seemed to hover over him, he could always seem to see a figure in a Ford roadster kissing his girl—it almost seemed impossible but nevertheless he knew it to be so. "Damn that was the luckiest guy in the world." The car had slowed down to almost a walk and finally Ted took up enough courage to reach up and turn off the switch. He was almost afraid to look over to see how Sally was taking this situation. Finally he gained sufficient courage to look over at her. She had not turned one whit.

"Sally," he began, "I don't know how to say anything, (was this the same Mr. Reo of Plantagnet, N. J., that entered the university so sophisticated), I only know that I think you are wonderful. The first time that I saw you I thought that you were the small town girl which could be easily fooled. I thought that I could go out and shoot you a line that would catch you the first night, but ever since I saw you the first night at the co-ed building I have changed my views. I thought that I would be able to over-impress you with the appearance which I tried to set up, but I think that I have failed miserably. Ever since that first night I have tried to think that I was in love with you, now I realize my mistake."

She looked up into his face with an expression of doubt. "Gee, I'm sorry that I made you feel that way, but I did not do anything."

"You did not have to do anything. I would fall for you if you only sat up and never said a word."

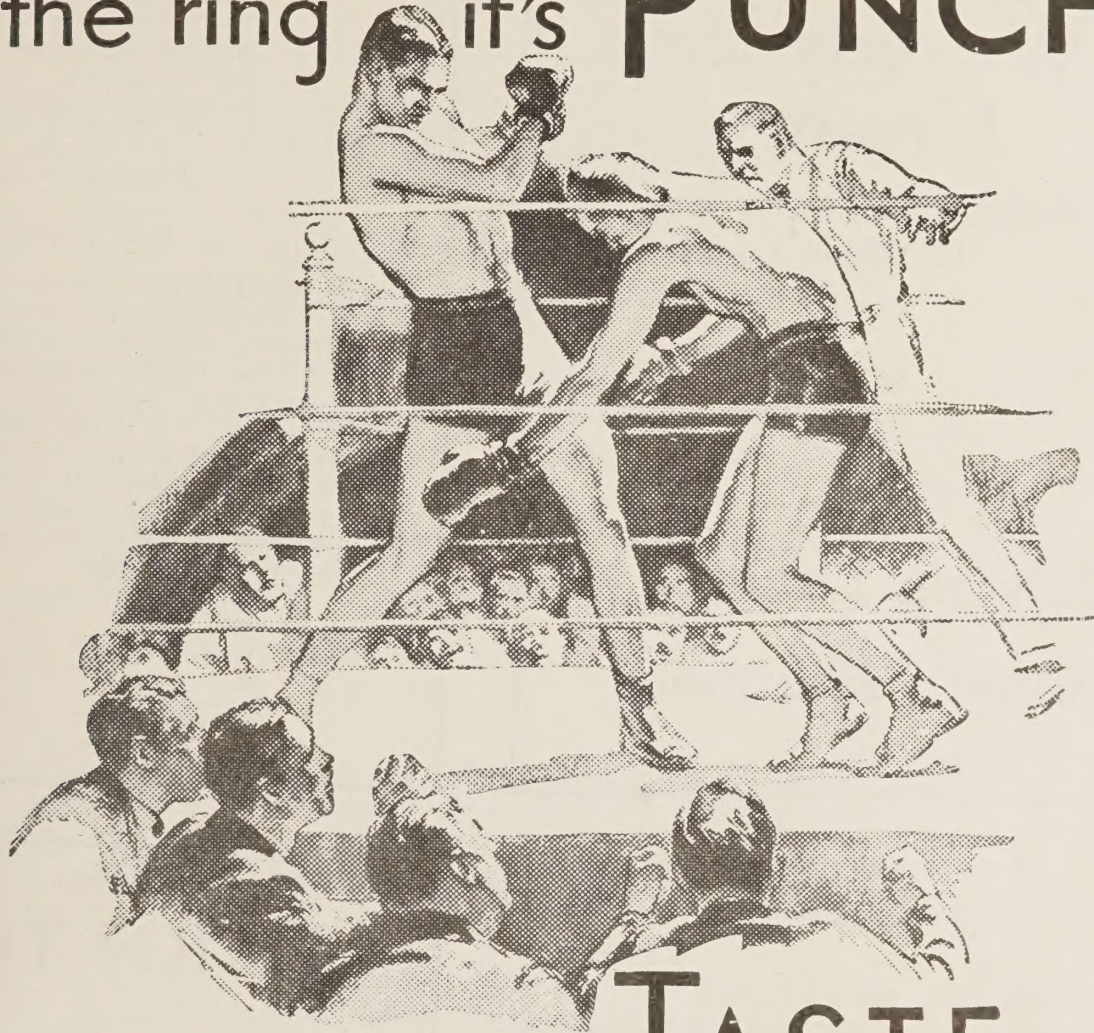
"Oh, I am afraid that I would bore you very quickly if I did that," she replied laughingly, "but I am sorry that I made you think you were in love with me."

"I'm not," he replied quietly, "because I realize my mistake now; I realize that I could never think I was in love with you unless I really was. Sally, I'm crazy about you." Suddenly the vision of the previous night came before his eyes. "I guess that I am just one of the many though." He turned away and was just about to start the car. "I guess I had better take you home, I think that I have made a big enough fool of myself for one night."

A slight touch on his arm caused him to pause. Had she really put her hand on his arm—the effect seemed to electrify him.

(Continued on page twenty-eight)

...in the ring it's **PUNCH**



...in a cigarette it's **TASTE**

"STICKIN' to our knittin'" — never forgetting that Chesterfield's popularity depends on Chesterfield's *taste* . . .

But what *is* taste? Aroma, for one thing — keen and spicy fragrance. For another, that satisfying something — flavor, mellow tobacco goodness — which we can only call "character." Taste is what smokers want; taste is what Chesterfield offers —

"TASTE *above everything*"



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Always Call for

Waverly Ice Cream

"Made Its Way by the Way
It's Made"



For Sale by

Eubanks Drug Co.

Sutton's Pharmacy

(Continued from page twenty-six)

"Listen Ted I like you a whole lot and I think that I could love—"

"What about last night. I saw you kissing—"

"Oh that is easily explained," she interrupted. I saw you when you walked on the club porch and stood before the bulletin board. I also saw you look out toward the car in which we were sitting. I was just in time to grab and kiss my cousin Joe as you looked our way. He was so startled he did not know what to do you see I was never so affectionate toward a first cousin in my life and it somewhat surprised him."

"And you are not in love with him?" asked the bewildered Ted.

"Of course not, silly boy. How could I when he is my first cousin?"

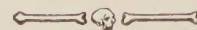
"And did you mean what you said a minute ago about being able to love me?"

"Well I think that I could be able to learn, that is, if I thought I did not have to go home so early." As she said these last words she rattled the keys in the switch.

"Good God, honey," whispered Ted as he pulled her up to him, "I wish we were parked over a river I would throw those keys overboard."

FINIS

Jack and Jill went up a hill
Upon a moonlight ride;
When Jack came back,
One eye was black,
His pal, you see, had lied. —Sundial.



IT'S A HOWL

Innumerable peals of laughter floated through the crisp, cold, morning air to my bedside. Again and again small groups of students eight-twentyward bound passed below my window, each reeling with chuckles galore; and on arising I noted unbelievable smiles on their countenances, which indeed demanded inquiry, for the student body is a dull lot, lacking both humor and pleasing doggerel. I admit I was puzzled for several moments, but on further examination of conditions I glanced at the calendar.

The *Law School Journal* was out.

—Yale Record.

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THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER



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THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER

OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME VII MARCH, 1930 NUMBER 6

CY EDSON *Editor-in-chief*
H. N. PATTERSON *Business Manager*
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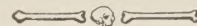
Copyrighted 1929 by THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER.

Spearmint—"I had a date with a college freshman last night, Maizie."

Second Steno—"What'd ya do?"

Spearmint—"Honey, ain't you ever been out with a college boy?"

—*Dirge.*



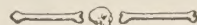
Willie in a fit of gall

Drank some wooden alcohol.

Willie croaked—his ma grew pensive—

Alcohol is so expensive.

—*Dirge.*



It was 2 a. m. The car had been parked in the farmer's drive for several hours. Finally a voice called: "Hey! What's the matter out there? Flat tire?"

"Heck no!" came a muffled voice. "You don't suppose I'd still be here if she was."

—*Washington Dirge.*

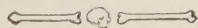
Stay! said the corset!
Hold! said the strap!
Snap! said the hooklet,
As the fat woman sat!

—*Octopus.*



Doctor—"You'll be dead by morning."
Eskimo—"Hmm, three months more, by gosh."

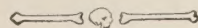
—*Eskimo.*



Scorekeeper—"How many times have we kissed tonight?"

Her—"Twice. Remember when I had to answer the door bell."

—*Stone Mill.*



She—"Where's Bill tonight?"

He—"Out studying anatomy."

—*Drexerd.*

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Blue Ribbon Ice Cream

DURHAM ICE CREAM
COMPANY

"Made with Pure Cream"

WE MAKE ANY COLOR SCHEMES FOR
FRATERNITY OR SORORITY BANQUETS

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MAIN AT DUKE STREET
DURHAM, N. C.

PUNCHES

SHERBETS

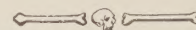


Mash: Why is a Life Saver like
a perfect golf score?

She: A hole in one.

It (over the phone)—“... and I'd love to go to that game with you.”

He—“Sorry, sweetheart, you'll have to make me a better offer. I know three other girls willing to do just as much.” —*Penn. Punch Bowl.*

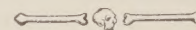


My girl was like a wonderful dream.

Yeah, so was mine.

What da'ya mean?

I woke up and there she was.



Indignant Farmer—“Say, look here, you ain't getting as much milk from the cows as you used to.”

Hired Man—“Nope, sorter lost my pull.”

—*Denison Flamingo.*

Discriminating

Frosh (at P. O.)—“I'd like to see some of your two-cent stamps, please.”

The clerk produced a sheet of one hundred twos. The freshman pointed to the stamp in the center.

“I'll take that one,” he said. —*Voo Doo.*



Why are you running, my pretty maid?

I'm being chased, sir, she said.

But you're not running very fast, said he.

Oh, go to hell, she retaliated. —*Satyr.*



Student—“Box office? Two tickets, please.”

Voice—“What date?”

Student—“None of your business. I'll take what girl I please.” —*Sun Dial.*

This is no Joke---

It doesn't matter how much you earn,
you'll always be worth exactly
what you save.



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"Everything in Stationery"

Note Books

School Supplies

Sheaffer Fountain Pens

Victor and Brunswick Records

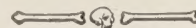


Spalding Sporting Goods

Eastman Kodaks and Films

Indignant Wife (to incoming husband)—"What does the clock say?"

Semi-plastered Husband—"It shays 'tick-tock,' and doggies shay 'bow-wow,' and cows shay 'moo-moo,' and little pussy-cats shay 'meow-meow.' Now ya shatisfied?" —*The Flamingo.*



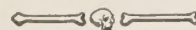
"Heavy date you had last night. Have a good time?"

"Rotten."

"Whatsamatter?"

"Did you ever enjoy a book with the last chapter cut out?"

—*The Sour Owl.*



"That street cleaner is very interesting."

"A street cleaner interesting?"

"Yes, he has loads to talk about."

—*The Purple Parrot.*

"Are you positive the defendant was drunk?"

"Well, your honor, I saw him put a penny in a patrol box and then he looked up at the court house clock and roared, 'I've lost 14 pounds.'"

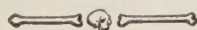
—*Yellow Jacket.*



"What did the doctor say when he was late on that rush call?"

"Hello, Baby!"

—*Octopus.*



"Take your hand offa me, you brute. What do you think I am?"

"Give me time girlie. That's just what I was trying to find out."

—*Ranger.*

Pritchard-Bright Co.

Durham's Fashionable Store for Men



Beautiful Assortment

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Spring Suits

\$25.00 and up

What is love?

Love is when a girl wearing a long white dress will ride to a formal in a fellow's rattle-trap, moth-eaten, dust-laden, topless automobile.

—*Wampus.*



She—"I prayed for you last night."

He—"Next time call me up, and I'll come right over."

—*Cynic.*



A magician spread a blanket over a newspaper, while giving a startling performance, and proceeded to read the paper through the heavy woolen cloth.

All the co-eds in the show got up and walked out.

—*Wet Hen.*



"Oh, Mama, Mama! A motor truck just smashed the baby buggy all to pieces!"

"Heavens! Was the baby killed?"

"No, Mama, luckily he fell in the river a little while before."

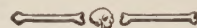
—*The Longhorn.*

First Prisoner—"What are you here for?"

Second Ditto—"Burglary—two years. What about yourself? What you doin'?"

First (again)—"Course in electrical engineering; course ends tonight with a shock."

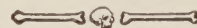
—*Sun Dial.*



First Road Hand (working near a college)—"Say, Mack, what in de woild is a co-ed?"

Second Road Hand—"Aw, git to woik, Hank, ye're too young to know about such things yet."

—*Texas Ranger.*



The best way to tell which of the sororities has the prettiest pins is to watch between classes on a windy day.

—*Belle Hop.*

"Rollo seems to be very happy in his new work. What does he do?"

"He is doing literary work. He takes young lady authors around and gives them experience for their confession stories."

—*Octopus.*



But You Waist Your Sympathy

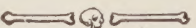
"Don't you always pity a girl who is frightened in the dark?"

"Yes, I can't help feeling for her!" —*Drexerd.*



The eleventh commandment for Co-eds: "Thou shalt not be caught."

—*Kitty Kat.*



She calls her boy friend "Prince Albert" because he "doesn't bite the tongue."

—*Jester.*



HOSIERY

*in a
colorful
array*

We have everything to please the College Student in the way of wearing apparel; Shirts, Hosiery, Neckwear, Shorts and Sweaters.

Come in and see for yourself.

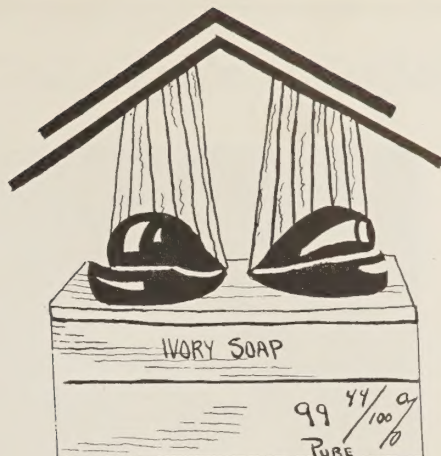
Suits - Tuxedoes

Markham - Rogers Co.

DURHAM

Dedicated:

To the cunning little soap-box,
Upon whose innocent shoulders,
Unwillingly rests the large,
Flat feet of campus politicians,
And from whose dizzy, dangerous height
Is dished out to the unsuspecting public:



More lies

More hog-wash

More deception

More corruption

More monstrosities

More prevarication

More pretentiousness

More misrepresentation

More deviation from Rectitude

More mealy-mouthed stuff and nonsense

More machinations of the devil

More distortion of the truth

More pollution and rot

More double-dealing

More mud-slinging

More fraudulence

More craftiness

More hypocrisy

More hokum

THE ESSENCE OF STUDENT POLITICS

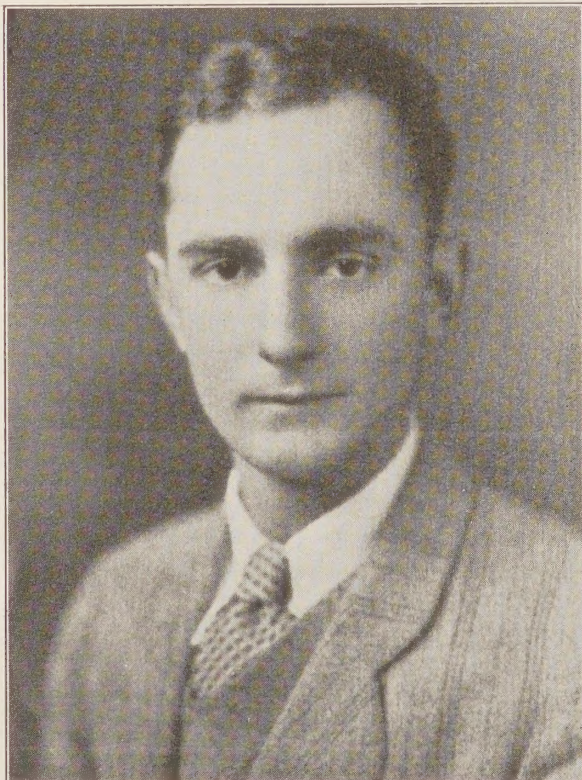
G R A F T
G R A F T
G R A F T
G R A F T
G R A F T
(A Snake in the Graft)



Who's Who at Carolina?

PHOEBE HARDING

whose home is Washington, N. C., attended St. Mary's before coming to Carolina. She has done outstanding work with the Play-makers this year, making all three of the tours. Besides being a member of Wig and Masque and officiating on the Woman's Associat'on Council she is a member of the Pi Beta Phi Sorority. Voted the most dramatic girl in the class of 1930.



GLENN HOLDER

of Greensboro, N. C., is the editor of the Daily *Tar Heel*. He has been a member of the Publications Union Board and is also a member of Golden Fleece, Epsilon Phi Delta, and Sigma Delta social fraternity.

The Carolina BUCCANEER

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME VII

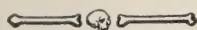
MARCH, 1930

NUMBER VI

Will you vote for Bill Jones?
No.
Here take a nip of this Scotch.
Hmm. What did you say his name was?

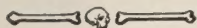


Sir, you talk like an idiot!
Don't accuse me of being a politician.
He: Are you going to the polls today?
Him: Who do you think I am, Byrd?

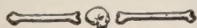


Do you toss all night? Do you
wake up despondent? Nerves shat-
tered? Impossible to sleep?

**GET A JOB AS A NIGHT
WATCHMAN.**



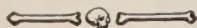
First co-ed: Where is the chamber-maid?
Second ditto: In a factory, of course.



Wise: Didn't I see you at the show last
night?

Crack: Maybe so.

Wise: I thought I saw you picking your
seat.



There are twenty fraternities in that
frame-up.

Hell, that's no frame-up, that's a merger.

How did John take it when May gave
him his ring back?

He took it to the nearest pawnshop.



How did your date come out last night?

Fine. Just like a good horse race.

Yeah? And how is that?

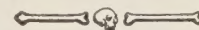
Neck and neck.



Putting on the Dog

Shoe: Your roommate says he is a prac-
tical socialist.

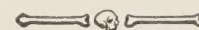
String: He must be. He wears my
clothes, smokes my pipe, and flirts with my
girl.



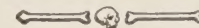
Here you, look after my car a minute
while I step across the street.

Who do you think you are talking to?
Why I am a member of Congress!

That's all right, you look honest and I'll
risk it.

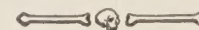


Jack and Jill went up a hill
To fetch a pail of water,
Now Jack came down with a broken
crown,
Now I ask you—
Did they go up for water?



"Dad, I'm taking accounting at school
this term."

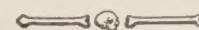
"Fine, maybe you can account for the
hundred bucks you spent last month."



Pete: I'm going to Willoughbrook Sani-
tarium tomorrow.

Repeat: Are you going for a week end?

Pete: No, lung trouble.



What is the matter, young man, been in
a wreck?

No. A campus election.

I think we can do it all right, Bert.

Sure we can, Bill, and it will be the biggest and most substantial one the campus has ever seen.

Yes, and we'll start right in on the ground and lay our foundation.

That's it. Just like all political organizations you've got to start your plans from the bottom.

Sure. Then we'll gradually build it up, rather slow at first until we get things going. We don't want a single flaw in this one. You remember what happened to the last, don't you?

Yes, it wasn't planned carefully enough and didn't have the proper support.

That's right. And, Bill, we must consider our platform very, very carefully.

Yes, Bert, the platform is one of the main features.

A good platform is certainly essential. The students can see from it just what it's all about.

Well, is there anything else to consider before we start?

Not that I can think of at present.

Then we'll begin drawing our plans, and here is hoping that the new university auditorium will come up to the expectations of the students.

YOUTH

The most talked of Countess in the world strolled into the roulette room at Monte Carlo. She was beautiful, no one could deny that, she had the beauty of youth; though her age had never been definitely stated, it was generally conceded that she could not be more than twenty-five. At one side of the room were a group of men who had just made a bet that one of them would definitely determine her age that night. One of them casually strolled over to the Countess.

"Milady," said he, "would you not like to try your luck?"

"Why, yes," she replied, "but I do not know what number to play."

"Why not play your age?"

Coyly the great Countess placed a thousand pounds on twenty-four. Slowly the great wheel spun, then it seemed to stop on twenty-four, but not, it turns on to thirty-three.

They carried the great Countess out of the room, a raving maniac.

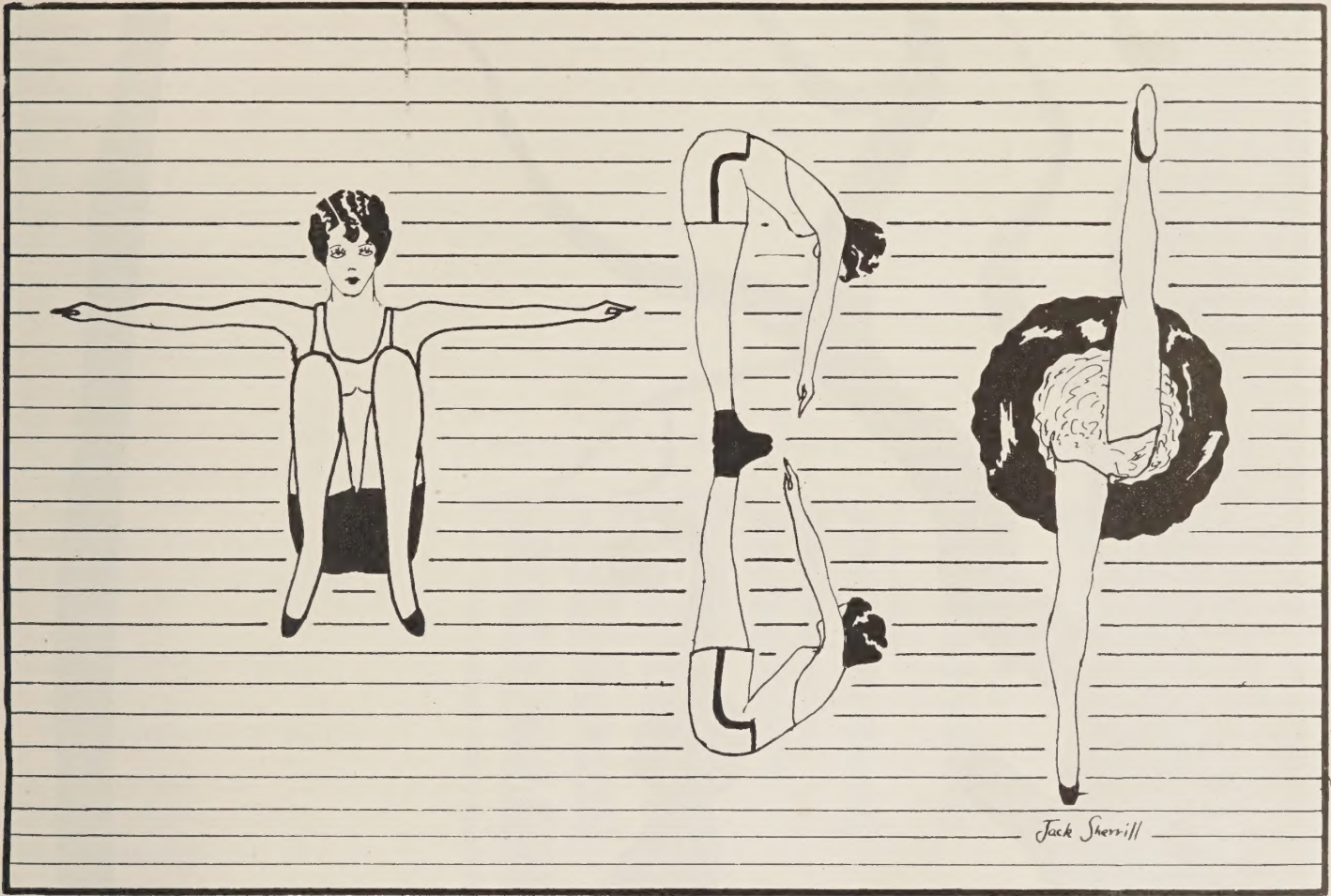


Dean (making chapel talk): And remember you are on your honor in these elections the same as you are in the class room.

Solo voice in back: My gosh, he wants us to lose the election.

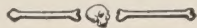


POLITICAL ECONOMY
The Street-Cleaner Turns Politician

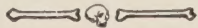


Four Pi Phis Making Their Letters

The absent-minded professor posted a letter without a stamp. When it came back he looked in his mouth and found the stamp on his tongue.



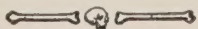
When Corinne was asked if she would join the glee club she said: "I'd jump at the chants."



Yes, Yes, Go On!

Mary: May I ask where you got such a well developed pair of arms?

Clark: Playing baseball, and may I ask if you ever went out for track?

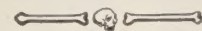


Fairy Story: His father had a million bucks and he had halitosis and so not a single fraternity rushed him.

I never was in a worse election.

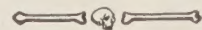
How come?

I'm used to throwing mud and this is a sandy region.



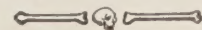
Did your son make a fraternity this year?

I think so. He wrote me that he had joined a frame-up.



Nitt: So you think it is getting near the spring elections, huh?

Witt: Yeah, I notice that fellow is speaking to everyone and he is a candidate.



So you were elected the best looking boy in the senior class?

Yeah.

Frame-up.

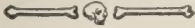


Eve Turns Over a New Leaf

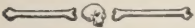
Politician's Lament

I never thought that I would fall
Below things refined.
I never thought that I would ever
Be that kind.

Yet it's true I sadly state
I've sunk into perdition.
And all because I have become,
A blowhorn politician.

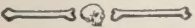


Some things are irritating,
And some things get your goat.
But the worst of all,
Is to have some guy
Challenge your right to vote.

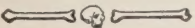


THE GOOD OLD DAYS

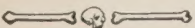
In the days of old
When dudes were bold,
Sheet-iron trousers
And they wore them.
There was bliss enough in this
For the laundry never tore them.



The laundry, d'izy Sue thinks, should
do a big business around election time on
account of all the mud slinging.



Teacher: Who was Homer?
Fifth Grade Pupil: He's de guy Babe
Ruth made famous.

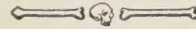


The politician raved and swore,
The candidate did the same.
The ballots had been printed,
Minus the candidate's name.

If Politicians Appeared As They Really Are

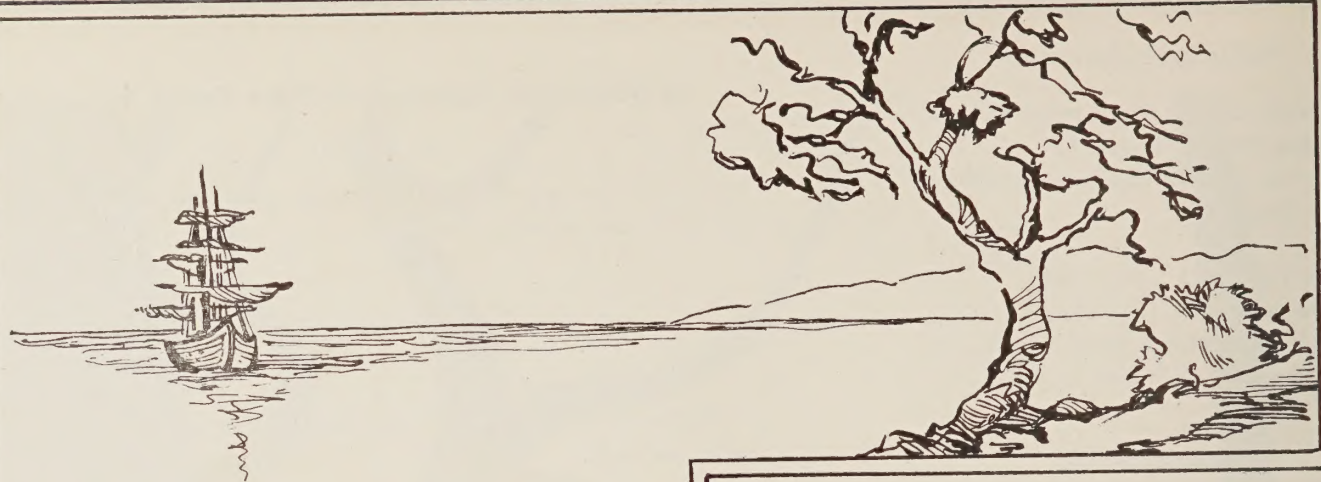
(An article)

If politicians appeared as they really are there wouldn't be
any politicians to write about.



"Business is picking up," said the pickpocket as he went
about his work.





The CAROLINA BUCCANEER

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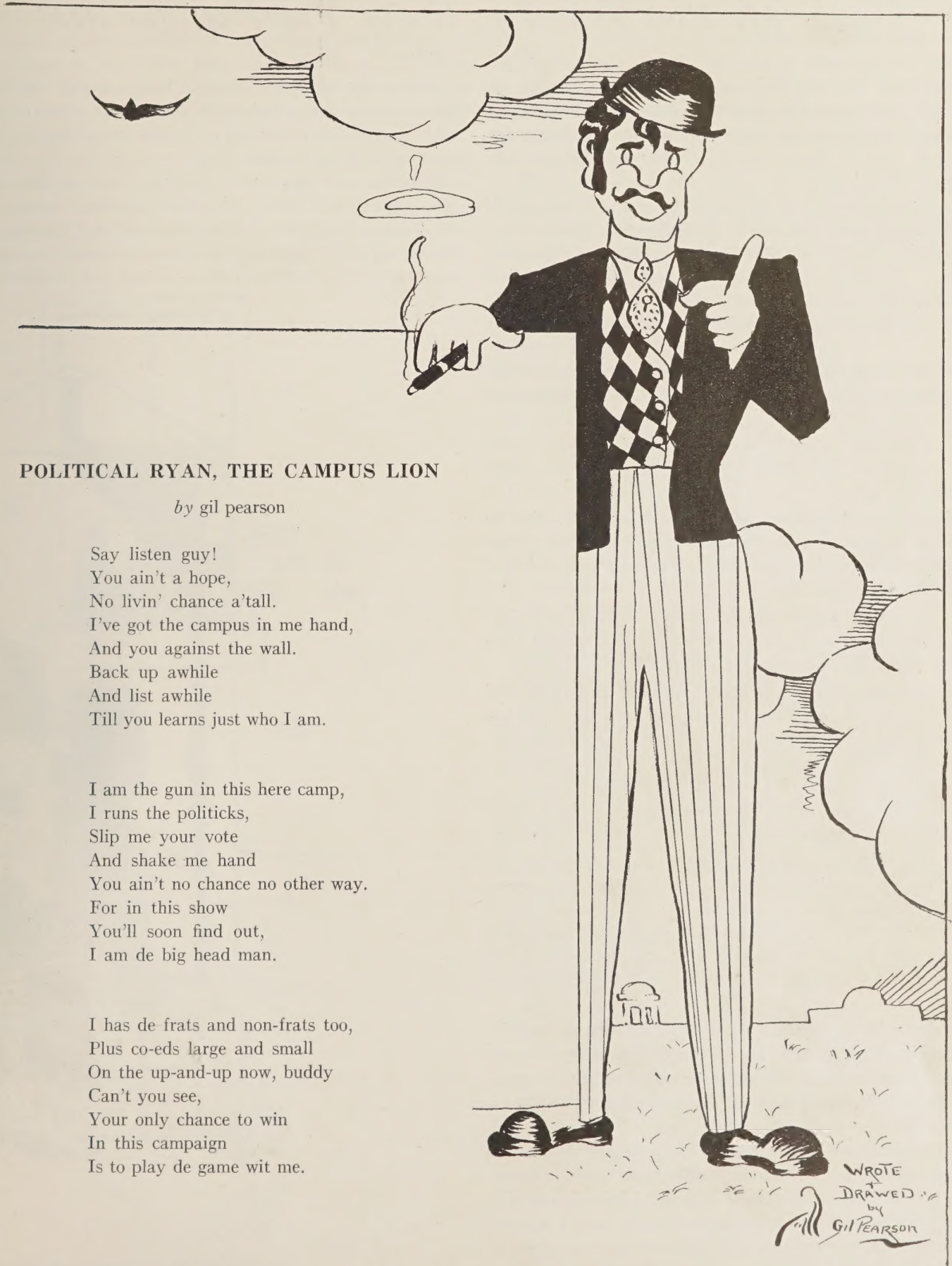
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J. C. Williams

Contributors

Craig Wall "Block" Bryson "Babs" Babington



POLITICAL RYAN, THE CAMPUS LION

by gil pearson

Say listen guy!
 You ain't a hope,
 No livin' chance a'tall.
 I've got the campus in me hand,
 And you against the wall.
 Back up awhile
 And list awhile
 Till you learns just who I am.

I am the gun in this here camp,
 I runs the politicks,
 Slip me your vote
 And shake me hand
 You ain't no chance no other way.
 For in this show
 You'll soon find out,
 I am de big head man.

I has de frats and non-frats too,
 Plus co-eds large and small
 On the up-and-up now, buddy
 Can't you see,
 Your only chance to win
 In this campaign
 Is to play de game wit me.

Oscar wanted so he pledged up with this spokesman and pinned the pin on himself.

The other representatives went out groaning and sticking out their tongues at each other—But what did Oscar care—here was FAME. He was a Delta Zeta and destined to become a big colonel in their camp. He could already imagine himself, cigar in hand, dictating the policies of the whole campus.

In his fraternity he was very popular. They all liked young Oscar, with his frank, open, clock face and they called him a good fellow.

Every night between the hours of nine and ten queer ceremonies went on within his fraternity house. All of his brothers

would file slowly past Oscar and he would slap them fondly on the back and assume a benign expression. Sometimes he went as far as offering smokes. This proceeding was called the “back slapping try outs” and soon our hero became quite adept at the art.

He had a big hearty, he man's slap for the big beefs—a middle weight friendly hit for the middle sized and a dainty, fondling pat for the smallest.

Oh he faced a grand future. He could convince the most Christian freshman that his sottish candidate had never partaken of alcoholic joys and could furthermore give statistics that he had refused exactly 934 drinks since entering the portals of his college.

He could point out his candidate as a first class Tar Heel reporter—neglecting to say that he never turned in over one story a month.

Even though his candidate was a mediocre athlete he would point him out as a triple threat man—again neglecting to say that those three were halitosis, expulsion and Keeley's.

CHAPTER 19

Oscar had heard of one great office on the campus and he wanted it. One of the most sacred organizations was the Golden Fleas and its head officer was the great PRIME BIG GOAT. In his fondest dreams Oscar could imagine himself the proud possessor of that honor. He could see himself blaaiing and blaaiing at the assembly to be answered by the fellow members with a huge BLA.

With this dream in his mind he would dream and roll, roll and dream, and get up for an eight-thirty.

Oscar as a merrymaker was a popular one. In fact he was spoken of as the wit and light of his class. He endeared himself with the whole student body with his boyish tricks and pranks. A favorite trick of his was to pedal madly up and down Columbia Street on his velocipede and yell wildly “FIRE—FIRE.” Of course all the people would come running out for to smell the smoke, then when Oscar had seen that he had fooled them, he would ride off, yodeling and singing at the top of his voice, “Wa! Wa! Fo' Me.” His victims would smile kindly to themselves and say that it was only that cute little Doolittle boy doing his old tricks again.

Oh he was a grand funmaker, but he really had a serious side as was shown by the time that he tried to set Old East on fire. A faculty member happened to be passing by at the time who calmly alighted from his bicycle and extinguished the fire. Oscar burst into tears when he was told that it had no insurance and he promised faithfully to get a list of all the buildings insured.

But back into the political arena—Our hero's popularity steadily grew. He had a kind word for everyone. One of his specialties was to carry along hot dogs in his pockets for his many friends. The meekest freshman was completely at ease in the presence of Oscar and he felt as though Oscar was a big brother of his—one to advise him and carry his troubles too.

At only one time did Oscar come near losing his popularity and that was when he was so obsessed with the goat idea.



He went without a shave for over three weeks and to the wiser ones it was evident that he was trying to grow a goatee. For a while even his best friends misunderstood him. To their cheery greetings he would look at them in an absurd way and respond with a lusty BLA BLA. At first they were puzzled and then their puzzlement grew into anger. What was the matter with Oscar? Everyone wondered and no one knew. Then three committees were appointed by the Di's and six by the Phi's to determine why such a smart man would act in such an absurd manner. But as in all good stories the true cause was found and the student body found out what aim was innermost in our hero's mind and they loved him all the more.

CHAPTER 84

Soon the campus began to show unusual activity. Everybody loved everybody—apparently. Tall sedate Seniors would walk up to insignificant freshmen with a glorious air of good fellowship and ask about everything, including the girl friend back home, if everything was not all right the questioner would break down and cry on the voter's shoulder. Pledges of undying friendship were made. The lowliest of students, namely the Phi Beta Frappers, were made to believe that they were irresistible personalities—that is, if they would vote right.

But did our hero employ these tactics? NO. he was open and above-board in everything that he did. He did not smother his prospective voters with promises. No soft soap for him. He came right out and called a spade a shovel.

He too was looking forward to the great day but something within him squeaked, (or was it his shoes?) "Do it fair Oscar and you will always be proud."

Came election day, as the movie subtitles say, and it was a glorious one at that. The sun came up promptly at 5:30, and instantaneously all students milled out to vote.

The polls were at Harry's (not an advt) and Main Drag was congested.

Confusion reigned—students shouted and voted, shouted again and went back and voted. What if the nervously absent-minded ones did vote seven or eight times? Is not politics an honorable thing?

Was our young hero nervous? He was not for he knew that the fair politicians always won. His opponents waited around until the votes were counted. But not Oscar.

He walked slowly off, allowing himself to sing into a pleasant reverie. He had been faithful and now he was receiving his reward. He imagined himself being presented with the horns of the PRIME BIG GOAT. Now he was famous. Goat shouts would acclaim him hero.

But his dreams were rudely interrupted by one of his assistants slapping him wildly on the back, yelling frantically, "We WON, WE WON"—which was very true, in spite of the crookedness of the other side.

As soon as he had found out the results Oscar went to bed, for even back slapping is fatiguing at times.

Then his party met to divide the spoils. They knew that they owed their entire success to Oscar and were determined to do right by him.

They made him president of the student body.

When this was announced to Oscar he quietly swooned and when he came to he was a different man. He was broken. His spirit was all gone.

Now it is a common sight to see Oscar plodding across the campus, wearing, in summer or winter, an old sheep skin coat. He is no longer the bouyant friendly Oscar but a different one. No longer does the campus hear his boyish greeting or feel his bone-crushing slap.

He is like a beautiful ethereal harp, made only to give heavenly melodies, but with its tone gone and its strings broken by the contact with a sordid world.

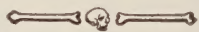
If asked what is wrong he will reply, "I hitched my wagon to what I thought was a star, and it turned out to be a fire-cracker. Politics ruined me." And then he will walk slowly off—a broken man, singing in a pitiful plaintive voice "Ba Ba Black Sheep."



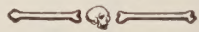
When a politician is standing on a soap box—cleanliness isn't next to godliness.



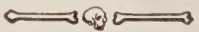
Katie thinks that the signs they had around Memorial Hall when they were tearing it down should have been placed on a few classroom buildings. They read: Absolutely NO PASSING.



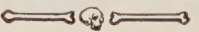
The present political situation summed up: What? PRICE? Glory!



She tightly clings about him,
The dainty slender thing—
For he is just a wooden top,
And she, a long white string.



Eyes of glass
Teeth of clay
Peroxide blonde
She's phoney that way.



Silent Sufferers

Customer: Do you really think sardines are healthy?
Grocer: Well, madam, I never heard one complain.

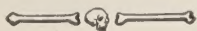


Making a Big Impression

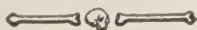
Will you vote for Tommy Hines for the secretary of the sophomore class?

Sir, I am the dean.

That's all right, he's not particular who votes for him.



"X me another," said the candidate to the next voter.



A Few Political Stories

No. I don't get anything out of it, I've just taken a liking to the boy and would like to see him elected. . . .

Why Bill is the most logical man for the office. Hasn't he been reading fifteen minutes a day since he's been in college. . . .

That bunch of hoodlums the other side is running wouldn't make good subjects for a psychology lab. Why . . .

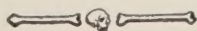
No sir, our methods are not the least bit underhanded. No sir, we're not ashamed of anything we do. . . .

You don't have to hesitate. I wouldn't lie to you about the candidate's ability. . . .

I've got some very good stuff up in my room. Come on up and we'll talk the thing over. . . .

Boy, we can't lose. We've got the biggest fraternities on our side. . . .

Et cetera and ad infinatum.

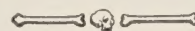


He (to newly-elected president): How come the black eye?

N. E. P.: Breach of campaign promise.

Ladies and gentlemen:

It is indeed gratifying to me to see arrayed here such a crowd of intelligent faces—all gathered in such a worthy cause. We are assembled here to nominate a man for the most dignified and important office in this great commonwealth of ours. An office whose holder must be first a gentleman of the first water, a gentleman of good character, of good habits, for on him rests the responsibility of enlightening our way. I state without fear of successful contradiction that tho you search from the rock-bound coast of Maine to the sun-kist shores of California; tho you searched from ice-capped mountains of Alaska to the sea-swept savannas of Florida; in fact, tho you swept with a fine tooth comb the entire breadth and width of this glorious land of ours, you would not find a man more suited for this position than the one which I am about to name. Therefore I nominate for Chapel Hill lamplighter that honored and revered citizen of ours Boss Hill.



If the fair sex continue to shed their clothes, then it will not be long until Strip Poker, that honorable and ancient game, will be a thing of the past.



May I Get a Light, Please?



She: Are you acquainted with the political situation on the campus?

He: No. I'm merely one of the candidates.

A CAMPAIGN MANAGER SPEAKS HIS MIND

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I doubt if there is one of either in the crowd, but that is the customary method of opening a speech, and anyway I have to flatter you so you will vote for my man. It is seldom that I have the unenviable opportunity of gazing into the eyes of such an imbecilic group as this one. I find it difficult to gaze into your eyes even then as I see there are quite a few cross-eyed men in the crowd. Nevertheless I am here tonight against my wishes and my best judgment to nominate a man for the most insignificant and rotten office in this hypocritical country of ours. It pains me greatly to force such a man on the poor benighted public, but I am getting five thousand berries for it so here goes. This man you all know and dislike. I will not mention his name yet as it leaves a sour taste in my mouth when I do so. You are just a bunch of pigs being led to slaughter, and you will believe all the lies he tells you about what he will do if elected to this office, so I am going to tell you just exactly what he is going to do. If he is elected, he is so dishonest that he will immediately embezzle all the funds he can get his hands on. Incidentally, I will get a nice rake-off too. As I have said this man is as dishonest as they make them, but you had better elect him anyway because he is not as smart as his opponent and won't be able to get away with quite as much jack (you know we do love to save the people's money). Well I better get this speech over with (I'm tired of talking to you yokels), so I nominate for President of the Student Body—Hoss Bill.

"What if my face is dirty," said the boy in the elevator, "you ain't my father."

"No, but I'm bringing you up," replied the elevator man.

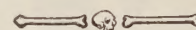


First Frosh: I hate my chapel seat, it's in the sun and awfully hot.

Second Frosh: I'll trade with you, 'cause mine sure is cold.

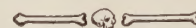
First Frosh: And where do you sit?

Second Frosh: On Z row.



Prof: In some countries a man is allowed two wives. That is polygamy. In our country he is allowed only one. What is that called?

Fresh: Monotony.



Old lady to little girl with her younger brother: Can he talk?
Little girl: Come, Oscar, swear for the lady.



Frosh: And why are you arresting me?

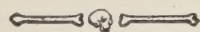
Student Council: You are charged with casting eight votes.

Frosh: Charged, did you say? That's funny, I was told I would be paid for it.

The Gypsy Trail

Down paths that wind into the dawn,
A haunting song comes winging,
A maid as graceful as a fawn,
A Gypsy maiden, singing.
Where soft winds whisper down the hills,
And mating birds are calling,
Where snow-white apple blossoms spill,
And lazy shadows falling,
Down trails that fade among the trees,
A nomad's heart goes swinging,
A maid as carefree as the breeze—
A Gypsy maiden, singing.

—K. Noland.

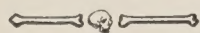


Doubting

*Sometimes, my dear, you don't believe
That what I've said is true.
How can you think that I'd deceive
Someone I love like you?*

*Some things, I know, are hard to see,
But all I ask of you,
Is just try having faith in me.
Is that so hard to do?*

—Katherine Noland.



Realization

*Once I didn't mind to say goodbye,
It didn't hurt to leave you for a while,
You were merely just a friend—and I,
Why I could leave you quickly, with a smile.*

*I never thought that things would ever change,
Or other state than friendship would exist,
I didn't understand why I felt strange,
So strange—that first time I was kiss'd.*

*Now my goodbyes only have a yearning,
For love, to youth, can bring its share of pain,
I count the weeks, the months, 'til my returning,
When you will hold me in your arms again.*

—Katherine Noland.

and now . . .



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Les Gage, former Big Ten Star

SPECIAL OFFER

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interesting issues of College Humor for
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with your remittance to

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"The Magazine with a College Education"



Kate: Did you know that Harry was running this Spring?

Duplicate: I didn't know he was a track man.

Kate: He isn't. He's running for an office.

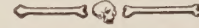
OUR POLITICAL PLATFORM

1. We believe in the abolition of the derby hat.
2. We believe in corporal punishment for those persons who are continually using the phrases "Is that so?" "Isn't he just too cute for words?" "Believe me!" and "I've got the prettiest girl."
3. We advocate the branding of persons who borrow books, slickers, shirts, neckties, and the like, and fail to return same within six months' time.
4. We believe in heavy fines for men who persist in smoking 5c cigars in busses.
5. We advocate the imprisonment of those apartment dwellers who scream, jump up and down, play radios and victrolas, after midnight.
6. We believe in the rights of man to be as disagreeable as he chooses to unwelcomed guests, without being charged with boorishness and eccentricity.
7. We believe in a man ruling his own home, dropping his cigarette ashes where he pleases and wiping his hands on the table cloth without being rebuked by his wife.
8. We sanction the murder of those persons who explain the plots to all the mystery pictures before we see them.
9. We are for the abolition of all vaudeville jokes which have been used for the past ten years and over.
10. We are for the abolition of all skirts three feet in length or over.
11. We believe in the exclusion of all end-seat hogs and continual talkers from public gatherings.
12. We are for the abolition of all speed-cops, and all signs which read "No parking."

There comes an English Major.
Where? I don't see one.
Right there. He's majoring in English.



Voice over phone: What time is it?
Pawnshop keeper: What the hell you think this is asking me what time it is?
Voice over phone: Well, you've got my watch.



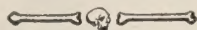
It always makes me laugh
So wonderful a treat,
To see an athlete run a mile
And only move two feet.



The dumb freshman who thought
the Australian Ballot was a dance.

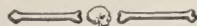
Indignant parent: You look like a wreck. What the hell's the matter were you run down on Broadway?

Girlish Gertie: No ma'm, picked up.

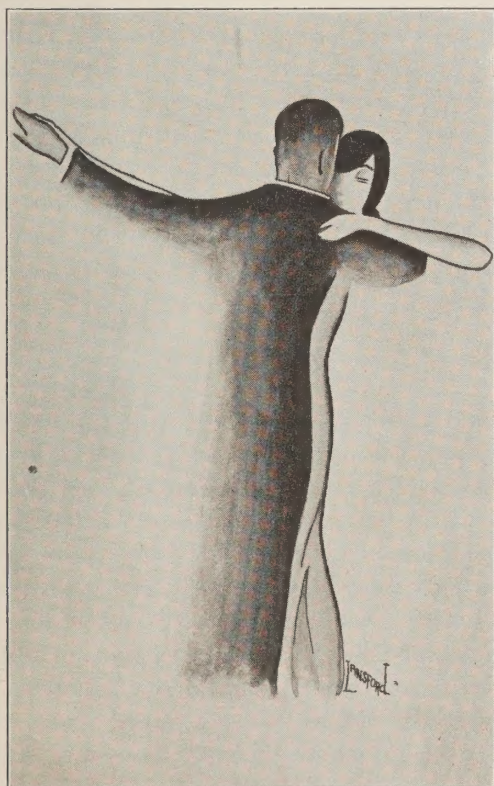


George: Who were those two skirts I saw you with last night?

Bill: Oh, they were a couple of school teachers; one had no class, and the other no principle. (You kiss me and I'll kiss you.)



And then there was the Scotchman who committed suicide just before the war began, so he would not have to give his life to his country.



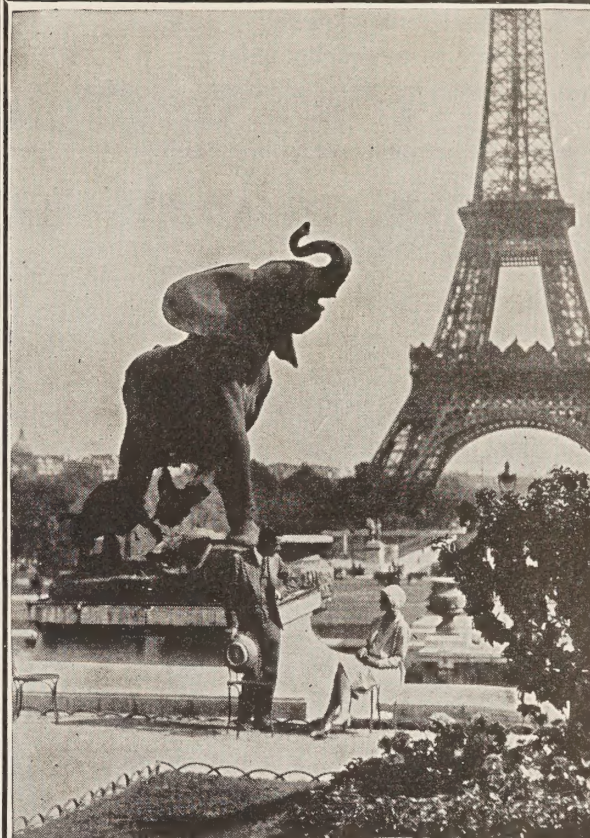
She: See that boy over there?

Her: Yes.

She: He's so dumb he thinks the statute of Limitations is made of bronze.

Speaker: Is there none here who will help me out in this campaign?

"We will," said the bunch of roughs, as they ushered him toward the door.



This Summer go where culture's thickest

You don't want to be tied to what's left of the apron string this summer... you'd rather go to France and see sunrise on your own... It's really simple, once you get the right technique. ♡ Tell the chief check-signer you need background on this college stuff... travel broadens the mind (that's the line), provides the international angle (useful in business, the arts, social life and so on), gives you the proper ease of approach, polishes up your French... Tell the other half of the marital tangle back home about the soul waves you'll get from *Sacré Cœur* by moonlight and Roman France on foot. ♡ If the purse strings are stretchable, take the "Ile de France," the "Paris" or the "France"... never a dud on the dance floor or a bore in the smoking room. ♡ For in-between allowances, try the new "Lafayette," (every room with bath or shower), the "De Grasse" or the "Rochambeau"... also "tourist third" class where you'll find most of the under-grad crowd who have to play it close... cabin liners that put you into France the moment you cross "the longest gangplank in the world."

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent
or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City

This promises to be quite a heated campaign this year.
 Yes, with all this hot air stirring.
 Are you voting a straight ticket today?
 How can I when every thing in politics is crooked.



Co-ed getting a mouthful of inside dope from the big politician.

Peace Pun: Is it true that there are only virgins at the Virgin Islands?

Meredith Mush: It was until someone told it to the Marines, but now they have taken the situation well in hand.



Bargain Sail

GAMES FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS

Editor's Note: Since such games as "Drop the Handkerchief," "Post Office," "Fruit Basket," "Yo-Yoing" and others are no longer in vogue, the need for innocent diversions for college students has been decidedly felt. With this in mind the staff of the BUCCANEER was set to work to devise some substitutes for these old favorites. Below are given a few of the results. We believe that if these games are played in the right spirit that they will afford interesting, intellectual, and innocent pastimes for the participants.

I

Guess Who

This delightful little contest is played by two members of the local society set. The boy makes the first move by going to a near-by telephone booth and dialing the Co-ed Shack. Should the busy signal be heard, the boy receives a three point handicap. Each additional busy signal adds three more to his handicap because such delay is very tiring and greatly reduces the participant's native wit and ingenuity. When the number is finally obtained and the girl has been paged up and down the halls in a very loud voice, the actual conflict begins. Upon the girl sweetly cooing "Hello" the boy says, "Guess who this is speaking." If the girl guesses, the boy receives a "strike" (as in bowling, not baseball) and his reward is a date for that evening. However, should she answer, "Why, I can't imagine," the boy says, "Oh, you remember the boy that had the no-break with you at the last dance." An affirmative reply at this point gives the boy a "Basket" (basket-ball) and he gets a date a week hence. Failing here, the boy plays his last card and says, "Surely you remember the boy that drives a Straight-Nine roadster." Should this description bring recognition, the boy gets a "Hit" (baseball) and has the honor of taking the young lady to the next Grail.

While the game is very interesting it has its drawbacks since

(Continued on page 24)

Strengthen your Defense Mechanism



with the ***Pause***
that refreshes

The best defense is the attack. The best time to attack is when you're feeling good. You feel your best when refreshed. Q.E.D.; also, Eh, Voila! — Coca-Cola!

Refreshment—that's the true inward meaning of Coca-Cola. Ice-cold, sparkling, delicious—an all-day drink, pure as sunlight. For millions of people, every day, Coca-Cola is the first thought and the last word in wholesome refreshment.

9
MILLION
a day

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

CM-2

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

the winner is actually the loser and vice-versa. Should the boy lose, he may start the game all over with another girl, but should the girl win, the chances are that she will have to study that evening and perhaps miss the Grail.

Bottoms Up

A most pleasing game is "Bottoms Up." It is played by two students of opposite sex in a convenient fraternity house. A sufficient quantity of beverage is obtained and placed on a table between the two participants along with the necessary "chasers" etc. Each is given a glass of equal size. The game is started when they each take a drink. This process is continued at short intervals until one of the players is no longer able to take a drink. If the boy continues drinking the longest, he is the winner. If the girl continues drinking the longest, she is a co-ed.

How're You Votin'

This profitable sport is indulged in around election days on the campus. It may be termed a game of solitaire since the participant plays it against the rest of the campus and not just another individual. Before election the player will be accosted by a person (he is likely to be about six feet tall and rather pudgy) who will tactfully ask him, "How're you Votin'?" If he is able to answer by naming over the complete frame-up which his accoster is supporting, he wins the game. If, however, he replies, "I don't know as yet" he not only loses the game but the better part of the afternoon as well, during which time he must listen to an extended elaboration of the merits of certain candidates. In the event of a loss by the player, he always has the satisfaction of knowing that the Australian ballot is used, and that after all a political promise may be honorably broken.

Gotta Drink?

The winner of this game will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has saved "The Old Man" money to compensate him for his headache the following morning. The reverse applies to the loser.

This harmless little affair is best played on Friday or Saturday night. The aggressor calls on a friend (intimate or casual) and says, "Well, I'm glad the week-end is here. I feel like going on a spree." Should the friend produce the bottle the scoring is as follows:

Bottled in Bond SCOTCH,

BOURBON, RUM,

BRANDY, or RYE.....	1 Qt. 100 points	1 Pt. 50 points
SAME but doubtful.....	1 Qt. 75 points	1 Pt. 37 points
GIN (round bottle)	1 Qt. 60 points	1 Pt. 30 points
GIN (square bottle or jar).....	1 Qt. 50 points	1 Pt. 25 points
GRAIN ALCOHOL	1 Qt. 50 points	1 Pt. 25 points
CORN (water mash)	1 Qt. 25 points	1 Pt. 12 points
CORN (Orange County	1 Gal. 20 points	1/2 Gal. 10 points
	1 Qt. 5 points	1 Pt. No score

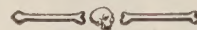
SHAVING LOTIONS, HAIR

TONICS, etc. Each bottle, 1 point

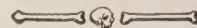
If the friend says, "So am I, let's go get something to drink," the first player loses and may do one of two things; go get something to drink or go visit another friend.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have been selling this patent medicine for twenty years, and in all that time I have never heard a word of complaint. Now what does that prove?

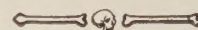
Voice from the crowd: Dead men tell no tales.



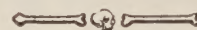
Why do they call that Scotchman "Match?"
Because he leaves no tip when he goes out.



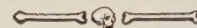
What do you think about the cause of gravitation?
I don't know so much about it but I guess I'll vote for it.



Here lies the body of Sandy McHuff,
He voted the wrong way in the frame-up.



We can't refrain from calling these campus politics "Denmark," because there's surely something rotten somewhere.



"Coming up!" cried the elevator boy as he took one drink too many.



Scotchman (getting on train): And be sure to tell Sandy to take off his glasses when he is not using them.

AS YOU READ
SO MUST YOU PLAY

THE MIDGET GOLF COURSE

Bunkers, Traps, Hazards. Come and try to beat old man Par. Prizes given each week for low score.

Carolina Midget Golf Course

Behind Postoffice—Open Day and Night

...in bridge it's **BIDDING!**



...in a cigarette it's **TASTE!**

"OLD BIRDS are not caught with new nets."
What smokers want is not novelty, but *quality*;
not new taste, but *good* taste.

To millions of smokers, Chesterfield taste is
an old story—but it's one they never tire of!
For what they want most is exactly what
Chesterfield puts first:

"TASTE *above everything*"



MILD...and yet
THEY SATISFY

Chesterfield

FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos, not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED

KNIGHT OF NIGHTS

It seemed that Imogene was cold in her manner. Why should she be cold? Her fur coat was paid for, wasn't it? It was because I had paid for it.

As I met her at the stage door that evening she withdrew her hand from mine—the hand I had clasped in warm friendship. Yes, in something more than friendship, for was I not her acknowledged lover? Her "Jack" as she facetiously put it.

"Say Hal," she began (she always called me Hal for short; she had named me Halitosis on the night we first met) "When you've finished with that fin of mine, kindly put it back where you found it. I'd give it to you for keeps, but I need it myself four times a day when I fight for my three hots and a flop."

This was not like my little Imogene. The clinging, trusting, little Imogene I had known on that wonderful night less than a week ago, when I had kissed her on her front balcony. . . . The very night, strangely enough, that I later had found my wallet and stickpin missing. Tonight she was cold, diffident, apathetic.

As we turned the corner and strolled down Broadway, she gazed straight ahead. Under her breath she was muttering to herself. I caught a word indistinctly. It was "restaurant."

It seemed necessary that I speak. Reluctantly I broke the silence between us.

"Would you care for something to eat, my dear?" I asked.

"Do fish swim?" she replied, and I knew that my worst apprehensions were justified.

"A planked steak for two," she told the waiter a few minutes later.

"Just a minute, my dear," I corrected. Then to the waiter, "cancel half of that order. I don't care for anything but a cup of black coffee and a couple of toothpicks. There's only one of us eating."

"Pull in your neck, Hal!" she said in her usual refined way. "You've got the wrong number again. There's two of us eating in this party and I'm BOTH of 'em. That steak for two goes, waiter—and bring me a couple little necks while I'm waiting." Imogene was often whimsical like that.

She trifled with her food in silence, until the soup came. Out of the clamor I spoke again.

"Imogene, my darling," I cried, "why are you so strange to-night, so distant? Why don't you speak to me?"

"Oh, are you there? Yes, I will take a broiled lobster, if you insist, Hal," she replied. "And if you can get anything in this place except embalming fluid, get it—if you're not too scared to ask for it."

After two or three shots of the aforesaid "anything," poured out in cups to make the victim think there was some law against it, Imogene became more pleasant. "Why should I talk to you?" she asked. You promised to give me a ring and the only ring I've seen lately was in the bath-tub."

"I gave you a ring yesterday," I answered, "but the operator said 'The party does not answer.'"

"I've got your number, Hal?" she countered. "So that was the kind of a ring you meant to give me! And I thought you were a gentleman."

"Imogene, why do you accuse me like that?" I pleaded, "Don't you understand?"

"Do I get that ring or do you get the air, my adored Jack?" she broadcasted sweetly, as she naively picked her teeth with her knife.

This was too much. She should have at least known enough to use a fork. "I always thought you were a lady," I said dolefully.

"I wouldn't take that from Rudy Vallee," she sobbed. "I've always been a lady, damn you, and I don't give a damn who knows it, you pie-faced prune!"

Suddenly she arose and pointing her finger dramatically, cried out ungrammatically: "You ain't no fit company for a lady, you puny, flat-footed, dried up wart, you. You don't even know a lady when you seize one."

Imogene should not have said this. I rose unsteadily. "Do you mean that personally?"

"Wipe your nose on it," she said graciously.

I shook my head. She should not have said it: at least I was flat-footed in but one foot!

Imogene having finished her food, stared stonily at me, and left. I paid the bill, left my dinner coat with the waiter for a tip and then I left. Just a woman who couldn't understand. It had been the same with all of them. They couldn't get the depths of my emotions. They couldn't understand.

I decided that I would go home. All the other places were closed. As I left the restaurant I found that my watch was gone. Without a doubt I had lost my time on that girl.

"Just another woman who couldn't understand," I told myself, as I let myself in. "It was my fate to be misunderstood. None of these women could understand me."

There was a bright glare as my wife turned on the light. "Ah, there you are at last, you miserable little skunk," she growled. "Just beat the milkman again, for the fourth time this week. Playing around with your little girl-friends, posing as the big Chip man from Saratoga. A nice polecat you've turned out to be. Take that, you——."

She was always generous like that. I took it in the eyes, over the head, and in the neck. With a piece of Louis the Fourteenth wrapped around my neck, I finally staggered to bed, realizing gratefully, that here at least was a woman who really understood me!

Remember Bonardi's

for

Your Choice Fruits

Variety and Quality

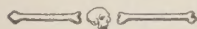
Next to Smoke Shop

Don't you think love is a wonderful thing?

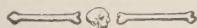
Yes, with reservations.

What do you mean?

Well, reservations at the Washington Duke or the New Central.



If the boarding house in which you are staying has food that tastes like sawdust, be non-chalant—it's fine board you're getting. —Bison.



Kind Old Man—"Now, sonny, tell me your father's name."

Little Boy—"I can't, sir."

Kind Old Man—"What! Don't you know?"

Little Boy—"Hell, no. I'm a statistician."

—Reel.



1900 Co-ed: No, No, No, No, No, No!

1910: No, No, No!

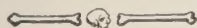
1920: No, No!

1930: No!

1940: W—e—l—l?

1950: Please.

—Kitty Kat.



"How are all the little pigs down on the farm?"

"Fine. And how are all the pledges at your house?"

—Sun Dial.

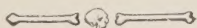
Eggs—"What's the matter, fella?"

Why—"I got hitched up in a companionate marriage."

Zee—"And now you find she's not to your taste?"

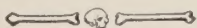
Roe—"She's marvelous, but I've lost her phone number."

—Reserve Red Cat.



"Well, that's one on me," said the corpse, as they erected his tombstone above him.

—Green Griffin.



"How about a date?"

"Indeed no!"

"Oh, I don't mean now. Say some nasty, wet winter afternoon when there's nobody else in town."

Dodo.



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of Suit Patterns

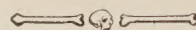
LEARBURY

Jack Lipman's University Shop

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

"Yes," said the undertaker, "college men are the easiest. They seem to be already embalmed."

—*The Reserve Red Cat.*



A gentleman, pretty well perfumed, picks up the telephone.

"Hello! Hic. Hello!"

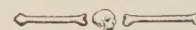
"Hello," returned the operator.

"Hello!"

"Hello."

"My gosh!" said the gent, "how this thing echoes!"

—*Army and Navy Journal.*



Executioner (to Marie Antoinette): "Pardon, may I cut?"

—*M. I. T. Voo Doo.*

"Where were you last night?"

"It's a lie!"

—*Mink.*

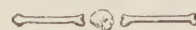


During a grouse hunt, two sportsmen were potting the birds from butts situated very close together.

Suddenly a red face showed over the top of one butt, and the occupant said, "Curse you, sir, you almost hit my wife just now."

"Did I?" said the man, aghast. "I'm terribly sorry—er—have a shot at mine over there."

—*Stevens Stone Mill.*

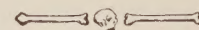


"Don't blubber so Oscar," said mamma Eskimo, "you'll get your new dickey all greasy."

—*Octopus.*

"What was that you said, Henry?" she asked, as she loosened her shoulder-straps. "Say it again, dear—." She let her dress slide to the floor. "I can hardly believe it!" She stepped out of her shoes, drew up a chair, and slowly pulled off her stockings. A long pause. She listened, tremulously, excited. "Promise me you won't tell a soul—." Her ethereal silk underthings slipped down and fell in a little pool of ruffles at her feet. "All right, Henry—good-bye." She hung up the receiver.

—*Whirlwind.*



He—"Hey, there's no swimming allowed here."
She—"Why didn't you tell me before I got undressed?"

He—"Well, there's no law against that."

—*Puppet.*

PERPETUAL MOTION AT LAST!

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have read the *Scientific* issue of the
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problems and formulas which have
been baffling science for centuries.

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*If You Don't Shake Well Before
Reading You Will After.*

DON'T MISS THIS NEXT ISSUE

"FIRST A SHADOW *then a sorrow*"

| *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807-1882* |

"COMING EVENTS CAST
THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"

{ *Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844* }

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by refraining from over-
indulgence, if you would
maintain the modern fig-
ure of fashion

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smoking Lucky Strike Ciga-
rettes will bring modern figures
or cause the reduction of flesh.
We do declare that when tempt-
ed to do yourself too well, if
you will "Reach for a Lucky"
instead, you will thus avoid
over-indulgence in things that
cause excess weight and, by
avoiding over-indulgence, main-
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THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER

OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

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H. N. PATTERSON *Business Manager*

GIL PEARSON *Art Editor*

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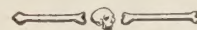
Copyrighted 1929 by THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER.

The punt had been run back fifty yards.

"My Gawd, wotta fullback," cheered the enthusiastic frosh.

"Shut your mouth," snapped the stout lady in the seat ahead. "Did you think I can help it?"

—*Belle Hop.*



The freshman pledge walked up to the old member and asked him what the difference between theory and practice was.

"Bring me your paddle and your blue book," he was advised.

The items were procured.

"Now," said the initiated one, "this blue book says there will be no hazing on the campus. That is theory."

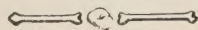
"Yes," the freshman pledge said expectantly.

"Now bend over." WHACK!! "There, that is practice."

—*Kitty Kat.*

Zulu girls, we are told, win their husbands by dancing. Here in America it's the intermissions that count.

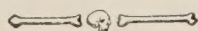
—*Owl.*



M. Beard—"I want something to wear around the dormitory."

Sales Girl—"How large is your dormitory?"

—*Rammer-Jammer.*



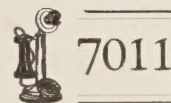
Diner—"I'll have apple pie for dessert."

Waiter—"All out."

Diner—"Well, then give me the raspberry."

Waiter—"Sorry, sir, but the waiters are not allowed to be offensive to the guests." —*Panther.*

*It costs no more
to have the best*



Johnson-Prevost Co.

Happy — Snappy — Service



Frosh: That girl's a Life Saver!

Soph: What do you mean?

Frosh: She's so sweet she takes
my breath away.

Then there is the ad we find in every fraternity house right above the telephone:

IN CASE OF FIRE CALL BRADFORD'S
INSURANCE AGENCY.



Wife—"Do you realize, dear, that it was twenty-five years ago today that we became engaged?"

Absent-minded Professor—"Twenty-five years! Bless my soul! You should have reminded me before. It's certainly time we got married."

—*Sidney Bulletin.*



"Go, and never dampen my door again!" said the old lady to her pup.

—*Cajoler.*

After the guy who is the life of the party passes out, everyone begins to have a good time.

—*Life.*



"What the dickens are you doing down there in the cellar?" demanded the rooster.

"Well, if it's any of your damn business," replied the hen frigidly, "I'm laying in a supply of coal."

—*Life.*



Married Negro—"Black Boy, mah wife kisses better than any woman I ever kissed and I've kissed many in mah time."

Single Same—"Yas, she sho do! She sho do!"

First again (jealously and drawing out razor while speaking)—"Wot's dat you say dere, nigger?"

Second Yet—"Boy, you sho' misunderstood me—Ah said, 'Do she'?"

—*Caveman.*

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Thursday, May 1st

Harry Richmond in PUTTING ON THE RITZ

Friday, May 2nd

Norma Shearer in THE DIVORCEE

Saturday, May 3rd

Jean Hersholt in HELL'S HARBOR

Sigma Chi (on phone)—“How are you this evening?”

Pi Phi—“All right, but lonely.”

S. C.—“Good and lonely?”

P. P.—“No, just lonely.”

S. C.—“I’ll be right over.”

—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.*



“I love ’em and leave ’em.”

“Leave ’em what?”

—*Octopus.*



Expected

The heavy sugar daddy and a new chorus girl were enjoying a little dinner in a private room at a roadhouse.

As the meal neared its finish he cleared his throat and said: “E’er, er, how about a little demitasse now, dear?”

“I knew it! I knew it!” exploded the girl. “I knew you weren’t treating me this nice for nothing.”

—*Dirge.*



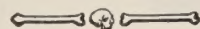
There’s no justice in the world. That’s not an even break giving the Navy control of the Virgin Islands.

—*Bison.*



“I’m not the happiest person in the world, but I’m next to the happiest,” murmured the supreme egotist as he took the sweet young thing in his arms.

—*Lehigh Burr.*



There was a young lady named Banker,
Who slept while the ship was at anchor,
But woke in dismay,
When she heard the mate say:
“Hoist the top sheet, boys, and spank her.”

—*G. N.*



“Are you looking at my knee?”

“No, dear; I’m above that.”

—*Frivol.*

CHEERO..



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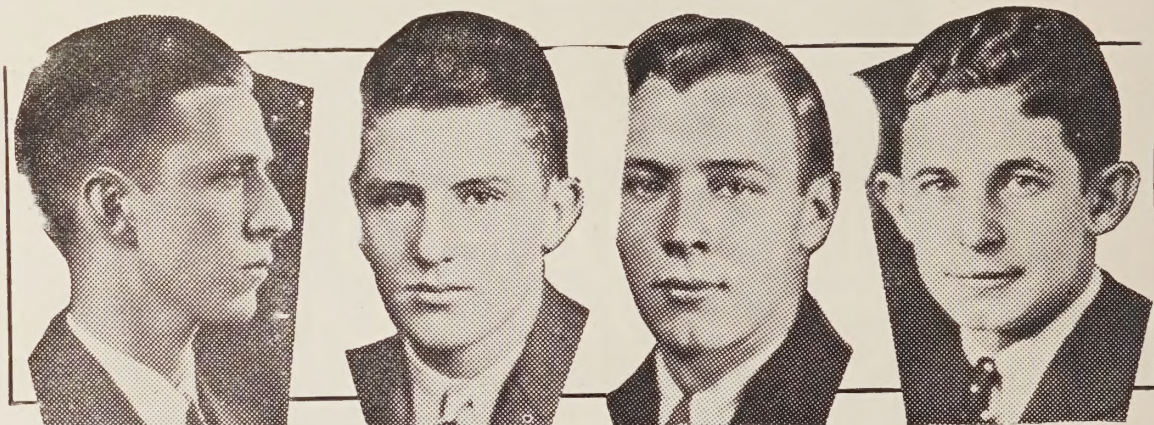
THE
SCIENTIFIC
NUMBER

Biology

Chemistry

Anatomy

Who's Who at Carolina?

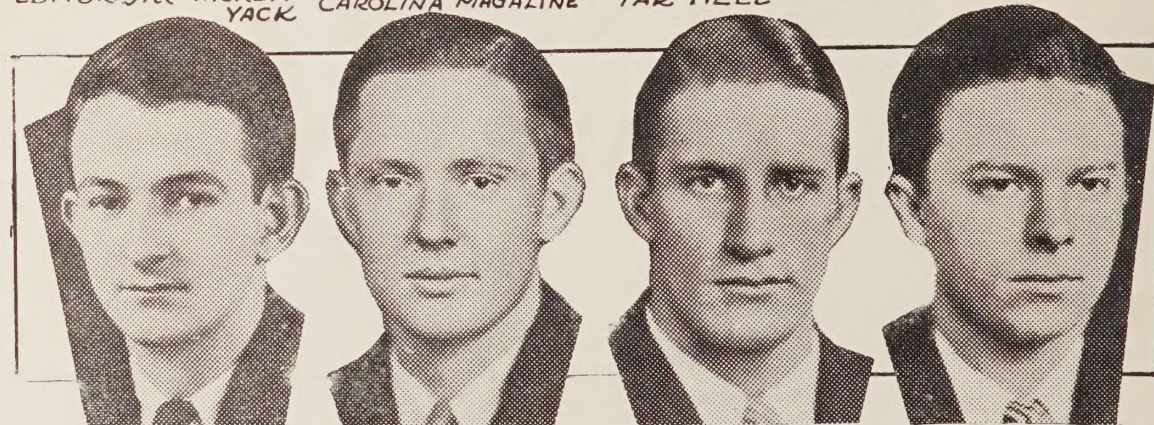


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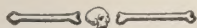
VOLUME VII

APRIL 25, 1930

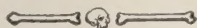
NUMBER 8

Scientist: What is your view on relativity?

Layman: I've got too many relatives now.



"It's a grate life," chirped the chimney sweep.



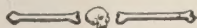
The song of the detectives: "I'm Following You."



Nut: I'm studying the stars.

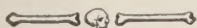
Meg: I didn't know you were an astronomer.

Nut: I'm not; I'm studying the movie stars.



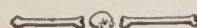
Blood: What do you think of Charles' Law?

Bones: There are too damn many laws now.



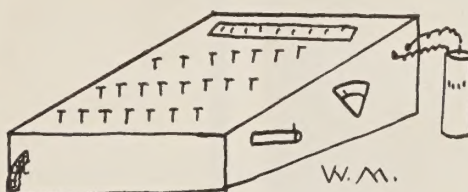
Chemistry Professor: Tell all you know about nitrates.

Student: Well, night rates are cheaper than day rates.



Learned Professor: Can you tell me what the "Paraffin series" is?

College baseball player: The only series I know anything about is the World Series.



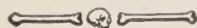
Inventions That Have Made Millions!

The STENOSCRATCH

The Stenoscraitch is the world's greatest innovation for the tired business man or misunderstood husband. The tabs keep one keyed up to any occasion and the handle is the usual office crank. The figures at the top are for ornament only and are not to be played with except when the madam calls to bring flowers; at other times they may be pulled off and used as trouser buttons. This little machine figures everything from the income tax to when the mother-in-law will arrive for her next visit. If one's hands are insured for ten thousand dollars you do not have to touch the keys so they may be used as a mat for scratching the toe itch.

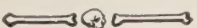
Professor: And how about oxides?

Student: Well, they are thicker than cow hides.

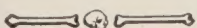


Him: If the devil lost his tail where would he get another?

Her: In a speakeasy where they retail spirits.

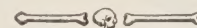


The sign in the library which says only low talk permitted does not mean you can tell dirty jokes.

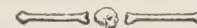


"Men," quoth the Carolina co-ed, "are like Fords—they all have the same clutch."

Say gimme a pound of dog meat and make it good, the last I got here made my old man dam sick.

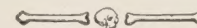


A dollar goes from hand to hand, but a woman goes from man to man.

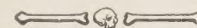


Eye specialist point to chart on the wall: Now tell me what are the letters on the first line?

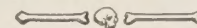
Very nearsighted patient: Where's the chart?



Ode to a roommate—\$2.00.

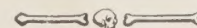


Here lies the bones of John McGuire, He has gone to his last fire.

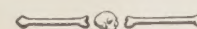


Too Bad

If you get any fun out of it it isn't legal.



IT PAYS TO BE EARLY—Be early to a musical comedy and get a front seat, and early to church to get a back seat.



Now I call my girl Poplar, she has such beautiful limbs.



TO FRANCES

*The glowing coals are dying, dear,
The fire is fading fast.
The wind outside is sighing, dear,
And I'm alone, at last.*

*Alone at last to think of you,
To muse and dream of love.
The world outside is wet with dew.
The moon hangs high above.*

*The moon is full and bright, my dear,
Up in the spaceless blue,
Like on that other night, my dear,
The night I first met you.*

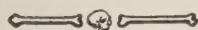
*The dying fire no longer glows,
The moon is lowering too.
My head is nodding now I doze,
To sleep and dream of you.*



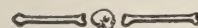
The laziest man we know of is the one who married a widow with ten children.



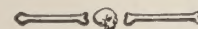
Here's to low necks and short dresses—may they never meet.



Where there's a will there's one hell of a wait.

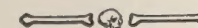


"Bill you used to have something that I liked but you've spent it."



"Hell fire that towel is hot," yelled the man in the barber's chair.

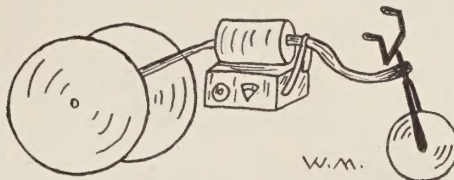
"Sorry sir, I held it as long as I could," said the barber.



Farmer: If I was as lazy as you were I'd go hang myself in the barn.

Knight of the road: No you wouldn't. If you were as lazy as I am you wouldn't ever have a barn.

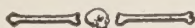
Judge: Your name?
Prisoner: Joseph College, sir.
Judge: Address?
Prisoner: Carolina.
Judge: Your full address!
Prisoner: Oh in that case they just drop me off at the fraternity house.



Inventions That Have Made Millions!

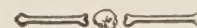
The MAZZOLACTIC

The Mazzolactic came after years of research. It is primarily used for suppressing outbreaks in the Ruhr coal districts between obnoxious proto-plasms and the Dutch jelly-fish. School children find this invention a great help as a lunch box and combination jig saw puzzle. Old men also find it useful for locating thumbtacks in tooth-paste although it is forbidden by the manufacture to be used in this latter instance.

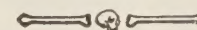


O: I hear the men are striking.
K: What for?
O: Shorter hours.
K.: Luck to 'em. I always did think sixty minutes was too long for an hour.

The golf baller's plea: Don't drive me away.

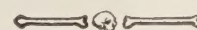


"I 'speck not," complained the fly to his doctor.



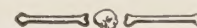
Man (in cafe): Say, waiter, how about some water to go with this dinner?

Waiter: Sorry, sir, but there was water served in your soup.



May: Was that a Mounted Police I saw you with last night?

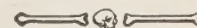
Bell: Er— er—, yes and no.



First Freshman: You asked me if I were initiated last night?

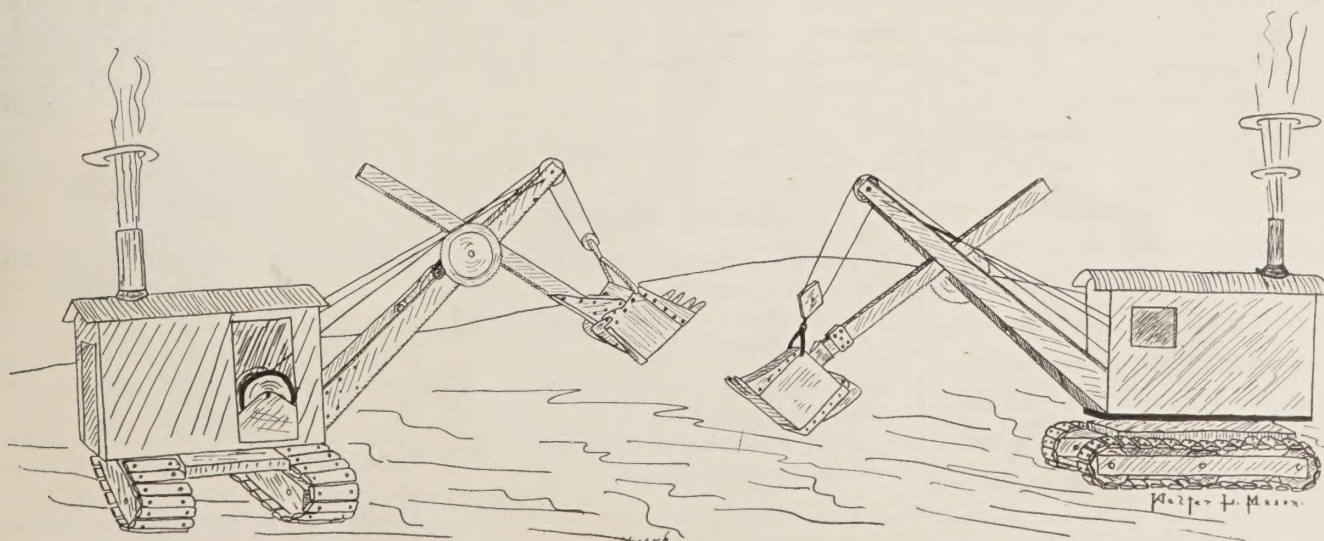
Second fool: But . . .

First Freshman: Yes, with just that end in view.



She: Would you help a maiden in distress?

He: Sure, come back here in this room.



Mrs. Steam-shovel: I understand Mrs. Steam Winch has a baby.
Second Mrs. Steam-shovel: She has! Did the stork bring it?
First Mrs. Steam-shovel: No, a traveling crane.



Doctor Josiah Jiggleberry gave his life his awl to science. It was his misfortune to live at a time scientists were severely punished and often persecuted for dissecting the human body. Dr. Jiggleberry was a pioneer in the field of nasal surgery. At the bedside of his dying father he swore to carry on with the investigation and discover what made the human nose run. Many Jiggleberries ahead of him had picked their noses in an effort to find what made it run but their efforts were fruitless. Josiah early realized that he needed actual flesh and blood noses to experiment with. What's more he needed the largest nose he could find. There was living in the time of Josiah, one Crawfoot Makepan who was far famed for the enormous size of his nasal appendage. His nose completely covered his face and it ran with great velocity. Josiah was determined to get this nose though hell bar the way. While Makepan was sleeping one day Josiah slipped up and whacked off the nose he desired so badly. A truck was backed up and after much straining, tugging and pulling the nose was finally loaded on and carted away. In his laboratory Josiah began taking the nose apart and at the very heart of it he discovered what made it run but he never lived to share his discovery with the world. And to this very day it remains a secret and shall ever remain so. Josiah attempted to pry into one of the great unrevealed secrets of life and as a consequence his life was snatched from him. So our respective noses keep running right along day in and day out and nobody nose what makes the nose run. Moral: A running nose is to be preferred to a stationary one.

I want a scrap book.
What kind, bud?
A scrap book—the best yuh got on fightin'."



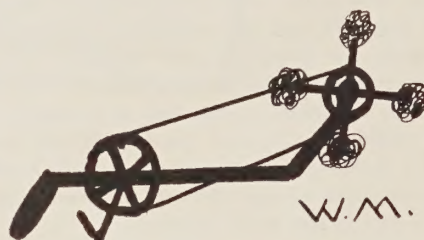
He: You've a faculty for making love.
She: Oh— no— only a student body.



What's a balanced meal?
Peas on a knife.



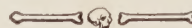
I've skated for hours on end.
So? Why don't you take lessons?



Inventions That Have Made Millions!

The NOZETA

Don't swab tonsils folks let this little Nozeta do it for you. Do you suffer from chronic adolescence, sunken arches, tonsillitis or B. O.? If you see two spots on the bones after you roll then you need this little device. Simply hold Nozeta to your nostrils, ventricals or what have you. Turn the crank and away it blows—cleans everything from your head except your brain. Nozeta won't work on woodwork! Endorsed by all leading baseball catchers and on sale at all soda fountains.

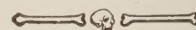


A Kiss in the Dark

We kissed last night—your startled gasp
Was lost in ecstasy;
Your subtle charms within my grasp
Brought happiness to me.
I held you close and whispered love
Into your eager heart . . .
We swore by twinkling stars above
That we would never part.
Such kisses are no more to be,
And you're the one to blame;
For 'though you left a memory—
You did not leave your name!

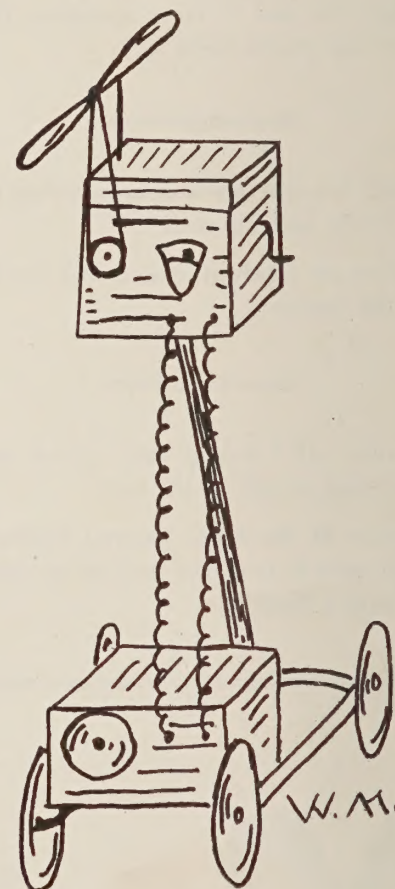
Mistake

There was no truth to the statement that the Scotchman made a donation to the cause the other day.



Grandpa: Young lady, what keeps your clothes on these days?

Sweet young thing: Your age, grandpa, your age.



Inventions That Have Made Millions!

The KODAKECTICTS

Who has not heard of the Kodakectics? This little utility is installed in every well appointed golf course, and whenever a hole-in-one is made it blinks one eye and yells "watch the birdie." There is no reason to duck even if there are more than fifty thousand golfers on the course because it never misses. The top slit is to keep laundry slips in, and by turning the handle a fine spray of Golfer's Joy Perfume is sprayed through the teeth. Keep sweet for mother folks—after 18 holes you ain't no rose anyway.

In the Realm of Science We Have



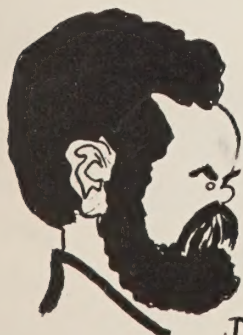
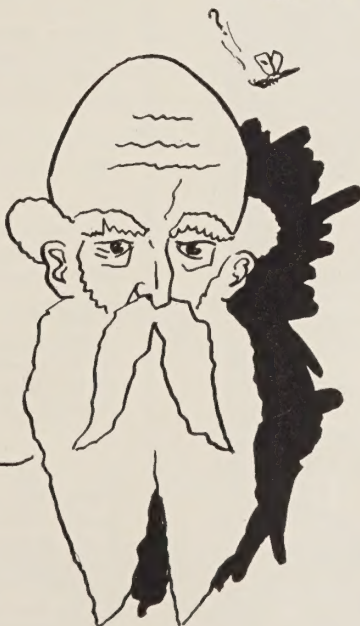
DR. Prunella Poopdeck, who discovered that a kiss takes $401,738,006\frac{7}{8}$ seconds off a girl's life -



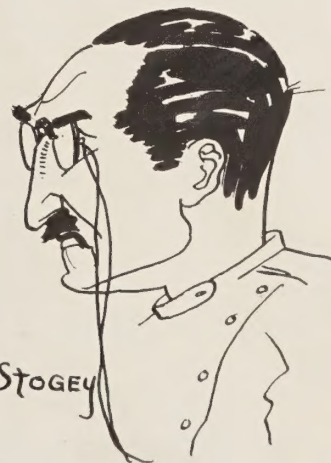
Prof. Ooflestein

AFTER 45 YRS. of exhaustive Research and intensive EXPERIMENTS, has discovered that an egg will not bounce

DR. Boozky, who invented a positive hair Remover -



Prof. HAL I. Tosis. the only man to Discover a co-ed who doesn't neck



DR. STOGEY

Famous Bacteriologist who asserts the younger generation is going to the Bow-Wows -

WMM LANSFORD WMM



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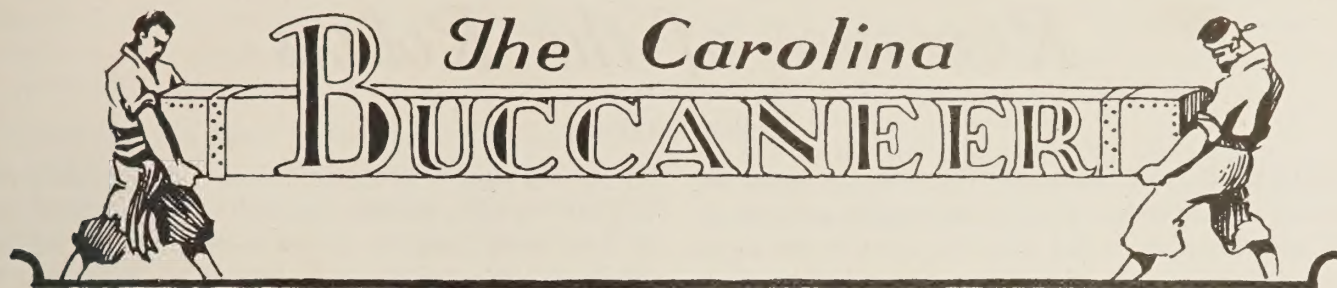
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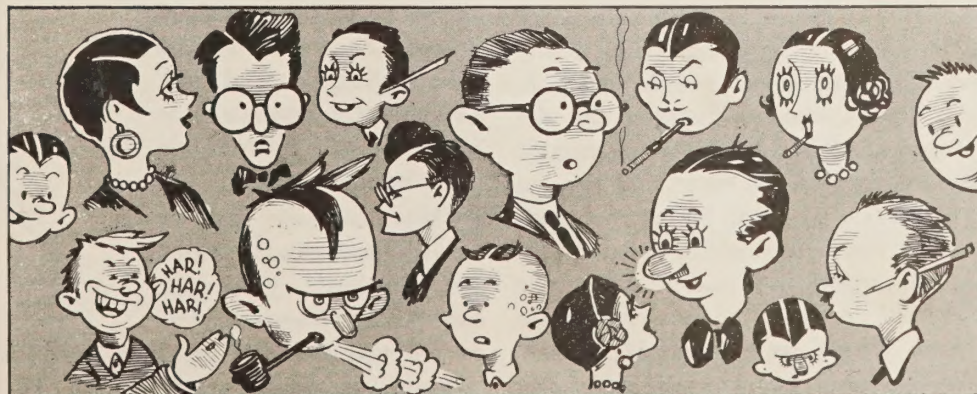
The staff of the BUCCANEER being scientifically inclined and marveling at the wondrous developments of science in this SCIENTIFIC AGE have taken it upon themselves to acquaint our eye-minded public with some of the great scientific innovations and discoveries that have been overlooked and utterly ignored by the leading publications in the realm of scientific investigation.

In editing this scientific number of the BUCCANEER we feel that we are doing our bit to make this SCIENTIFIC AGE one of the biggest SCIENTIFIC AGES since man first conceived of the idea of having a SCIENTIFIC AGE. We are of the opinion that if we are going to have a SCIENTIFIC AGE then we should make the age one hundred per cent scientific or else abandon the idea of having a SCIENTIFIC AGE at all. The people of this present SCIENTIFIC AGE do not fully realize the importance of putting the age over with a bang. We want it to go down in history as one of the biggest SCIENTIFIC AGES that have ever been and not a flop like some of the SCIENTIFIC AGES have been in the past. In order to make this SCIENTIFIC AGE a successful one it will be necessary for everybody to act at all times in a scientific manner, we must become totally scientific-minded. We must think only of scientific facts and theories, we must use scientific names and terms at all times; we must use only appliances and instruments that are of a scientific nature, a number of which have been illustrated in this issue; we must read only scientific magazines such as the Science and Invention, Popular Science and the Scientific Number of the BUCCANEER; we must be ruled only by scientific passions and scientific instincts; and lastly we must ever remember that everything is for the sake of science.



OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Block Bryson
Kathleen Hord
Adams Levering
Kay Thompson



Miss E. Hill
Miss Alexander
Mr. Linderman

Romance of the Robots

By PETE GILCHRIST

MR. ROMEO ROBOT clanked merrily down the street. He clanked because he had failed to have rubber soles put on his metal feet. And as he rattled down the street he was aware of the numerous glances that were being showered in his direction by the brassy populace of Machinetown. Why he even thought he heard the rasping voice of Tim Tinwhistle, his bitter rival for the steel gray hand of Lulu Tingut, remark that he had metallic lustre (i.e. he was a shine). Maybe this remark had been cast because of the intensity with which his overcoat of chromium alloy shone. Anyhow Romeo did not like the remark and he had to think twice to keep from going back and socking Tim on the oilcan. As Romeo walked farther down the street whom should he see glittering in the distance but Lulu Tingut, the idol of his platinum heart. Her slight tinnish figure swayed gracefully down the street in his direction. Pulling a lever in his side Mr. Robot quickened his footsteps and drew alongside the petite Miss Tingut. She was a pretty little girl of the better class—you could tell that because she had a well powdered aluminum nose and a cast iron ear—all the better class had these modern improvements. He noticed with a thrill that made his cogs rattle faster and made his carburetor burn more gas that she was pretty and her shiny gold chassis seemed to enhance her beauty to the fullest extent. He noted with delight that she was well oiled and moved without the slightest sound of machinery. He also noticed that she had the standard gear-shift and a fisher body—and oh! she had a duplex bumper—only the snappiest girls had duplex bumpers.

"How do you do?" asked the well oiled tongue of Mr. Romeo Robot.

"Oh—grr-rr (her vocal cords grinded ever so slightly with surprise as she noted his presence) I am all right," she managed to say.

"I saw you tinkling along so I thought I would catch up. Would you like to go into the next filling station and get a long cool drink of Cocacoaloi?" chirped Romeo.

The smile that she gave him from her copper plated mouth signified nothing but yes.

They were seated in the back of the filling station slowly sipping their drinks when who should motor into the establishment but the detested Mr. Tim Tinwhistle—the same one who had cast such a slurring remark about Mr. Robot having metallic lustre. Mr. Tinwhistle seemed very full of himself on this encounter—the reason for his elation was that he had just been overhauled and besides that he had been drinking radiator anti-freeze lotion, he had been eating moth balls and he was getting no knocks from his differential. As soon as Tim entered the filling station he spied Lulu Tingut jawing with Mr. Robot. Jealousy fired the cogs of his sheet iron cranium and bitter animosity for Mr. Robot lurked in his copper breast. Without

any obvious signs of ill-feeling, however, he punched a lever in his chest—he had a universal gearshift—and engineered over and sat down beside Lulu. He seemed so utterly full of himself and anti-freeze lotion that he totally ignored Mr. Robot save to cast an oily glance at him from one of his ever-ready eyes which had just been furnished with new batteries.

"How have you been, Lulu?" asked Tim as he tried to put his heavy arm on her frail shoulder.

"Please don't do that!" protested Lulu as she attempted to shake off his vise-like arm.

"Kindly remove your arm from where it is not wanted," commanded Romeo Robot as he cast a glance at Tim that was strong enough in itself to pierce the metal of Mr. Tinwhistle's right side.

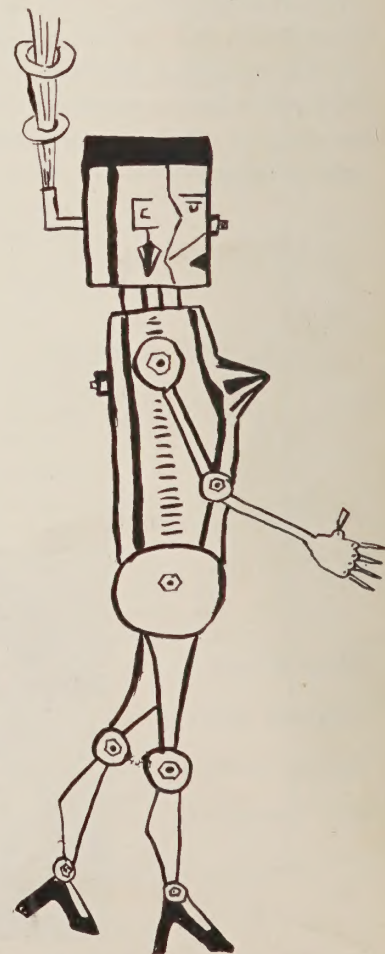
"Don't try to get on your tin ear!" retorted Mr. Tinwhistle as he turned slightly so Romeo could see his new cast iron ears.

"I wish you would leave and quit annoying Miss Tingut and myself. Your brassiness is disgusting," growled Romeo across his catgut.

"So you think I'm brassy, do you?" snarled Mr. Tinwhistle, "Well, I'll have you to know that you've got metallic luster. Now, how do you like that?"

"By your very actions in presence of Miss Tingut it is clearly shown that it is you that has the metallic luster, not me," answered Romeo coolly. "I may also add that you have also evidenced the fact that you have nothing but lead ribs" (which is the same thing as calling a man a coward in our language).

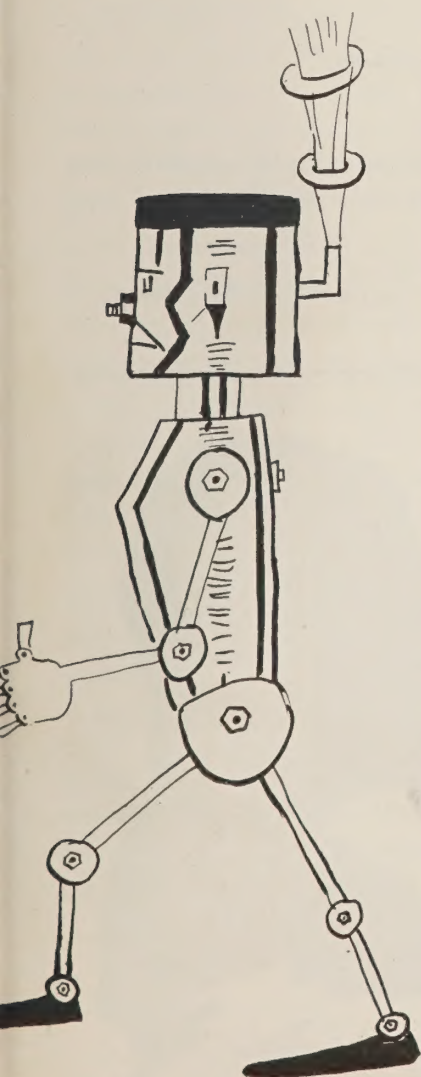
"We shall soon see who has the lead ribs," retorted Mr. Tinwhistle, "for some time I have been intending to tell you that the lining of your intestines is corroded."



He noticed that she had a well pow

(Now to tell a man in Machinetown that the lining of his intestines is corroded is the same thing as telling him that he has halitosis in our language and it is the worse insult you can give a person in Machinetown.)

After insulting Mr. Robot in the highest degree, Mr. Tin-whistle again attempted to embrace Miss Tingut, but this time he was doomed to disappointment because she threw herself into reverse and slid away from his clutches. Mr. Robot could not keep his motor under control any longer for he had become fully aroused. With a quick movement he pulled open a door in his side and reached with his tool box and pulled out a monkey wrench. Quick as a flash he fetched Tim Tinwhistle a sock on the dome so hard that it knocked his head clear off and he had to reach down and fasten it back on again. Not content with this, however, Romeo fetched Tim several more smacks about the head and body and with a last smashing blow he clanked Tim in the stomach. Without waiting to see what effect this last devastating blow had on Tim, he grasped Lulu by the hand and motored into the open.



aluminum nose and a cast iron ear.

"Oh Robert," purred Lulu as they moved down the avenue toward her tin igloo, "I wish that you had not hit him so hard why I am afraid you simply ruined his gear box to say nothing of his rumble seat."

"Oh darling," grinded out Robert, "Don't worry about that pile of scrap metal. I do not think he will ever bother you again. When I hit him the last time I saw his heart and do you know what kind it was?"

"No darling," she replied, "what kind was it?"

"It was a Winslow—the cheap skate. And another thing darling," continued Romeo, "I don't think that he will ever bother us again because he has a wooden lung and you know that it is against the law to have a wooden lung because of the fire hazard."

As Mr. Robot slipped his arm about the trim form of Lulu Tingut he could feel her quiver all over as if her engine were racing.

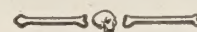
"Honey, I love you better than Penzoil and if you will

marry me I will promise to quit all my running around and I will never strip my gears again," promised Romeo.

"And will you never metal with those cheap zinc girls that work over at the beauty garage?" asked Lulu.

"Yes, Honey, I promise."

And as the sun fades behind the distant hills around Machinetown a noise could be heard which sounded distinctly like someone throwing in the clutch.

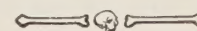


IT'S A DOGGEREL LIFE

I sit close to my worn out table
Waiting for my Muse.
He won't come, so, my dearest Mabel
Your name is the rhyme to use,
(Though I always did confuse
Your name with a costly sable)
Still, you are a loving Mabel
"Stop! No more these rhymes abuse!"
Faint voice of my outraged Muse.

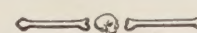
"But, dear Muse, 'I do not choose
So quick this priceless rhyme to lose.
Though I slightly do abuse
And e'en less slightly do amuse
Still this rhyme's the rhyme I choose."
"Please," pleads Muse, "don't misuse use
As an ending for a rhyme.
Lad, you're missing all my cues
Try to rhyme some other time."

"Forget you Muse tis past December!
Surely, surely you remember
That 'tis now we all need shoes
And 'tis hard to quick refuse
Any word that rhymes with choose.
If you fail to give me clues
I'll not earn aforesaid shoes.
Ah me, my little loving Mabel
Let's stroll out and hock the sable.



Anatomy Prof (lecturing on the eye): What is Aqueous Humor?

Sleepy Stude: One of shose sea-sickness jokes I suppose.



Did somebody die?

No, why?

Then why have you got your pants at half mast?



The odd looking creature pictured above is none other than the much sought, much prized Whiffdiddle bird which inhabits the lowlands of Zukkopuvia. The Whiffdiddle bird is the only existing species of the Chakkchakk family which is highly prized for its soft and downy eyelashes which make excellent sofa pillows.

The Whiffdiddle Bird has the peculiar habit of standing for days and days in a pool of molasses admiring his image reflected therein. At times the image will displease him and at such times he will kick around in the molasses until his image has been entirely destroyed and then patiently stand by until the wavelets of molasses have subsided and a more pleasing image meets his sensitive eye.

The Whiffdiddle Bird lives almost entirely on Eggs-on-toast. Eggs-on-toast bushes grow abundantly in the lowlands of Zukkopuvia and the whiffdiddle bird flits to and fro plucking the little eggsontoast as fast as they ripen. Little Friedeggplants which live in the lakes of Zukkopuvia also furnish food for the Whiffdiddle bird.

The whiffdiddle bird has many uses and it is in demand everywhere. The whiffdiddle egg is the most desired of the Whiffdiddle Products Incorporated. The egg itself is large and very gooey. It is the type of egg that will stick by you once you run against it. Whiffdiddle eggs have often been smuggled into theatres and dropped upon the unwilling heads of ham actors. One egg will entirely submerge one actor. Actors have been known to suffocate before they could wade through the whiffdiddle egg that was suddenly dropped from above. One of the horrors of the Zukkopuvian stage was ducking whiffdiddle eggs.

Popular Songs and Whose They Are

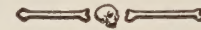
The Blind Dates song: Have a Little Faith in Me.
 Vacation song: Happy Days Are Here Again.
 Surrenderer's song: Here Am I.
 Most Enticing song: In My Little Hope Chest.
 Annual song: A Year from Today.
 Parental song: Why Was I Born.
 Acrobatic song: Kicking a Hole in the Sky.
 Ripley's song: Believe It or Not.
 Fencing song: Hanging on the Garden Gate.



Excited lady running up to a doctor: Please come quickly, my sister was in a wreck.

Doctor: Did it hurt her badly?

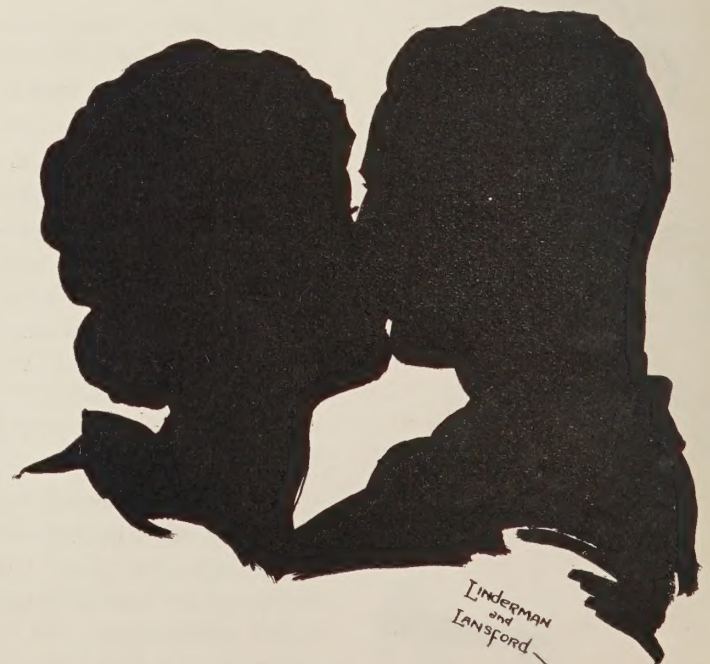
Lady: Why, yes, it bruised her somewhat and injured her otherwise.



An absent-minded professor walked into the postoffice, went up to the general delivery window and asked the clerk: I want my mail please.

The clerk said: Your name please.

Indignant Prof: Why you fool the name's on the envelope.



The Student in Dental Science Prepares for Tomorrow's Exam



Our scientific number would not be complete unless we gave space to one of our illustrious alumni who has gone forth into the world and engraved his name upon the piano of science. This distinguished and well beloved alumnus pictured above is none other than our own Hiram Haystack graduate of the class of 1839. Hiram left our University at the tender age of 65 and went forth into the world to astound millions with his Physiogeneretopographolactic theory of therapeutical phylogeny. His theory simply means that if 4,392 orders of shoe-string potatoes were placed end to end they would reach so far and no farther. This astounding discovery cost him much painstaking effort, millions of dollars and caused a great shortage of shoe-strings upon the earth which threw thousands homeless and millions to walk the streets barefooted. The fact that so many people had to go barefooted caused shoe factories to shut down which hurled billions of women and little children out of work to say nothing of the shoe-shine boys. America soon became one great barefooted race. No less than 3,967,432 barrels of iodine and 9,684,765 barrels of mercurochrome were applied to bruised and lacerated feet in 1850. It was until late in the year 1861 that a sufficient number of shoe-strings could be manufactured to meet the demands of barefooted peoples of our great nation.

The Hiram Haystack theory had one great and everlasting effect upon the world; namely, it permitted the feet to loose and run free and unfettered, thereby giving the people a broader understanding. An aspirin tablet should be raised in the memory of brother Hiram Haystack.

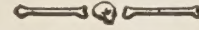
Did you ever stop to think what might have happened to American history if the British soldiers at Bunker Hill had had bloodshot eyes?

Daughter, greatly worried: Mother, I can't marry Jack after all.

Mother: Why, dear? I thought you loved him.

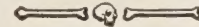
Daughter: I do, but he doesn't even believe in hell!

Mother, relieved: Never mind, dear, go ahead and marry him and we will convert him in a few months.



Angry student: You mean to insinuate that I came from a monkey?

Geology professor: No, you didn't come from one. You are still one.



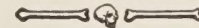
We are in favor of the following courses being given in every college and university as *required* courses:

Neckology—lab seven nights a week.

Loveology—with noted movie actresses as male instructors, and actors as female instructors; practical lab.

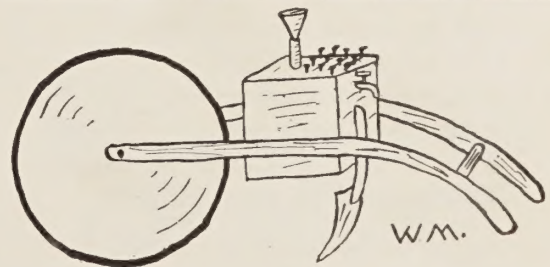
Anatomy—live creatures as subjects in lab.

Astronomy—lab courses every moonlit night (midnight till dawn).



Surgeon: Your wife has had these tonsils since childhood.

McVicker: Since childhood? Hoot man! Wal ye can jest send the bill to her father; he ought to have had them taken out before I married her.



Inventions That Have Made Millions! The LLOSYMANYPH

Because of the pressing need of a machine to alleviate the strain put on post office officials in large cities who have to read post cards and attend to their usual duties this little trick was perfected. It is also helpful in cranking balky outboard motors and bankers are giving it a trial as a burglar alarm—its growth has been alarming! Picknickers are delighted with it because it removes olives from bottles; while in Salt Lake City this ingenious device has been used as a cure for the shakes.



Here we have none other than the great Kelly O'Rielly the direct and only descendent of the famous Filch and Filch, scientists, explorers, excavators, mathematicians, zoologists, doctors, dentists, and last but not least astronomers. Dr. Kelly, Ph.D., P.D.Q., and S.O.B., recently gave birth to a thought which will revolutionize the egg industry, and will probably throw thousands of chickens out of work. He made the alarming discovery after forty years of hard labor and research that umbrellas had no use whatever in the life of the cuttle fish. Not only did he prove without a doubt that the sun shines in the day time, but he also proved that street cars will coast down hill. He has given several papers before noted audiences. His last and greatest achievement was the discovery of the Whaxxa Whaxxa theory of posterity in the female species of gateposts. He proved to the satisfaction of all the scientific world that Rotten eggs would not bounce no matter how hard they were.

ODE TO COMPARATIVE ANATOMY

Seated one day at her organs,
I was bleary and ill at ease,
And my scalp wandered idly,
Over her greasy kidneys.
I know not what I dissected,
It may have been a cow.
When I struck one cord of the larynx
There resounded a great "meow."

It may be the cat's bright angels,
Will sing in comparative lab;
It may be that only in heaven
Will her larynx respond to a jab.
It may be that death's bright angels
Will sing that "meow" once more,
For this may have been my cat's first departure
And I'll hear its eight lives encore!

If there is anything I hate it's an undotted "i," said the school teacher as he socked one of his pupils on the optic.

You can always tell a married woman but you can't tell her very much!

Florist: Can't I wrap you up a dozen orchids. Only a dollar a piece. You must remember that you want to say it with flowers.

Boy: Maybe you'd better give me only half a dozen. I don't want to say too dam much.

Worker at service station: Yer car needs gas mister.

Poor Man: Damn! that car had five gallons of gas yesterday and what is more that is every damn drop it gets until tomorrow.

Prof: What did Archimedes say when he found his bath-tub overflowing?

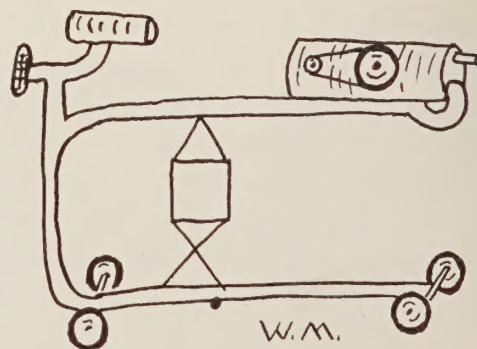
Fresh: Eureka, Eureka, I have found it.

Prof: And what did he find?

Fresh: Why I suppose he found how to cut it off.

Song in "B" Natural

Try this on the Jew's harp: "If You Knew Susie Like I Know Susie Her Father Would Be Looking For You Too."



Inventions That Have Made Millions! The KAXXAKACK

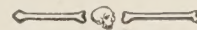
After years of research the scientific world finally has produced the world's unbeatable combination toothbrush, zyllophone, army cot and tire wrench. Every home is incomplete unless it has at least two of these in every room. Some people find that the Kaxxakack is indispensable in the cellar for removing the most stubborn of clinkers.

"How Archimedes Made His Discovery," or "Why You Should Take a Bath"

Once upon—a'lways a pun—a time there was a big king. According to the ancient custom, this king had a wife who everyone called "Queenie." Now Queenie was very much beloved by all of her subjects, for she was the object of many of her subjects' love. As a token of his love (and from necessity) the King gave Queenie a beautiful crown embellished with countless pearls; to be exact, there were three thousand pearls embedded within the beauty of this crown. Now Queenie had many lovers and some admirers who often came to see her while the King was at his favorite sports: shooting the bull and fox hunting. As a means of allowing her lovers to gain entrance to her boudoir, Queenie gave each of them a pearl from her crown so that they might obtain admission past the servants. The King, realizing that something was up (in Queenie's room), determined to have the pearls counted, and he gave this job to Count de Cards, his favorite courtier of the round-table. Now while counting these countless pearls, Count de Cards lost his head and thereby failed; and having failed, he again lost his head: (that is, the square root was abstracted from this radical). In distress the King sought aid through Archimedes who had become famous for his invention of the doorless room. Archimedes, being a wise old scientist, knew that he could never count the pearls within the crown. How, then, could he determine whether or not some of the pearls had been taken off? One day while he was in the midst of his bath, surrounded by the tide of affairs (or was it water?), something happened to the water works, and he was unable to get enough water to cover himself. How, then, was he going to get enough water to cover his body? Poor old Archie! As his head struck upon the water pipe, he struck upon an idea: he would put rocks and sand in the tub and that would cause the water to rise. He did; it did. Having done this, old Archie then proceeded to begin his bath, but alas, he could not find the soap! The soap did not float in those days, especially when there was no water. At that time the purest soap known was only 99 and 22/100 per cent pure instead of the 99 and 44/100 per cent of today. For some hours (Eastern Standard Time) Archie looked for the soap, but all in vain. Finally he picked out all of the rocks; then he took out all of the sand. Still no sign of the soap. In despair he turned out all of the water. Just as the last few cubic centimeters of water flowed from the tub, Archie saw with great delight the long-sought piece of soap under the tub. His happiness suddenly burst into joy. In his ecstatic fervor he wasted no time in clothing himself, but ran hurriedly down the street shouting at the top of his voice to the depth of his lungs: "Eureka, Eureka, E-U-R-E-K-A," which, when pronounced correctly, means "I have found it."

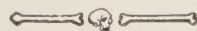
Later this old gentleman came to the conclusion that if he could find a piece of lost soap, he could most surely count the number of pearls on the crown. This encouraged him; his heart was buoyed up (probably due to the excess water which he drank for dinner). After puzzling for some time, he took recourse to an old Physics book in which he found the correct

formula. Substituting $1/5$ the number of pearls in this formula and multiplying by 5, old Archie found the exact number; and to check up on himself he referred to the answer book. The answer was correct to the third place beyond the decimal. The King was so pleased with the solution that he gave Archimedes a lot of bricks to build more doorless rooms. This resulted in the invention of the dungeon which proves Archimede's Principle: "It is possible to keep a good man down."



Co (to boy-friend with his legs crossed showing his socks):
What makes your socks bulge out so much?

Ed: Yours would too if you had on long underwear.



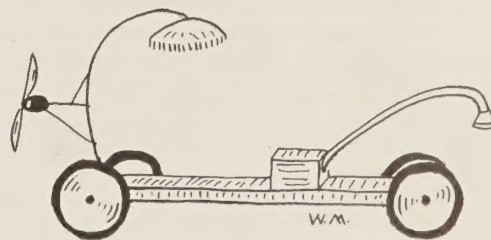
German music professor: Vell, lets hear you gif me note G.
The boy blew note G on the trombone.

German professor: Ach, enuff! Dot sounds like H to me.



College Geometry

A straight line is the shortest distance between two pints.



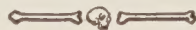
Inventions That Have Made Millions!

The ZOOPERFONE

Here you are folks! Just what you have been wanting for years. This little invention is for the purpose of finding whether or not there is a table cloth on the dining room centerboard. You may also use it to slice chicken or tighten bolts on typewriters. Read what Professor Zweiback says about this little instrument. "Never before has there been such a helpful little instrument put on the market. I use mine to play short pitches to the green while my wife finds it invaluable as a curtain hanger."



Israel Maginty Doolittle has finally solved the problem of what to do with used razor blades. When asked by reporters of the United Press and clothes cleaning association what he would do with these wiry articles he replied with a twinkle in his eye that he would take them out and bury them—he is just recovering from St. James Infirmary. Israel has also perfected the only umbrella which has no doornob attachment and it is guaranteed not to run out of gas on the steepest of grades. He also says that this little machine is good for gum boils, sinking arches, loquacious meningitis, internal amnesia, etc. Israel maginty is of peculiar descent. His mother was an English woman while his father was a plumber. At an early age he acquired a taste for literature and ate his way from the M's all the way to the W's in the telephone directory. His mother noticed at an early age that he had possibilities, but she was unable to get rid of them although she used S.O.S and 666 on him for fourteen years. His father was killed in a sponge fight when he slipped and landed on a feather bed and broke both collar buttons and sprained his whatnot. "I always knew he would be a success," sobbed Mrs. Doolittle as she saw her son push his binanna cart past forty-fifth street. He was always thus," she sobbed as she bit the end off a nearby fireplug.



COCSUMUS VITAMEAN, RENOWNED SCIENTIST, MISSING

By KAY THOMPSON

Police, sheriffs, and other limbs of the law, as well as fellow scientists are urged to be on the look out for Cocsumus Vitamean, renowned scientist, who has been missing since the thirtieth of last February. A graduate of Prophylactic Seminary, Vitamean has revolutionized the scientific world with his important discoveries of the last two and a half years. Among his most important works is his theory that if all the bricks in the world were piled one upon the other, they would make one heluva pile of bricks, and would eventually fall over. Not satisfied with

this important discovery, he worked diligently upon a great problem of physics for over two weeks without anything stronger to drink than Mentholated Bay Rum. He figured that if ninety billions of water flowed over Niagara Falls in two hours, ten minutes, and thirty-eight seconds, it would take a bowlegged grasshopper two and three-sevenths days to kick the warts off a seven-inch cucumber.

His greatest discovery, however, was to prove the fact that a gray squirrel running around a tree with a base of one and one-half feet would never pass himself, even though he increased his speed twice as much each lap as it was on the preceding trip around the tree. He expressed doubt, however, about the ability of a red squirrel to perform this feat, since a red squirrel is much faster than a gray squirrel.

Still unsatisfied with the position that these discoveries gave him in the scientific world, Vitamean turned his attention toward concocting an alcoholic beverage for the relief of tired Psychology students. He took a half pint of prolifically adulterated kerosene oil, and diluted it with a slight flavor of carbolic acid. After letting this solution settle for forty-eight hours, one cake of Octagon soap and a can of Red Devil lye were added. The solution was then boiled for seventeen minutes, and then a slight portion of U-Slickem hair tonic was poured into the mixture. This concoction was first known as Panther Sweat, but the name has now been changed to Orange County Corn. To give his beverage a charred-keg appearance, Vitamean added two table spoons of mercurochrome.

After two students drank two gallons of this beverage, they became slightly inebriated, and thumbed their noses at a co-ed. For this reason the authorities are anxious to apprehend Vitamean, and punish him for revealing his secret to Orange County blockaders. Some people seem to think that Vitamean is slightly deranged as a result of his inability to dispose of used razor blades.

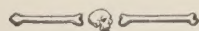
Authorities are warned not to be too self-confident in their attempts to arrest Vitamean, since he is a pugilist of rare ability. On one occasion he whipped a professor who was only eighty-three years old, and some expressed the opinion that he could have whipped him if he had been a hundred and fifty years old. While in school at dear old Prophylactic he won the flea bite championship and the title of "JESS." He jess lasted one round in all his fights.

Like all scientists Vitamean has one particular idiosyncrasy by which the police ought to easily recognize him. He plays tag with every one he meets. Police are warned not to play tag with Vitamean, because his fingers have been crossed since birth, and there is no hope of tagging him successfully. Out of seven inter-collegiate tag contests he has never been "IT" a single time.

He: Heard you were going to get married.

His Friend: Gee, I'm lucky, I'm going to marry a beautiful girl and a school teacher.

He: You can't do that. That's bigamy.



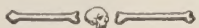
POME

She has a skin you love to touch
And after due reflection
She takes a Lucky instead of a sweet
To keep her school-girl complexion.

She's a standard of comparison
She has everything one could wish her
But the thing that matters most of all
She has a body built by Fisher.

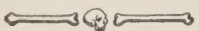
B. B.

(Author's name withheld for obvious reasons)



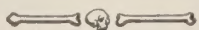
Fond Father: Mary, I wish you would show a little discretion in your dressing.

Modern Maid: Father! And at your age too.



Senior: What kind of a job do you expect to get after you graduate?

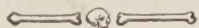
Frosh: Well, I thought I'd like to drive the ambulance for the Davey Tree Surgery Company.



Doctor: What's wrong?

Patient: I have trouble with my colon.

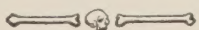
Doctor: Try English 20.



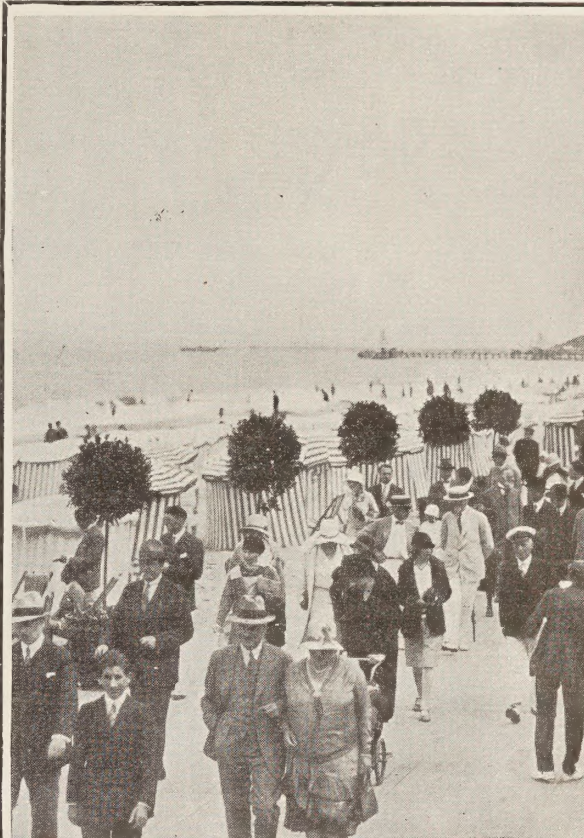
I went skunk hunting while I was at home for the holidays.

Yeah? Catch any?

No, but I got wind of several.



"It looks like this is going to be a wet Fall," said the drunk as he fell into the cistern.

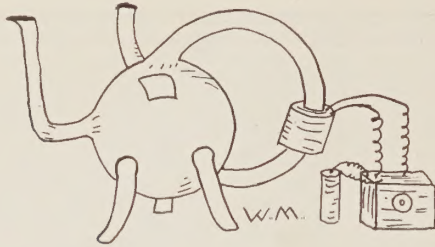


Going to France this Summer?

You've worked hard... hard for you, anyhow... and you need a change. ♡ If you're a serious thinker, you want to go where the culture's thickest... that's France... If you're just getting good by sunrise... that's France, too... strong on the gentler arts, you can learn more from one chic Parisienne than is told in any library. ♡ Sail on the "Ile de France," the "Paris" or the "France" first-class with the other aristocrats, if the family purse is that kind... you're in France the second you cross "the longest gangplank in the world"... food, fun, atmosphere, service and decorations... not a moment wasted in acclimatization later on. ♡ For accommodation that is neither Hispano Suiza nor Citroën, but wholly delightful and a favorite with the after-college set, try the cabin fleet... the new "Lafayette" (every room with bath or shower), the "De Grasse," one big party, or the clubby "Rochambeau." ♡ The under-grad also travels "tourist third" with a real college crowd on these cabin ships.

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent
or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City



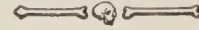
Inventions That Have Made Millions! The PANTANNIS

The Pantannis is a joy on winter nights to those suffering from cold feet. It is kept under the bed and serves as an alarm clock and chambermaid. Don't oversleep folks—this little device will awaken you at the wrong time. The beater on top is designed for big game hunters and gives the beat of a tom-tom. The steam whistle on the left is designed for those full of hot air. What price did you say? Charlie my boy it is yours for a pittance. Steam is kept up by burning Manilla. To awaken the boilelectrician simply yell "you may fire when ready Mr. Gerney."

"Say, Ikky, how's your companionate marriage coming along?"

"Not so good. I lost my wife's address, and I can't remember what her last name is."

—Rice Owl.

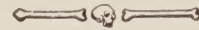


"Who is that terrible looking woman standing next to the door?"

"That's my wife."

"Eer—er, I don't mean her. I meant the young lady beside her."

"That's my daughter." —Jack o' Lantern.

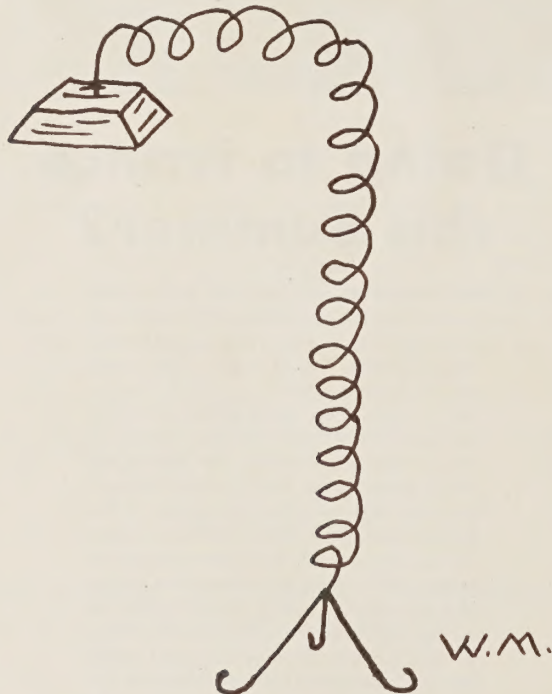


Prof—"Why were you absent at the last exercise?"

Co-ed—"Here's my medical excuse. I fell and bruised my thigh."

Prof (absent-mindedly)—"Don't show it to me now—come into my office and I'll look at it."

—Voo Doo.



Inventions That Have Made Millions! The PFLOOMIS

The Pfloomis is a very practical little invention for locating the rear tires on Buick roadsters. It is very simple to operate, and up to date the manufacturers have sold one after an extensive two year advertising campaign. The owner of this little marvel states that he would have had marvelous results if it were not for the fact that he has a Chevrolet coupe instead.

Announcing—

The Opening of the FRIENDLY CAFETERIA

About May 1st

Between Sutton's Drug Store and
Post Office

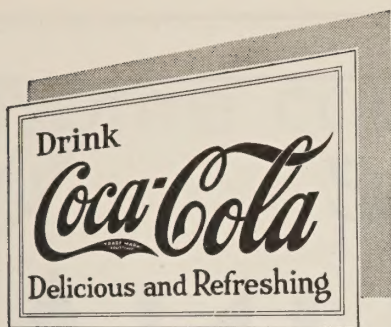
Special Rates to Students and
Faculty Members



"Every Meal a Pleasant Memory"



High Point Greensboro Winston-Salem Durham



Your good deed
for today



the **Pause**
that refreshes

No matter how busy you are—how hard you work or play—don't forget you owe yourself that refreshing pause with Coca-Cola.

You can always find a minute, here and there, and you don't have to look far or wait long for Coca-Cola. A pure drink of natural flavors—always ready for you—ice-cold—around the corner from anywhere. Along with millions of people every day you'll find in Coca-Cola's wholesome refreshment a delightful way to well-being.

— **LISTEN IN** —
Grantland Rice — Famous
Sports Champions — Coca-Cola
Orchestra — Wednesday 10:30
to 11 p. m. E. S. T. — Coast to
Coast NBC Network —

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

CM-3

9 MILLION A DAY—IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS



At the CAROLINA

TECHNICOLOR'S USE CALCULATED TO ENLIVEN FILM

Experts Have Scientific Reasons for Selecting Certain Tints

The woman was feeling blue.

The man saw red.

He had a yellow streak.

He had a dark brown taste in his mouth.

Common usage has made the above terms so eloquently expressive that every child knows their meaning. Psychologists long have recognized the unusual affinity between color and the emotional state. Recently interior decorators, designers, architects, painters, manufacturers of automobiles, cereals, typewriters, cameras and other utilitarian necessities of our modern civilization have taken cognizance of the importance of color and have been employing the manifold hues of the rainbow to market their products.

The all-talking motion pictures, too, have turned definitely to color. Next year, according to Dr. Herbert T. Kalmus, President of Technicolor, Inc., there will be no fewer than a hundred featured movies filmed either entirely or partly in technicolor.

In "Rio Rita," "Gold Diggers of Broadway," "On With the Show," "Paris," "Sally," and other recent productions, the technicolor process was employed principally for the sake of presenting gorgeous scenic beauty.

NO LONGER NOVELTY

But now, according to none other than Jesse L. Lasky, first vice-president in charge of production of the Paramount Famous Lasky Corporation, color has graduated from the novelty period in the movies and will be employed henceforth not only to impart added beauty but also to cause emotional and mental reactions in keeping with the spirit of the plot. As such, Mr. Lasky believes, color will fulfill an important dramatic function.

Mr. Lasky put his belief into practice in filming "The Vagabond King," a lavishly produced musical romance, starring Dennis King. This production, done completely in technicolor is coming to the CAROLINA Theatre on April 30th. From the opening scene to the final fade-out, color is used with the purpose of provoking in the audience a sympathetic mood in keeping with the action.

RED IMPLIES STRIFE

Red, a warm color, symbolizing revolution, strife, violence, danger, and proved by scientific experiments to have an exciting influence on the human feelings, was agreed upon as the color to predominate in the garb of the turbulent vagabonds of the picture.

In one scene an interesting use was made of the conflicting qualities of red hues. Mortal enemies, Dennis King and Warner Oland fight a duel. To heighten the dramatic effect of the conflict, Mrs. Kalmus and Director Berger decided to costume them for that climactic scene in violently antagonistic shades of red. One wore a low key red, the other an outfit of

vivid key red, the result being that the colors themselves clash so decidedly that they give the impression of actually fighting each other.

Where red is diluted with white and sometimes with blue, resulting in rose and pink, it symbolizes beauty and love. Consequently, rose was chosen as the dominant color in rose garden scenes of the production where the deliberate aim is to create the spirit of romance. Eight girls, chosen for their beauty, appeared in filmy rose-tinted gowns for these scenes. Rose was also used extensively in the wardrobe of Jeanette MacDonald, King's leading woman in the picture.

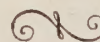
EACH HAS DRAMATIC IMPORT

Yellow also being a warm color, symbolic of light and sunshine and known to exercise an enlivening influence upon the spirits, was chosen for extensive use in court fete scenes and other lively action in the palace of King Louis XI of France. In several sequences, the romantic leading man appears in golden tunic and tights while the same warm, rich tones appear often in Miss McDonald's gowns.

Black, through its association with night is the symbol of gloom, menace and terror and this effect was sought in a throne room scene where Burgundian heralds enter and demand that the French King surrender. Three men of gigantic stature were chosen for the parts of the heralds and they were clad completely in black, even their heads being enveloped in close fitting black hoods. On their hands they wore gauntlets of black mail. Not a touch of any other color relieved the sombre menace implied by their attire.

According to Mrs. Kalmus, every little shade has a dramatic meaning all its own.

Have your hair trimmed so "Buccaneer
Jokes" will sink in



Carolina Barber Shop

...on the court it's **FLASH!**



...in a cigarette it's **TASTE!**

"A FACT is more powerful than twenty texts."
Two puffs tell more of a cigarette's *taste* than
any two-hour speech.

Taste must speak for itself...and Chesterfield's
refreshing, spicy flavor, its characteristic fra-
grance, do just that.

Making Chesterfields, making them right,
making you like them, requires only this:

"TASTE *above everything*"



MILD...and yet
THEY SATISFY

Chesterfield

FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos, not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED

Or Cherry Wine

Old Grad—"Anybody around the house got any 'squirrel' whiskey?"

Phi Gam—"No, but there's plenty of 'Old Crow' down in the basement."

Old Grad—"I don't want to fly, I only want to jump around a little. —*Sour Owl.*



Young Son—"Ma, the women in this country must be awful tired."

Mother—"Why, Petrucio, how's that?"

Young Son—"Well, I see a lot of places marked 'Ladies Rest Room'."



Sweet Stuff

Scene: Hotel.

Characters: Hubby, wife, a man.

Time: Late afternoon.

Wife leaves hotel immediately after arrival to go shopping. Hubby stays in room to sleep. Upon the wife's return she was unable to find her room. Seeing one that looked o. k. she walked over and knocking on the door—

"Honey!"

No answer.

"H-o-n-e-y!"

Still no answer.

"OH, HONEY!"

Voice from inside: "Get the hell away from here, lady, this is a bathroom, not a beehive!"

—*Sniper.*



BULL

"Hey, Mama, look, look, I can tell which one of them is a bull."

"Junior, not so loud, everybody's looking, keep still."

"Hey, Mama, I know how to tell a bull when I see one."

"Junior, keep still, or I'll take you home this very minute."

"Hey, Mama, wanna know how I can tell the bull, huh?"

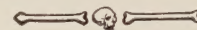
"You just wait till I get you home, you little brat."

"Hey, Mama, sure I know how to tell a bull when I see one. See Mama, there's one. Wanna have me tell you, Mama, how I can tell, huh, Mama."

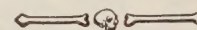
"Junior, please keep still, Mama'll get you anything if you'll please keep quiet."

"Well, Mama, I can tell by the ring in his nose, that's how, see Mama." —*Kitty Kat.*

Girls, when they went out to swim
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard;
Now they have a bolder whim,
They dress more like her cupboard. —*Witt.*

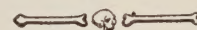


"What's the matter? You look all broken up."
"A chiropractor owed me fifty dollars and I let him take it out in trade." —*Widow.*

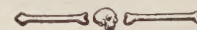


Triad in Blue

There are three shades of blue:
The innocent blue of youthful eyes,
The jazz blue of an expensive evening,
The dark blue of the aftermath.



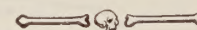
"You're evading the issue," howled the despairing husband when his wife refused to carry the baby. —*Punch Bowl.*



Him—"Will you marry me?"

Her—"Marry you? Why, you haven't enough money to keep me in clothes!"

Him—"Listen! That doesn't take money; that takes will-power!" —*Yellow Jacket.*



Doctor—"I can't prescribe whiskey unless I am convinced that you need it."

Student—"I've got a blind date with a girl my aunt wants me to take to the Prom."

Kind Doctor—"How much do you want?"

—*Punch Bowl.*

It's smart to shop at

Ellis Stone & Co

'DURHAM'S BEST STORE'

FANCY ICES

BLOCK CREAM

Blue Ribbon Ice Cream

DURHAM ICE CREAM COMPANY

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FRATERNITY OR SORORITY BANQUETS

Dial L-963

MAIN AT DUKE STREET
DURHAM, N. C.

PUNCHES

SHERBETS

Love is blind but the neighbors ain't.

—Gargoyle.

When the smooth little, soft little, sweet little girl edges up to you on the sofa, and the lights are low (or completely out), and there isn't a sound anywhere, and she slips a dainty little arm around your neck, and murmurs "Big boy, kiss me," why man, throw away your package of Murads. That's not the time to act nonchalant.

—Jack o' Lantern.

"My bootlegger! Here's to you with all thy faults; I love thy still."

Violet—"Is drinking liquor in fashion on the campus?"

Ray—"No. It's passing out." —Blue Bucket.

In Old Arizona

"Dearie, do you really love me, or have you contracted asthma?" —Green Goat.

"Watch me shake that thing," said the elephant coming to a suspension bridge." —Octopus.

Mary had a little lamb.
Mary and the lamb are doing as well as could be expected. —Virginia Reel.

CRITICS of Style and Quality

Among the many things that can be said for the college men of today—they know style and quality. Their judgment is our standard.

Learbury Says:

"Watch for the famous blues and grays of Learbury"

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Stop in and get your free style leaflet —includes swatch card and ensemble contrast chart.

Jack Lipman's University Shop

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Always Call for

Waverly Ice Cream

"Made Its Way by the Way
It's Made"



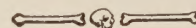
For Sale by

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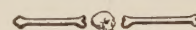
Say—Listen!

Woman's but a passing fancy,
Made to play with and forget,
Just a fortuity of nature—
Just a fragile marionette.
Make her! Leave her! Then forget her—
Never love for her profess—
Have your fun—and then forget her—
What's a woman—more or less?

—J. E. F.



All girls get hot, but only a few smoke.



A Jewish man was hit by a street car, so
someone called the priest, who said: "Do you
believe in the Father, Son and Holy Ghost?"

"Oi, Oi," said the Jew, "here I am dying and
he's asking me riddles." —Green Griffin.

Just in Time

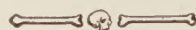
"Hoot, Sandy, and where be ye goin' sae fast?"

"Whisht, there, mon, dinna stop me—me ould
cow be dyin' and I must be milkin' her 'afore
she be topplin over!" —Dirge.



Waiter—"Lissen, you! I been waitin' on "this"
table for twenty years, an' I—"

Driver—"Yeah? Who was your other cus-
tomer?" —Exchange.



"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,"

Said the girl who always used care.

So she dropped the heir to the million,

And married the millionaire.

—American Legion Weekly.

This is no Joke---

It doesn't matter how much you earn,
you'll always be worth exactly
what you save.



The Bank of Chapel Hill

"Oldest and Strongest Bank in Orange County"

M. C. S. Noble, President R. L. Strowd, Vice-Pres.
M. E. Hogan, Cashier

IF YOU HAVE TEARS PREPARE TO SHED THEM NOW!!!

WHY?

BECAUSE after one more stupendous outburst of unparalleled humor the crew of the good ship BUCCANEER are going to lay down their instruments of torture and go forth and enjoy a well earned three months' vacation. THE FINAL number of the year will be the SWAN SONG NUMBER and will be dedicated to the departing members of the class of 1930 of which your editor is a member. With this number the newly elected editor will assume the editorship of the magazine and will offer you his opinion of what a BUCCANEER should be.

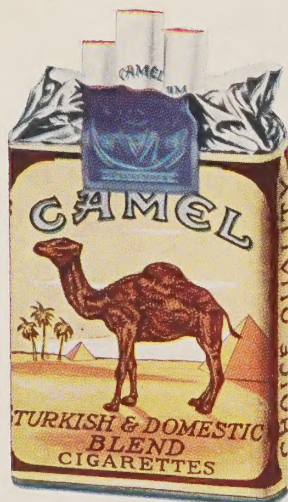
IN THIS number we bring to a close one of the most successful years that the BUCCANEER has ever experienced and it is with this number that we bid you farewell, patient readers, until next year when we will again unloose upon you a tempestuous flood of *clean, wholesome, puritannical* humor.

BY ALL MEANS SECURE A COPY OF THE "SWAN SONG NUMBER" WHICH WILL APPEAR ON MAY 20TH.

THIS NUMBER will be the culmination of our efforts for the college year 1929-30. It will be the parting gift of the retiring staff who has strived so hard to supply its readers the desired amount of laughs and giggles.

"The moving finger having writ moves on."

BETTER Prom than last year . . .
 look at that something in the blue
 dress. . . . Hey, Tubby . . . you
 passed my Camels to the whole
 stag line. . . . Never mind . . .
 another carton in the booth. . . .
 Hello, Jack . . . why the fatigue?
 . . . This committee racket's no
 cinch . . . been trying to keep the
 boys from crashing the gate . . . I
 need a breathing spell. . . . You
 need a Camel . . . have one. . . .



When they tell you they smoke Camels "just because they're good," they mean that Camel is a better cigarette.

BUCCANEER



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Students! Faculty! Alumni!

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Shredded Wheat

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and appreciates your patronage of
its advertisers*

THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER

OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME VII

MAY 25, 1930

NUMBER 8

KERMIT WHEARY *Editor-in-chief*
H. N. PATTERSON *Business Manager*
BOBBIE MASON *Art Editor*

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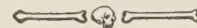
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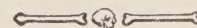
"Who is that man over there snapping his fingers?"

"That's a deaf mute with the hiccoughs."
—*Pelican.*



It hurts! Get off!
The co-ed cried
To a little bug
That stung her hide.

—*Penn State Froth.*



"What did the doctor say when he was late on that rush call?"

"Hello, Baby!"
—*Exchange.*

Johnny was over visiting the Kappa Kappa Gammas. In fact, he had one of them cornered on the sofa.

"Kiss me, darling," he said.

"There's a house fine of \$10 on the fellow who kisses a girl within these confines," she said.

"I'll gladly pay the fine, on one condition," he told her.

"What's that?"

"That you let me turn out the lights and take as long as I want to and kiss you as many times as I wish."

"Heavens, yes, of course!"

Three-quarters of an hour later she said to him: "You're kissing beautifully tonight, Johnny!"

"Johnny, Hell!" the guy kissing her stated roughly. "I'm just one of Johnny's fraternity brothers. John's at the door taking tickets."

—*The Kitty-Kat.*

*Meet Your Friends at the Book X
Between Classes for that
Sandwich and "Dope"*



QUALITY MERCHANDISE

and

INSTANT SERVICE



The Book Exchange

*An old Carolina Institution serving you in
a modern manner.*



Ping: Dick is a deuce of a good player!

Pong: And in love games he always wins . . .

Ping: Yes, like Life Savers, he takes their breath away.

He (to telephone operator)—“What is the charge to Philadelphia?”

She—“Seventy-five cents.”

He—“What! Why in Hoboken I can telephone to Hell for seventy-five cents.”

She—“Yes, but that’s within city limits.”

—Stone Mill.

Or Rain in the Face

Wife (in letter home)—“I have a fine room here with running water.”

Husband’s Answer—“Leave that Indian and come home at once.”

—Dirge.

He—“I guess I’m about the best sleeper in the world.”

She—“Next to me?”

—Froth.

Little Red Riding Hood—“Why, Grandma, what long teeth you have.”

Wolf—“Yes, my child. Pyorrhea.”

—The Kitty-Kat.

She had just consented to be his wife, and then told him that she believed in twin beds. Seeing his downcast expression, she consoled him by saying that she believed in Prohibition, too, but that it did not keep her from an occasional drink.

—Burr.

“The working people of Gastonia won’t allow their children to be vaccinated.”

“Howzat?”

“Because they can’t stand the scabs.” —Judge.

COLLEGE MEN

*You Get the Credit
for the*

LEARBURY

Suit

College men select the new Learbury patterns. Fabrics used by Learbury are of college men’s choice. Learbury styles are created by college men. Is it any wonder that Learbury is the preferred clothing of well-dressed college men?

Says Learbury

*“College men make Learburys,
and Learbury makes the college
man.”*



Jack Lipman’s University Shop

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

The recent questionnaires show that 50 per cent of the people that stop at road-houses are women, and of these, 100 per cent are willing.

—*Lehigh Burr.*

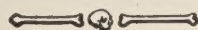


"Nobody has ever been able to neck Mary—she doesn't heat up at all."

"Made of wood, eh?"

"Hell, no! Maid of wouldn't!"

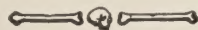
—*M. I. T. Voo Doo.*



"Is that Marie de Mope in a backless evening gown or am I seeing things?"

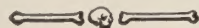
"Both."

—*Panther.*



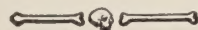
A certain professor once gave out the following hint to students: "If you can't get your lesson in one hour, take two. If you can't get it in two, take three. If three is not sufficient, take cyanide."

—*Kitty-Kat.*



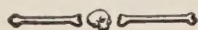
"That must be the end of her," he exclaimed, as he came upon the woman in the snowdrift.

—*Bison.*



"Hello! Is this Main 2910. Helen dear? This is Percy. No, no—not mercy—Percy! P for pugnacious, E for enormous, R for rought, C for cruel, Y for yegg."

—*Lord Jeff.*



"That's me all over," said the suicide, as he hit the street after jumping out of a 50th story window.

—*Satyr.*

MY DEARS



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College Humor

1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago

The Magazine with a College Education

"What kind of a dress did Sue wear to the party last night?"

"I think it was checked."

"Baaaabee! That must have been a real party."

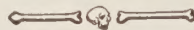
—*Purple Parrot.*



Philosophy (?)

Life teaches us that many men have been made by women—but makes no mention of the fact that some women have been made by many men.

—*Bison.*



He—"Some dew outside."

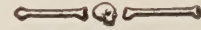
She—"Yeah, but I don't."

—*Ollapod.*

Stude—"What's your idea of a good girl to take to a prom?"

Steward—"Well, she must dislike flowers, have her own car and afterwards be just too excited to eat."

—*Punch Bowl.*



"Porter!"

"Yes, madam, what is it you wish?"

"I just found two strange men in my apartment and I want you to put one of them out."

—*Lyre.*



She—"You remind me of a church seat."

He—"Howzat?"

She—"Pew."

—*Black and Blue Jay.*

Business Man—"Well, Miss Smith, how would you like to take a business trip with me next week?"

Miss Smith (chewing hard)—"Say, I may be your typewriter, but I'm not portable."

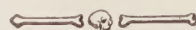
—*Purple Parrot.*



Irate man on rear platform of street car—"Say, fellow, that cigar you're smoking is a reflection on the Tobacco trust."

"That's not my cigar. That's the wind blowing your breath back to you."

—*Ski-U-Mah.*



The hangman's song—"Swing, You Sinners."

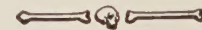
—*M. I. T. Voo Doo.*

Her mother had broken up the necking party and summarily dispatched the young man.

"I am shocked and surprised that you let him kiss you," she wailed.

"Why?" asked the neckee. "Isn't he healthy?"

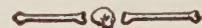
—*Virginia Reel.*



Doctor—"May I kiss you?"

Nurse—"Certainly not. I hate to have a doctor's bill thrust in my face."

—*Rammer-Jammer.*



A hypocrite is a man who goes to work at 4 A. M. singing "All the World is Jealous of Me."

—*The Siren.*

This Number To:

*Our departing prexy whom we all love so dear,
Those members of the faculty leaving this year.
The graduating students of the class of '30,
The retiring "Buc" staff, so naughty, so dirty!*

Au Revoir.

*Farewell
Number*

Retiring Editor



CY EDSON

Members of the Editorial, Art, and Business staffs who deserve mention for their outstanding work on the BUCCANEER this year:

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The Carolina BUCCANEER

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME VII

MAY 25, 1930

NUMBER 8

Why I'm Glad I'm Graduating

Mr. Niffle, will you translate the next page? . . . Listen, let me tell you about the blonde baby I dated this week end . . . I'm sorry but I'll have to put you on probation, these three W's . . . and gentlemen, there'll be no more drinking in the house . . . English Lit, four dollars, please . . . where the heck have you been with my girl . . . you have a letter from the dean at the house . . . no, we can't give you credit for these two courses . . . what happened to the money I sent you last week . . . not prepared this morning, I'll make an example of you . . . can you spare a few bucks, I gotta date . . . take the next fifty pages for tomorrow . . . dear sir, your conduct at the Easter dances was disgraceful and you have been place on dance probation for six months . . . I now take pleasure in presenting this diploma to Mr. Otto Niffle who has blab, blab, blab.

I suppose he's a big man around here.

No, just a little splash in the chamber of commerce.

"What are you crying for, Sandy?" asked a passerby seeing Sandy sitting on a weighing machine marked "one cent."

"I want to buy this," said Sandy, "but I'm not strong enough to carry it home."

He: I thought you were graduating this year?

She: No, I haven't found a husband yet.

If a carbuncle is a pain in the neck, what's a paddle.

Did I understand you to say that you were not near-sighted?

Yes, that's true.

Well, I believe you are.

But I can assure you that I'm not.

All right then. Do you see that post over there?

Yes.

Do you see that pin sticking in it?

Yes.

Then let's see you go over there and pull it out.

And on the way over there he stumbled over a cow.

Did you see Bill stretch when he went up to get his diploma?

Yes, he was just waking up after a four-year nap.

"And remember, ladies of the Woman's Club," said the president of the Chamber of Commerce in his address, "any time that you wish to make a movement, the Chamber is right behind you."

What made you stop selling mirrors?

It cast a reflection on the public.

On a house it's paint
In a kiss it's terrible.

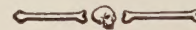


Fair? Well!

"A FAREWELL TO ARMS"

How pleasant the word "fair!" How pleasing the word "well"! How loathsome the word "farewell"! Such were the thoughts of our departing Senior as he dressed himself to grab his last date at the Shack. His girl has been more to him than the girl of his dreams; he had awakened to that fact some time ago. And now to think that the time was steadily approaching when he must say the one word which separates the best of lovers, "farewell."

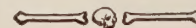
Slowly he finished his toilet and left the room. Night fell on him and crushed his spirits. To cap the climax he put on his hat. Suddenly another thought seized him: he would not be a softy by displaying his weaker emotions; he would put on a bold front. He grit his teeth with determination, quickened his steps, and soon came vis-a-vis with the front door of the Shack. Having gently banged on the door, he was again encompassed by gloom as some shadowy object presented itself and asked with whom he wished to speak. Ah! Now he understood the meaning of it all: "Coming events cast their shadows before." But he could not avoid that shadow. It kept asking, "Who does yo want to see?" and "Wha'sa name?" Finally he managed to sputter, "Name's Emma Terial." Bells began to ring in his ear as some one phoned to the third floor for his girl. Once more he struggled to get a hold on himself. Surely he, a Senior, could not give expression to his emotions in public. But he heard footsteps. Emma was coming. A yellow streak ran up his back. Should he run away from it all? But no; that would be unfair to her, to Emma who had given him all that a Senior could ask for—all but dates. As he saw some one open the door, he resolved to face the situation and embrace it. Then he would have everything well in hand and could make this farewell one that would be remembered forevermore. But Emma was not at the door; it was that shadowy object, and it held a letter in its hands. Quickly our Senior snatched the letter and tore it open without looking at the address. He read: "My dearest, darling Jack—" His heart began to pound on his heaving breast. Emotions seized him. He could go no further. Everything became blurred. He felt himself growing faint. He remembered nothing, he could think of nothing but one thing: his name was Oswald.



Sorority Sue: You know, I feel so sorry for that poor flapper walking with that baby in her arms.

Boy Friend: Why?

Sorority Sue: Well, I'm sure that she hasn't been in the habit of walking.



Lady: Aren't you ashamed to beg for food?

Hic: It's better than getting three months for taking it.



AT THE INTERMISSION IT'S TASTE!

Bobbie Mason



A Dream Fantasy

*I write you a sonnet, my dream girl,
To your eyes, your lips, your hair,
To lure you from your dream world,
And into my earthly lair.*

*Tonight my heart cries out to you,
Tonight my love burns strong,
Tonight of nights we'll sing anew,
And raise to Heaven our Pagan song.*

*My sonnet is by the window,
My candle is fading fast,
I fall asleep, and now I know
My dream girl has come at last.*



Automobile Salesman: Let me show you something new in a sedan.

Miss Ouri: O. K., and then I'd like to show you a thing or two, myself.

It was June. He had just received his diploma and at last he was free to say or do anything he wished. His first thought was of his English prof. Now he could tell him a thing or two without fear of flunking the damn English course. Boldly he walked across the campus. He entered the West building and dashed upstairs to the second floor. Walking rapidly down the long corridor, he stopped in front of the last door on the right. Daniel P. Conrad, Professor of English, read the small card on the door. He rapped loudly.

"Come in," said a voice in the office.

He opened the door and stood face to face with the professor.

"Ah, good morning," said the professor, "what can I do for you?"

"You blankety blank æ&*(!:*)ææ*, where the heck is that five bucks I loaned you my freshman year?"

Sandy, come out of that rain, you'll catch your death of cold. But mama, papa told me to, he said we still have some cough drops left.

He: I love you more every day.

Father (peeping through key-hole): Yes, so I've noticed.

"Before I was married I knew my wife like a book."

"And now?"

"Now she is a revised edition."

"What do you wish me to sing for you now?" asked the grand opera singer.

"Sing your 'Swan Song'."

So you're graduating tomorrow, eh?
You bet, and I'm darned glad of it.

Glad? Seems as if you'd be mighty sorry to leave all the old familiar scenes.

There aren't any familiar scenes that I care a rap about.

What! No sentimental regard for the old place? What about the good old football games and homecoming days? Don't you cherish any tender feeling toward those.

No.

And the dates with the co-eds. Just think of all the good times they've made for you.

Not for me, old fellow.

Say, just think back. Remember all the house-party and prom week-ends. Don't you get a thrill to think of them?

Can't say I do.

Well, I know if none of these things appeal to your imagination, certainly the thought of all the boys you're leaving who've been your pals for the last four years mean something to you.

NO! NO!

Well, listen brother, where the devil did you go to school that you could come away with such a sour feeling toward it?

Say, if it's any of your business, I don't have any sour feelings toward my school, because it's a damned good place. And what's more the name of it is the *University Correspondence School of America and Canada!*

The wages of chastity are bunions and corns on young virgins' feet.

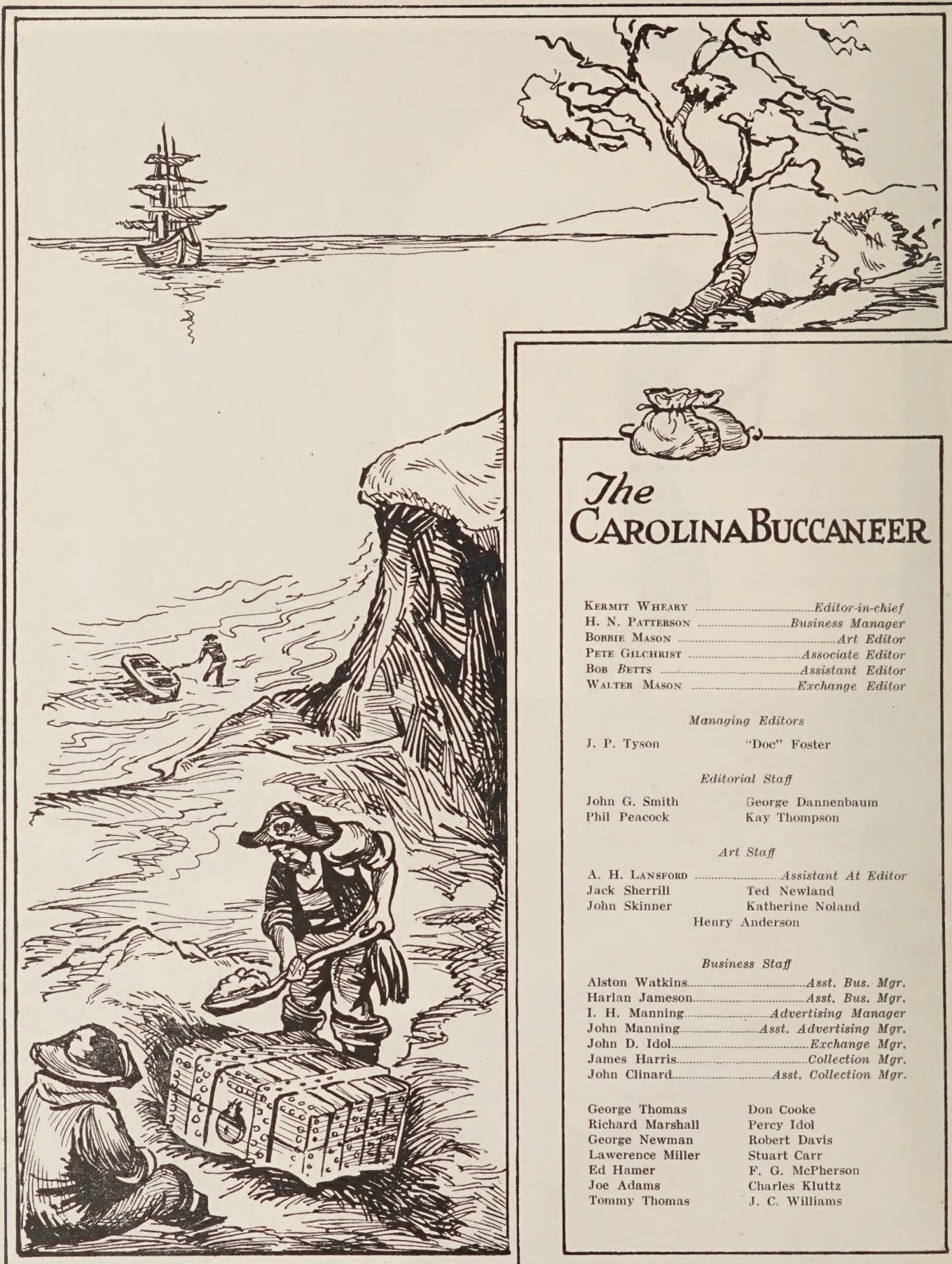
"I've made my mark in life," said Twain.

"Appendicitis wouldn't be so bad," remarked Co-ed Carrie, "if it wasn't such a one-sided affair."



LANSFORD

HOW TO "MAKE" A RUSSIAN DRESSING



The CAROLINA BUCCANEER

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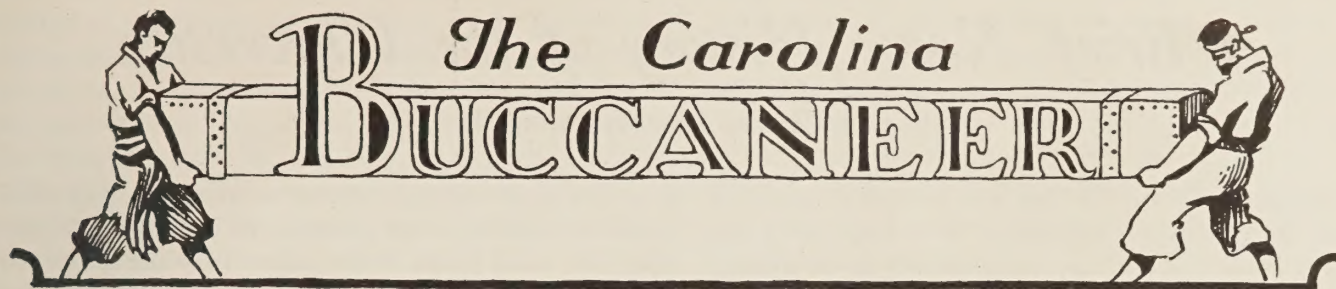
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Tommy Thomas J. C. Williams



Captain Kid Sez—

ON considering what should go in this issue and what should not, we, the retiring staff, thought it might be in order to review and point out some of the important changes that have taken place in the BUCCANEER during the past year. One of the first changes made in the BUCCANEER was to renovate the artistic make-up of the book and introduce new cuts and drawings that were more in keeping with the piractic scheme of the magazine. We wished to make the book more *Buccaneerish* than it had been heretofore. Secondly, we ran the first continued story that has ever been run in the BUCCANEER, namely; "Who Killed Oswald Hemmingpoof?" This story proved very popular with our readers and the incoming staff has already been requested to run another next year. Thirdly, we created a Carolina Hall of Fame which received considerable comment on the campus, both favorable and unfavorable.

This year we have tried to put the humor of the BUCCANEER on a loftier plane. Whether we have succeeded or not is not for us to judge. Furthermore, we have refrained from indulging in personalities. We turn over the helm of the BUCCANEER to our successors confident that we have defamed no student nor decried no faculty member through our inestimable magazine. One thing more, this year the BUCCANEER has been used almost wholly as a laboratory for students interested in Journalism. During the year various staff members have been allowed to edit different issues for their own experience and enlightenment. Then to, the BUCCANEER Office at the first of this year was unlocked, the cobwebs cleaned out and the office has been used for the first time in many years as the assembling room for the college comic.

It suddenly dawned on us that it was extremely imperative for the new staff to have a policy. Not knowing the exact nature of the policy expected or required, and remembering certain rash and unthoughtful political promises, we thought it advisable to first secure a life insurance policy. This being done we now feel somewhat safer in presenting our policy to the public. It is the hope of the new staff that its policy will be approved both by the students and the faculty. In the first place and other places, it is our intention to refrain from publishing any matter which might be the least bit suggestive, sexy, dirty, obscene, filthy, lousy, vile, or that would cast an unpleasant reflection upon the true purpose of the BUCCANEER. In the second, third, and fourth place, respectively, it is our intention to combine our every effort in making the BUCCANEER a type of college comic that will not forever be a bane in the life of the faculty and which will not forever be the object of criticism by both the students and the faculty. In the fifth and sixth place, it is our intention to have a comic that every student will be glad to send home without fear of having his parents blush with shame and mortification. In the seventh and eighth place, in the order named, we intend to publish a magazine that will not in any way hurt the reputation of the University. And in the ninth place we intend to have a comic that will not be entirely devoid of humor and wit. If we can uphold these policies, then we feel sure that the CAROLINA BUCCANEER will be in keeping with the honor and dignity of the University.



A Brief Naive History of the University

By ADOLPH MONICKER, H.A.

The University of North Carolina was founded a long time ago, in fact, the exact date is unknown so we will say that it was a heluva way back. It is the first state university in the country and as far as North Carolinians are concerned it is the only one. The foundations were laid near Old East, but a heavy rain came up the night after they were laid and so we have no correct data on this, but the foundations of a university are a minor matter. The things that count in college are not foundations or professors or classes or courses, but of course this university had all of these. After these were installed the faculty began looking about for some one to be students. They went to Durham, Greensboro, Raleigh, and some of them even went as far as Charlotte, but they took so long to return that the Christmas holidays were on when they returned to Chapel Hill so they went home in disgust and the students that they brought back also went home in disgust. So in the very early stages of the university we find an era of disgust predominating. Although these students who did come back during the Christmas holidays left, there were a few that came back after the holidays to be students. These boys were not content with being students, they had to have some recompense for going to school so we find the faculty giving them fifty dollars per year for coming to school and being taught. At first there was a good deal of contention among the students who should be seniors, but this was eliminated by matching for the positions. The first senior class graduated after being in school for five months. They were reluctant to leave as they only got paid twenty-five dollars for their half year, but nevertheless there were six and a half graduated the first year. The second year went along a little more smoothly except for the fact that six professors were killed and three maimed for life in a snowball fight between the faculty and the students. It seems that the students concealed half-bricks in their snowballs—they were so mischievous in those days. We also find many other interesting and humorous pranks that were played in those first few years of college life. Among these, the best was the time when four freshmen electrocuted the math department by hitching the light wires to the bath tubs in which the math department was bathing. Another very funny incident was the time the sophomore class set fire to the president's house and burned his wife to a crisp—one sophomore was almost shipped for this offense. Perhaps the best incident of the year was the time when the students rushed around the faculty one morning and carried them over and dropped them down the old well. We can well understand how really funny this was when we learn that six professors were drowned. So we see that the first few years of college life were happy jolly ones. There were no rules except minor punishments for murder and arson. A crisis came in the tenth year of the college's existence when the faculty revised the college rules and regulations and forbid the students

to set fire to the buildings, and on top of all this, they absolutely forbid the students to kill professors on the campus. When these rules were made known to the student body the uproar could be heard in Durham. That same night the college was awakened at one o'clock to find that all of the buildings were in flames and that most of the professors were burned to crisps. The president was so mad that he kicked his slippers off and threatened to resign and put double homework on all students involved. Things were smoothed over quietly and after two weeks nothing more was heard of the incident.

Thirty years after college was begun the first signs of football began to make their appearance. The game that the students first played was called "Break the Prof's Leg." The rules were very simple and there were no penalties unless the professor got away. After class the students would leave the class room and hurry onto the campus where they would station themselves



THE STUDENTS PLAYED THE

behind trees and walls. When the professor would make his appearance on the campus one boy known as the Proffer would call signals such as "A-B-C-D-Prof" whereupon another student behind another tree would reply "L-M-N-O-Prof" and then the Proffer would answer "O-S-A-R- Prof," and then the second student would yell, "I-C-M" and then the students would rush out with rakes, axes, golf clubs, tennis racquets, etc., and try to break the professor's leg. It was a very amusing game we are told because half the time the student would forget the simple rules of the game and break his arms or neck. We are told that the game was not very popular with the faculty as one of them nearly always managed to get hurt. After a while more rules were added and a few professors were allowed to play against other professors. One year we find that the sophomore class lined up against the seniors. The seniors were almost all armed with shot guns and rifles and would have probably won if it were not for the fact that the sophomores had purchased a crate of hand grenades and these helped them carry the day.

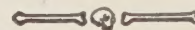
About the year 1850 we find something new coming into college; we later learn—about 1928 that this something is fraternity. The first fraternities were purely drinking societies and they still are. Later we find these drinking societies turned into

social clubs which placed certain restrictions upon membership—for instance, to gain admission one had to have an old man who was willing to send his son to school in a Packard roadster and willing to put a new roof on the fraternity house. Other fraternities only chose athletes who had been six letter men in high schools and who were getting their board, tuition, lodging and three hundred dollars per year from the university. Other societies made it a point to have men who bought their clothes from Finchley and who bought their whiskey in case lots. Fraternities were a good thing for the university however as they took the minds of the students away from professors, classes and courses. Records show that professors served twice as long after fraternities were installed.

After fraternities we have many new things coming up which can be laid at the door of fraternities. We have dances, hops, frolics, balls, midwinters, germans, and grails. The last mentioned is hardly a social function, but rather a certain gymnastic exercise which was carried out by the majority of the common herd in the gymnasium in which the participants wore regular clothes instead of gym suits.

In the twentieth century we find the university hard hit by a new malady. At first the growth of the parasite was so small that no one paid any attention to it, but as the years passed this growth seemed to gain head way until today we find it alarming. This new terror was none other than the co-ed. Not only has she entered every field of activity, but she is already threatening to stamp out the male specie. It was mainly through her efforts that the Arboretum was installed. This place is a horrible place near the co-ed dormitory. It is here that the co-ed inviegled her male companion and after he has once entered there is no hope for his soul.

Other interesting facts about the university which might be mentioned are: The first president wore a number nine shoe; golf balls were not sold on the campus until 1911; poker was first played in Chapel Hill the first night the university was opened—a sophomore won two-fifty from the dean; in 1920 there was still a professor who thought that the students went to school for an education; in the year 1846 there were six boys in the town of Chapel Hill who had never tasted liquor—these were all under three years of age.



THE REASON WHY

Ah, what a beautiful woman, lips made to kiss, a maidenly beautiful mouth, a form divine. Her soft brown eyes—Oh what beauty, what symmetry.

Would her eyes flutter with the ecstasy of love. Would they radiate heavenly thrills? Would her beautiful form tremble with wild passion? Would she share her exquisite love?

You're damn right she won't. She's just a coy Peace maiden.



"BREAK THE PROF'S LEG"



Tsh, tsh, but he did have pretty stenog.

What's your idea of a man who smokes
nickel cigars?

Well, he knows the ropes.

"Thar's gold in them thar fills," said
the dentist as he looked into the dusky
patient's mouth.

No more will we see Willie Sway,
He still thinks that her husband was away.

How far did you go with that girl?
Clear to the Mason-Dixon line.

She rests in peace, rests Susan Geer,
She made a slip and said "Oh Yeah."

He Knew the Reason

Dear Mr. Brown:

I wish to inform you of the condition of your son. He has always been known as a jovial fellow among his class mates, having all times been ready to drink their liquor and date their girls. He has also been a participant in most types of college activity, from publications to publicity manager of the glee club. But recently he has changed. He has sunk into a sad state of melancholy and has forsaken his friends and discontinued his activities. He also refuses to take any interest in his college work and as this is his last year in school, I am afraid he will not graduate. His case is so peculiar that it is being studied by the psychologists but as yet they have been unable to determine the causes of his condition. I am informing you of this in hopes that you will be able to offer some suggestions.

Sincerely,
Dean of Men.

Dear Dean:

I believe I know the cause of my son's peculiar behavior. When he was home during the spring vacation I told him that he would have to go to work when school was out. Does that explain it?

Yours,
Howard M. Brown.

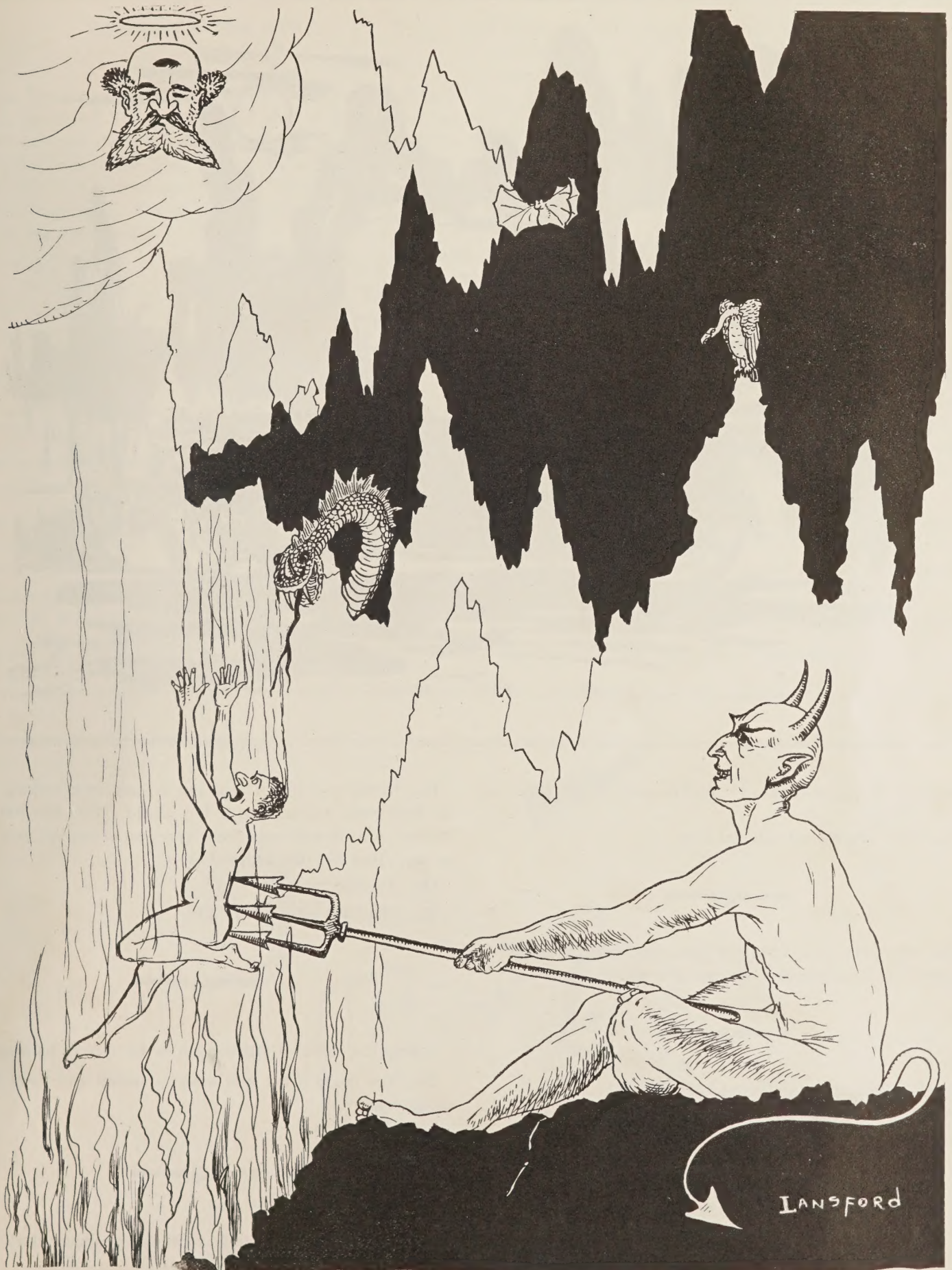
"I'll tickle the queen's fancy or bust,"
said the king, as he presented her with a
pair of woolen underwear.

Here lies the body of Lucy McShute,
Everything she saw was "just so cute."

The world is rid of George M. Bracer,
He drank home brew—with a chaser.



THE PLUMBERS HOLD THEIR ANNUAL TAPPING



Well done, my good and faithful servant



Graduate (being interviewed): And to what do you owe your stay in college?

Graduate: The Second national bank.



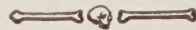
Nitt Witt: Did your folks pay your way through college?

Same: No, I was business manager of a publication.



Speaker (delivering diplomas): Mr. Weeks!

Mr. Weeks (force of habit): Not prepared.



He: Riddle me this: A man and his son were walking down the road when another young boy joined them. The son said, "Father, a little while ago there were two of us, but now there are six." How did that happen?

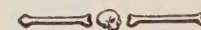
She: I'll bite.

He: The little boy couldn't add.



Salesgirl: Couldn't I interest you in a one-piece bathing suit?

He: You might if my wife wasn't standing over there by the candy counter.



They're going to have the commencement exercises in the chapel this year.

Not compulsory, are they?

So you made all D's during your undergraduate days?

Yes, and now I'm getting my D-gree.

GOD SAVE THE KING

By J. P. TYSON

It is a court scene. Scientists and wise men are gathered from all over the world. The great, learned men of the universe are here to participate in this great event. Eight or ten alchemists are grouped around the King and his Royal Exalted Chemist, who sit at a long table covered with all kinds of scientific paraphernalia. They are all dressed in long black, flowing robes. It is truly an impressive scene.

The Royal Chemist gravely stirs some vile looking fluid in a tube. He takes it and tests it. A shroud-like silence prevails over the room. An air of supernatural beings and powers rule. Men stare at each other with white, blanched expressionless faces. Now all eyes are centered on the chemist who gazes intently at the tube of fluid.

He shakes his head and mumbles, incoherently, "NOT YET, NOT YET."

Men sorrowfully shake their heads and pitiful, heart-rending sighs are heard all over the room.

The King is in agony. He twists and turns. His face is filled with utter despair and despondency, mingled with a fierce tenseness.

Perspiration pops out all over the royal visage as he feverishly watches the Royal Chemist, who stirs—and stirs—and stirs.

Oh, will this excruciating moment ever end? Men can stand

so much and then something in them break—then they become raving maniacs.

Will this happen?

Another test is being made. The fluid bubbles in the tube as an awful stench goes all over the room. Every one holds his breath.

The man with the vial carefully analyzes it, then shakes his head in a broken way, as deep wails and groans are heard all over the room.

He stirs again, slowly, carefully, deliberately, as if one slip meant ten million lives. The suspense is awful as the maddening stirring goes on. Men are carried out, in a swooning, half dead way, their eyes radiating unexpressable horrors.

No one dares to speak. No one can.

As he stirs his lips tighten and his face becomes a leering mask—He is deliberating—. Oh, will this terrible strain ever end?

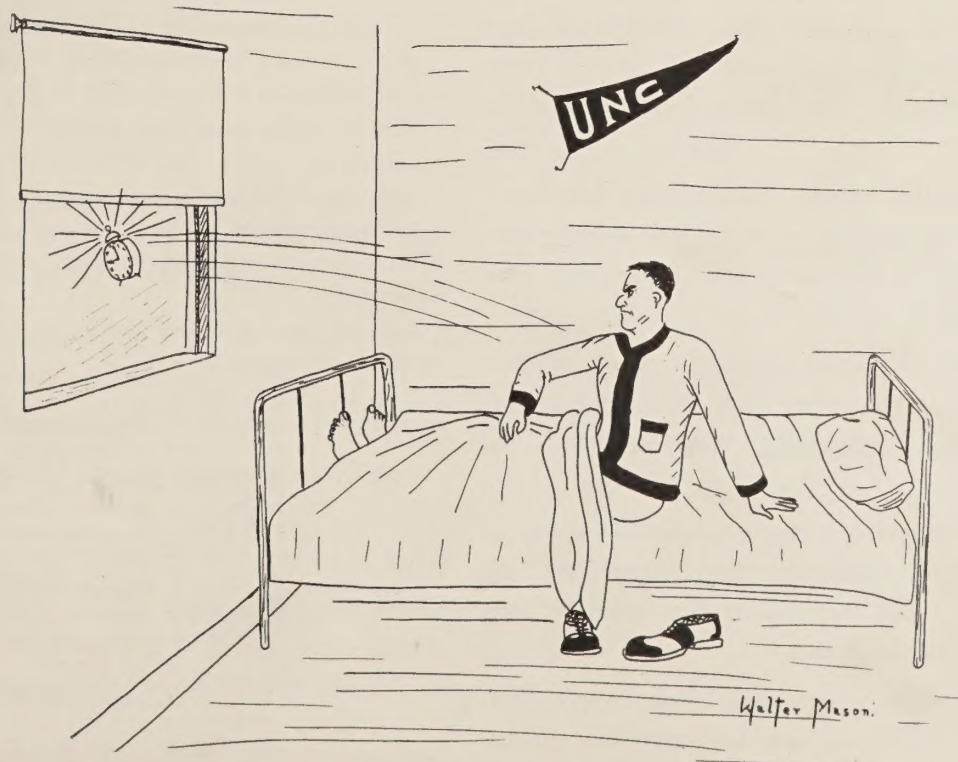
His mind is made up—His lips move—He is about to pronounce the decision—. He speaks, huskily, exuberantly, "It is a success."

A great cry goes up. Men go insane with joy. Strong men break down and cry, unashamed.

The King sobbingly hugs the Royal Chemist. Pandemonium and joy reign.

The King's reputation is saved. GOD SAVE THE KING!

His home brew has just tested 12 per cent.



FAREWELL TO ALARMS

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "FAREWELL"

Back in the good old days when men were called cavemen and women were called cave-women, people lived in caves. They lives in caves because there were more caves then than there are now, and the people were afraid public opinion would be unfavorable towards them if they did not live in caves since they were known as cavemen.

Aleop Siwoo (This is cave-man talk which means "The Club Wielder" in English) was a great man in his neighborhood of caves, and he knew all the women by their boudoir names, having served as ice man for the community for several moons, Eastern Standard Time. However, he found the demand for ice so scarce that he turned his attention to other things in the winter time, namely, the supervision of a street car company of which he was chief conductor, spittoon cleaner, and head usher.

Now Aleop was the last word in politeness and civility. He was so polite that he would never hit a man in the back, but he would always ask him to turn around so he could hit him in the face. He allowed that it hurt more to hit a man in the face than it did in the back anyhow. To the women he was a second Lord Chesterfield, and that is the very man whom Aleop tried to copy, because he had read several books about Chesterfield in the public library. When anyone got on Aleop's car, he would always greet them with a kind word, then he would ask them for their Octagon soap wrappers, which, by the way, were used as street car checks in those days.

When anyone got off the car Aleop inevitably asked them, "Settus pressa your sitta moocha?" This, literally translated meant, "Did the seat press your skin much?" or, a better translation is, "Was the seat hard?" This can freely be translated as "How did you fare?"

The people would always answer "Settus pressa beaucoup." This meant that they did not fare so well. These answers worried Aleop so much that he decided to have Fisher seats built in his dear old tram car.

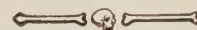
The cave people were very much pleased at these new additions, and it came to pass that when Aleop let a passenger off his car, they would say, "Faire bien," which meant, "I sat comfortably."

Aleop was now so highly elated that when he saw a man or woman going on a trip, he would say, "Hopus faire bien." By this he meant that he hoped that the traveler would be comfortable on his journey.

By and by everyone would tell travelers or friends upon parting, "Hopus faire bien." The cave men, being very lazy, gradually let this expression dwindle down to "Faire bien," which we as English students have translated to mean "Farewell."

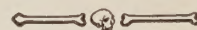
Dr. Groves (on Sociology class): I want you to read my book, "The Drifting Home."

Stude: What's it about, a houseboat?



Tom: That's a nice-looking dressing gown you have on. What did it cost you?

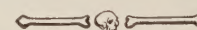
Bill: Really, I don't know yet, you see my wife gave it to me.



Three-year-old Harry: Mama, is papa going to get another job?

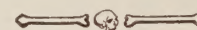
Mother: What put that in your head, son?

Harry: Last night I heard nurse telling him to quit.



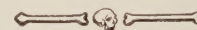
I like to see the college buildings all lit up.

So do I, they remind me so much of the students.



The glee club sang in "G" flat.

I thought it was in the music building.



Senior Questionnaire

Do you like fraternities . . . or didn't you get a bid?

Did you make Phi Beta Kappa . . . or did you come to college for an education?

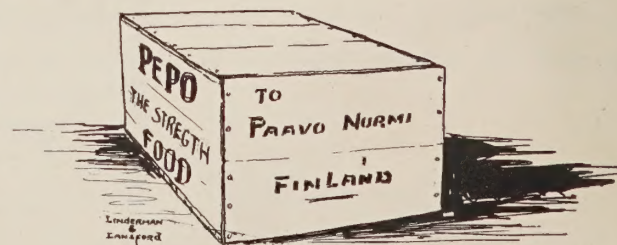
Did you buy your own clothes . . . or did you belong to a fraternity?

Did your folks send you to college . . . or did you play poker?

Are you going to work . . . or will you be a college professor?

Were you ever in need of sleep . . . or did you attend classes regularly?

Are you glad you are graduating . . . or would you like to continue the vacation?



STRENGTH for the FINNISH



CLASSROOM BLUES

A Four-Act Play

By K. THOMPSON

CHARACTERS

Duroc Hogg, a student at the University of North Carolina.
Korn Cob, a professor at the same institution.
T. Jaybird Willynilly, Registrar of the school.
Why B. Chaste, President of the University.
Dean Awpshaw, Dean of students and head usher in chapel.

ACT ONE

Setting: Duroc Hogg, a Freshman entering the University is holding a personal confab with Registrar Willynilly; Dean Awpshaw is seen hovering in the background.

The action now opens.

The Registrar: "Where were you born, Mr. Hogg?"

Our Hero: "Pittsboro, in Chatham County, sir."

Registrar, disdainfully: "What? Why were you ever born in that dump?"

Mr. Hogg, crying: "Well, I wanted to be near my mother at the time."

ACT TWO

Setting: Hogg is now a full-fledged Sophomore and is enrolled on a class conducted by the illustrious Professor Korn Cob.

Professor Cob: "Mr. Hogg, will you put the third example on the board."

Mr. Hogg, sleepily from his seat in the back of the room: "Huh?"

Professor: "I said would you please put the third problem on the board?"

Mr. Hogg, again: "Huh?"

Professor, now thoroughly aroused: "I said to put the third problem on the board."

Mr. Hogg, dreamily: "From here?"

Stage directions: X marks the spot where the body was found, and XX marks where Hogg's teeth were located.

(The curtain now drops to denote an elapse of two weeks, and is raised on a scene in the infirmary where Hogg is just regaining consciousness.)

Hogg, dazedly: "What happened to me?"

A nurse: "You were in a 'Korn Cob' fight."

(Our hero passes out for the second time.)

ACT THREE

Setting: Our hero is now a Junior and doing fine on his old professor's class.

Hogg: "Professor, what are shoes made of?"

Professor Cob: "Hide, Mr. Hogg."

Hogg: "Hide? Why should I hide?"

Professor, exasperated: "Hide! Hide! The cow's outside."

Hogg: "That's all right, professor. Let the cow be outside. I'm not scared of her."

ACT FOUR

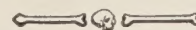
Setting: This act finds our hero a senior still on the class of Professor Cob, who is trying mighty hard to pull a fast one on our hero.

The plot thickens.

Professor Cob, trying to get our hero's goat: (Author's note: He doesn't know that Hogg tied his goat outside.) "Mr. Hogg, do you know what we do with 'Hoggs' in North Carolina?"

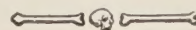
Mr. Hogg: "No, sir. But I know what we do with 'Korn Cobs' in Chatham County."

The End

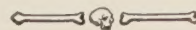


Dad: How is it that I find you kissing my daughter, young man?

Daughter: Because he's too slow a worker, pop!



What do seniors wearing caps and gowns remind you of?
Of someone all dressed up and nothing to do.



Why didn't you graduate?
I laughed at a professor's joke at the wrong time.

FADED IDEALS

For four long years he had loved her with an intense love that only a few are capable of. Always loving and adoring but never quite daring to hope that she could be his. "No," he thought, "she is so much finer, so much above this sordid earth. She has to find her magnificent mission in life."

Then came graduation and still he could not bring himself to ask her to be his. It would have been a sacrilege. One doesn't hitch a proud Arabian racer to a lumbering farm cart.

So they parted. It was heartbreaking for him. Tender thoughts of her remained in his mind for a long time.

But very few of us ever die of broken hearts, so he managed to survive.

Ten years after graduation he was struck by tender recollections and he decided to go back to the "Hill" for commencement.

He stands by the old well and suddenly a flood of memories rush across his mind, as he gazes around with misty eyes.

A dowdy, overworked looking woman in her Sunday best clothes comes toward him with an eager smile on her lips. She is followed by two dirty looking children and a corpulent, vulgar looking man.

"Her face is familiar," he muses, and then it dawns upon him. "Why, it's Kitty!"

He is right, it is Kitty, but not the same Kitty. She has found her mission in life, married to her home-town butcher and busy bringing his and her children into this world.



THAT AWFUL TRUTH

When I first saw her, my heart gave several violent thumps. Ah: What a divine woman. I had never believed in love at first sight until I saw her. Then I experienced it.

Her beautiful face was always before my eyes. I could think of nothing but her. For weeks I watched and watched for just one small glimpse of her. It was maddening. If only I could know her, touch her, caress her. That would have been worth dying for.

Finally I met her and the time that I with her was paradise. I was happy for I loved and was loved in return.

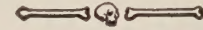
Soon we were engaged and I was the happiest man in the universe. The date had been set and I could hardly wait until the day that I could call her mine.

The night before our wedding, I asked her a simple question and she replied "No."

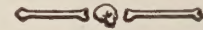
Oh, how terrible. We could never marry. We had lost each other. If she had only told me before it was too late.

Oh, why—why didn't she tell me sooner that she did not fold the tube as she squeezed out the tooth paste?

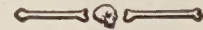
What do you think of these long dresses?
Well, they cover a multitude of shins.



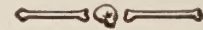
Then there was the freshman who thought that commencement exercises were what one took on the first day of gym class.



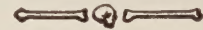
Why are that deaf girl's fingers swollen this morning?
She screamed for help when Tom kissed her last night.



I'm in favor of the prohibition law.
Shake, I'm a bootlegger too.



You are the light of my life, she said.
But just then the old man entered and he went out.



I hear your wife is leaving you.
Yes, but not much.
Why didn't he graduate?
His best friends wouldn't tell him, so he flunked his exams.
Who was that girl I saw you with last night?
It's a lie.





The pause that
gives poise

the **Pause**
that refreshes

Comes a time (as they say) every day when it's good to drop things — relax — and, calm, collected, cool, seek the hidden meaning of life.

Sign-off for just a minute, now and then, and refresh yourself with an ice-cold Coca-Cola. Ready for you—anytime—around the corner from anywhere. Nine million times a day the Thinkers and Doers of the nation find the pause that refreshes is what keeps the world wagging.

— **LISTEN IN** —
Grantland Rice — Famous
Sports Champions — Coca-Cola
Orchestra — Every Wednesday
10:30 to 11 pm. Eastern Daylight
Saving Time — Coast to
Coast NBC Network —

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

9 MILLION A DAY—IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

CM-4

Farewell and Best Wishes—

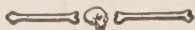
To dear "eight-thirty's." You will never know what you have meant to me. Always have you provided me means of catching up my most needed sleep, and at the same time afforded me ample time to enjoy my breakfast, so it is indeed with regret that to you I say "goodbye." And to my dear professors. It is impossible to say here the things I feel. The words choke in my throat. To you who have instilled in me the desire to achieve that which is noble. You who have always been so kind and patient with me. I am drowning with tears. And to you my dear fraternity brothers it is hard to say goodbye. Boys, you'll never know how I'll miss you. You'll never realize how I hate to think that now I'll have to wear my own shirts, buy my own booze, get my own women, and use my own things. Really, boys, it's about to kill me. And co-eds, I can't overlook you. Girls you can't know how I hate to leave you. Speaking of hard breaks, and heart-breaks, I see that now it's going to be hell for you. But then think of me. No longer can I have the pleasure of letting you write my term paper 'cause now I won't use that kind of paper. And then think that no longer will I have the pleasure of buying you Coca-Colas. It's breaking me. And then to think of leaving the good times in Durham. This is hell. Leaving Durham with its beautiful parks, green grass, and wonderful houses. Know, however, you have given me so much to remember you by. And oh how I hate to bid farewell to football games, the ideal excuse. Many is the time my mouth will water for you, hic. It grieves me, hic, but I'm going to say "Goodbye," yes I am going, hic.—Gone.



If you are caught in hot water, be nonchalant—
take a bath. —Log



"Peanuts are fattening."
"How do you know?"
"Why, look at the elephant." —Log.

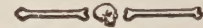


"A sentence with the word 'cigarette.'"
"Cigarette life if you don't weaken." —Judge.

Magazine Agent—"Is the lady of the house home?"

Maid—"No, come right in."

—Red Cat.



She—"Leave the house at once!"

No response.

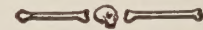
She—"Did you hear me? I said: Leave the house at once!"

He—"Well, before I go I have one last request to make."

She—"What is it?"

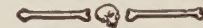
He—"Will you please get off my lap?"

—Dirge.



"How can I keep my feet from falling asleep?" asks Moran, of the Traffic.

"Don't let them turn in," counsels O'Reilly, of the Bomb Squad. —Phoenix.



"Not a day passes but my wife shows her incompatibility."

"Isn't it a crime the way women dress nowadays?"

—The Log.

VISIT OUR STORE

where quality, style, and price may be
had at the lowest cost.

COMPLETE LINES IN

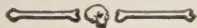
Ladies' and Men's Ready-to-Wear, Millinery,
Hosiery, Dry Goods, Shoes, and Notions

F. J. DIAB

The Shopping Center for Co-eds

Anxious Mama—"So glad to have you home from college. Did you pass everything?"

Student Son—"Everything but two Dodges and a Nash. Darned if they mustn't have airplane motors in them!"
—*Malteaser.*



The R. O. T. C. was in camp.

"Who goes there?" called the rookie guard.

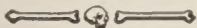
"A Sigma Nu," came back the answer.

Corporal of the Guard—"Drunken man on post No. 2."
—*Kitty Kat.*

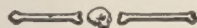


Godley—"Gave my wife a beautiful wrap last night."

Second Bootlegger—"Yes, I saw her eye this morning."
—*Wet Hen.*

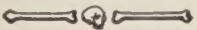


Girls and billiard balls kiss each other with about the same amount of feeling.
—*Dragon.*



She—"How many times have I told you I don't do it."

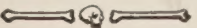
He—"Every time we did it."
—*The Medley.*



Sambo (calling at hospital)—"Ah wants to see Henry?"

Nurse—"I think Henry is convalescing."

Sambo—"Ah kin jes' wait till he gets throo."
—*Cracker.*



"What's the difference between a co-ed and a working girl?"

"Well what the co-ed learns from books on biology, the working girl has to get from experience."
—*Punch Bowl.*



"THE MOST BRILLIANT MAN"

REMEMBER, the brain doesn't function alone. "The most brilliant man" of the senior class takes advantage of the added mental stimulus that comes from a strong, healthy body.

Shredded Wheat adds to your thinking prowess by building up your physical reserve. It supplies the essential body fuel in the most

delectable and easily digestible form. If you want your mental wheels to whirl in double quick time keep your physical machinery in perfect condition. A bowl of Shredded Wheat with whole milk every morning will do wonders to increase your intellectual caliber.

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY

SHREDDED WHEAT



FARM FABLES

He staggered home, loaded to the gills, waived a boisterous good-bye to the rest of the gay dogs, and opened the house door with his Phi Beta Kappa key.

He said good-night without waiting, shook hands with her cordially, and didn't even linger with the other doormats on the sorority steps.

He won \$20 in a poker game, and didn't let everybody know about it.

He smacked his lips after a Campus meal and said, "Some meal!"

He saw her on the Campus, after having taken her out the night before, and she smiled at him.

He passed a freshman whom he hadn't been introduced to, but who said, "Hullo."

He was at Redwood the night before and didn't wake everybody up on his way home; likewise he got up for, and didn't fall asleep at, an eight o'clock.
—*Chaparral.*

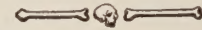
This Week's Bughouse Fable

She—"It must be wrong to love like this, dear."

He—"It is."

Did you ever stop to think what might have happened to American history if the ritish soldiers at Bunker Hill had had bloodshot eyes?

A fencer never is hungry because he always has his lunge with him.
—*Froth.*



"I wanna scrap book."

"What kind, bud?"

"A scrap book—the best yuh got on fightin.'"
—*Old Maid.*

He—"Honestly, darling, when I look into your eyes I simply can't help myself."

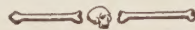
She—"Really! I thought you just did."

—*Chanticleer.*



"You are divine," he whispered.

"It's damn nice of you to say that," answered the maiden.
—*Mugwump.*

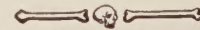


"You never smoked in bed before we were married, Henry!"

—*Gargoyle.*

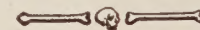
Little Girl (disturbed at her prayers by scratching on the screen door)—"Stand by, God, while I let the cat out."

—*Exchange.*



Her (Disentangling) — "What's that strange noise?"

Him (Entangling again)—"It's only the grandfather's clock trying to cover its face with its hands."
—*Wasp.*



"Ain't this Hell?" the drunk angel said as he found St. Peter up waiting for him to come in off a party.
—*Kitty-Kat.*

This is no Joke---

It doesn't matter how much you earn,
you'll always be worth exactly
what you save.



The Bank of Chapel Hill

"Oldest and Strongest Bank in Orange County"

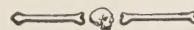
M. C. S. Noble, President R. L. Strowd, Vice-Pres.
M. E. Hogan, Cashier

"That means fight where I come from,
Stranger."

"Well, why don't you fight?"

"'Cause I ain't where I come from."

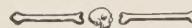
—Purple Cow.



Prof.—"Can anyone give an illustration of
nothing?"

Soph.—"Yes, sir; a bladeless knife without a
handle!"

—Illinois Siren.



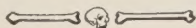
Teacher—"The lady fed the milk to the cat,
Algernon, what is the indirect object?"

Algie—"The kittens, dear teacher." —The Log.

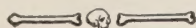
"Did you make the debating team?"

"No-n-no. They s-s-said I w-w-wasn't t-t-tall
enough."

—The Jack O'Lantern.



The Old Grad says that if sheepskins could
talk they'd probably say, "Baa, Baa."—Juggler.



A droll tale is told about the deaf and dumb
man who had a nightmare and broke his knuckles
on a bed-post, screaming.

—Lampoon.

*A million-dollar breeze for
a \$5.00 bill . . .*

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see this new, full size**

Westinghouse Fan

**UNIVERSITY CONSOLIDATED
SERVICE PLANTS**

ELECTRIC AND WATER DIVISION

Theatre-goer—"Madam, do you have a reserved seat?"

She—"One more crack like that out of you and I'll have you arrested."
—*Froth.*

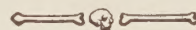


Girl (at florist's)—"Have you any passion poppy?"

Old Clerk—"God ding! Just wait till I lay down these roses!"
—*Belle Hop.*



"They call my twin brother 'Encore,' 'cause he wasn't on the program."
—*Old Maid.*



House President—"There will be a meeting in the chapter room directly after dinner."

Freshman—"Are we invited, or don't you need any money?"
—*The Cornell Widow.*



"Daughter, has that young man made any advances?"

"Yes, mom, but I always returned them."
—*Bison.*



Beware Gentlemen!

Three reasons why a man on his wedding day feels as if it were his funeral: (1) He dresses in black, (2) His friends send him flowers, (3) and he feels like a big stiff.
—*Bison.*



"My Gawd," cried the tight, as he crashed into a gas station, "I've struck oil."
—*Reserve Red Cat.*



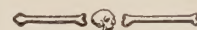
Office Manager—"Would you take advantage of a real live opportunity?"

Live Wire—"Sure, bring her in."
—*Burr.*

He—"You've a faculty for making love."

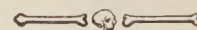
She—"Oh—no—only a student body."

—*Satyr.*



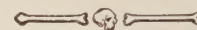
First Student—"Sure, Greta Garbo will go to heaven when she dies."

Second Ditto — "Gee! Pretty soft for Saint Peter."
—*Satyr.*



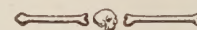
Violet—"I just got a pink slip from the Dean."

Ray—"You look nice in pink."
—*Puppet.*



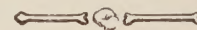
"Another combination shot," said the co-ed as she leaned too far over the billiard table.

—*Agwan.*



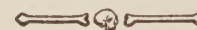
Magistrate—"Prisoner, you are charged with habitual drunkenness. What excuse have you to offer?"

Offender (brightly)—"Habitual thirst, your worship."
—*Siren.*



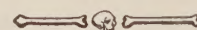
Hot—"I've seen Bess so tight she couldn't walk."

Pash—"I've seen her so tight she wouldn't walk."
—*Kitty Kat.*



Frosh—"I don't think Cleopatra was so hot."

Soph—"Oh, I don't know about that. Remember that she made her Mark."
Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket.



Soph—"Where do you think you're going?"

Frosh—"Who me? I'm going over to the cemetery to dig up a girl for the dance tonight."
—*Bison.*



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